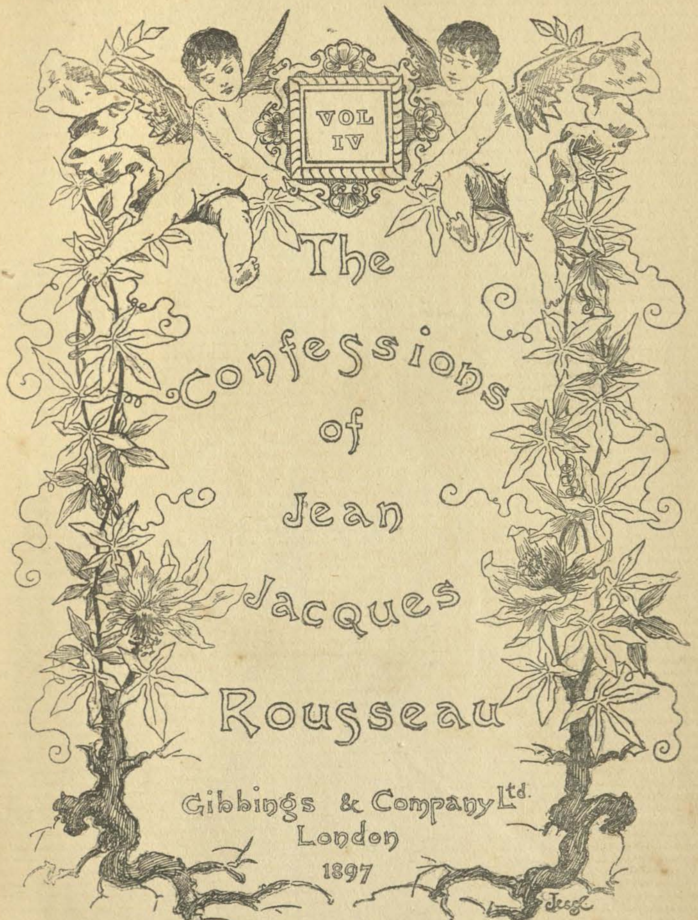
ROUSSEAU'S · CONFESSIONS ·



Rousseau and Marshal Keith.


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THE CONFESSIONS OF JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU

PART II—BOOK X

[1758]

THE extraordinary degree of strength that a transient effervescence had given me to quit the Hermitage left me the moment I was out of it. I was scarcely established in my new habitation before I frequently suffered from retentions, which were accompanied by a new complaint—that of a rupture, from which I had for some time, without knowing what it was, felt great inconvenience. I soon was reduced to the most cruel state. The physician Thierry, my old friend, came to see me, and made me acquainted with my situation. The sight of the surgical instruments and all the apparatus of the infirmities of years made me severely feel that when the body is no longer young the heart is not so with impunity. The fine season did not restore me, and I passed the whole year 1758 in a state of languor which made me think I was almost at the end of my career. I saw with impatience

the closing scene approach. Recovered from the chimeras of friendship, and detached from everything which had made life desirable, I saw nothing more in it that could render it agreeable; all I perceived was wretchedness and misery, which prevented me from enjoying myself. I sighed for the moment when I should be free and escape from my enemies. But I must follow the order of events.

It seems that my retreat to Montmorency disconcerted Madame d'Épinay; probably she did not expect it. My melancholy situation, the severity of the season, the general falling-off of my friends, all made her and Grimm believe that by driving me to the last extremity they should oblige me to implore mercy, and abase myself in the vilest manner, that I might be suffered to remain in an asylum which honour commanded me to leave. I left it so suddenly that they had not time to prevent the step from being taken, and they were reduced to the alternative of double or quits—to endeavour to ruin me entirely or to prevail upon me to return. Grimm chose the former, but I am of opinion that Madame d'Epinay would have preferred the latter; and I gather this from her answer to my last letter, in which she seemed to lay aside the airs she had given herself in the preceding ones, and to give an opening to an accommodation. The long delay of this answer, for which she made me wait a whole month, sufficiently indicates the difficulty she found in giving it a proper turn, and the deliberations by which it was preceded. She could not make

any further advances without exposing herself; but after her former letters, and my sudden retreat from her house, it is impossible not to be struck with the care she takes in this letter not to suffer an offensive expression to escape her. I will copy it at length, to enable my reader to judge (B, No. 23).

'GENEVA, *January 17th*, 1758.

'I did not receive your letter of the 17th of December, monsieur, until yesterday. It was sent me in a box, filled with different things, which has been all this time upon the road. I shall answer only the postscript: as for the letter, I do not clearly understand it, and, could we come to a mutual explanation, I should like to refer all that has passed to a misunderstanding. I come back to the postscript. You may recollect, sir, that we agreed that the wages of the gardener of the Hermitage should pass through your hands, the better to make him feel that he depended upon you, and to avoid the ridiculous and indecent scenes which happened in the time of his predecessor. As a proof of this, the first quarter of his wages was given to you; and a few days before my departure we agreed that I should reimburse what you had advanced. I know that of this you at first made some difficulty; but I had desired you to make these advances; it was natural I should acquit myself towards you, and this we concluded upon. Cahouet informs me that you refused to receive the money. There is certainly some mistake in the matter. I have given orders that it may again be offered to you, and I see no reason for your wishing to pay my gardener, notwithstanding our conventions, and even beyond the term of your inhabiting the Hermitage. I therefore expect, monsieur, that, recollecting everything I have the honour to state, you will not refuse to be reimbursed for the sums you have been pleased to advance for me.'

After what had passed, not having any confidence in Madame d'Épinay, I was unwilling

to renew my connection with her; I returned no answer to this letter, and there our correspondence ended.[1] Perceiving that I had taken my resolution, she took hers, and, entering into all the views of Grimm and the Coterie Holbachique, she united her efforts with theirs to accomplish my ruin. Whilst they manœuvred at Paris, she did the same at Geneva. Grimm, who afterwards went to her there, completed what she had begun. Tronchin, whom they had no difficulty in gaining over, seconded them powerfully, and became the most violent of my persecutors, without having against me, any more than Grimm had, the least subject of complaint. They all three united to sow secretly in Geneva the seeds of that crop which came to ripeness there four years afterwards.

They had more trouble at Paris, where I was better known, and where hearts less disposed to hatred less easily received its impressions. The better to direct their blow, they began by giving out that it was I who had left them. (See Deleyre's letter, B, No. 30.) Thence, still feigning to be my friends, they dexterously spread their malignant accusations in the form of complaints of the injustice of their friend. Their auditors, thus thrown off their guard, listened more attentively to what was said of me, and were inclined to blame my conduct.

[1] The author's memory fails him on this point. In Madame d'Épinay's *Memoirs* (iii. 256) may be found a letter from Rousseau to that ady, which she held to be 'more impertinent than all the rest.'

The secret accusations of perfidy and ingratitude were made with greater precaution, and by that means with greater effect. I knew they imputed to me the most atrocious crimes, without being able to learn in what these consisted. All that I could infer from public rumour was that this was founded upon the four following capital offences: (1) my retiring to the country; (2) my passion for Madame d'Houdetot; (3) my refusing to accompany Madame d'Épinay to Geneva; and (4) my leaving the Hermitage. If to these they added other grievances, they took their measures so well that it has hitherto been impossible for me to learn the subject of them.

It is therefore at this period that I think I may fix the establishment of a system since adopted by those at whose disposal I am, and which has made such successful progress as will seem miraculous to persons who know not with what facility everything which favours the malignity of man gains a firm footing. I will endeavour to explain in a few words what to me appears visible in this profound and obscure system.

With a name already distinguished and known throughout all Europe, I had still preserved my primitive simplicity. My mortal aversion to all that is known as party, faction, and cabal had kept me free and independent, without any other tie than the attachments of my heart. Alone, a foreigner, without family or fortune, and unconnected with everything except my principles and duties, I followed the

paths of uprightness, never flattering or favouring any person at the expense of justice and truth. Besides, having lived for two years past in solitude, without observing the course of events, unconnected with the affairs of the world, and not informed of what passed, nor desirous of being acquainted with it, I lived four leagues from Paris, as much separated from that capital by my indifference as I should have been in the island of Tinian by the sea.

Grimm, Diderot, and D'Holbach were, on the contrary, in the centre of the vortex, lived in the very midst of the great world, and divided amongst them almost all its spheres. Noblemen, wits, men of letters, men of the long robe, and women, all listened to them when they chose to act in concert. The advantage that three men in this situation united must have over a fourth in mine cannot but already appear. It is true, Diderot and D'Holbach were incapable—at least I think so—of forming black conspiracies; one of them was not base enough [1] nor the other sufficiently able; but it was for this reason that the party was more united. Grimm alone formed his plan in his own mind, and discovered no more of it than was necessary to induce his associates to concur in the execution. The ascendency he had gained over them made this easy, and the effect of the whole answered to the superiority of his talents.

[1] I confess that, since the writing of this book, all that I can discern through the mysteries that environ me leads me to fear that I did not know Diderot.—R.

It was with these—which were of a superior kind—that, perceiving the advantage he might acquire from our respective situations, he conceived the project of completely overturning my reputation, and, without compromising himself, of giving me one of a nature quite opposite, by raising up about me an edifice of obscurity through which it was impossible for me to discern his manœuvres and unmask them.

This enterprise was difficult, because it was necessary to palliate the iniquity in the eyes of those of whose assistance he stood in need. He had honest men to deceive, to alienate from me the good opinion of everybody, and to leave me without a friend of any kind. What say I? He had to cut off all communication with me, that no word of truth might reach my ears. Had a single man of generosity come and said to me: 'You assume the appearance of virtue, yet this is the manner in which you are treated, and these the circumstances by which you are judged: what have you to say?' truth would have triumphed and Grimm have been undone. Of this he was fully convinced; but he had examined his own heart, and estimated men according to their merit. I am sorry, for the honour of humanity, that he judged with so much truth.

In these dark and crooked paths his steps, to be the more sure, were necessarily slow. He has for twelve years pursued his plan, and the most difficult part of it is still to come; this is to deceive the public entirely. There are among them eyes that have followed him more

closely than he imagines. He is afraid of this public, and dares not lay his conspiracy open.[1] But he has found the easy means of accompanying it with power, and this power has the disposal of me. Thus supported, he advances with less danger. The satellites of power piquing themselves but little on uprightness, and still less on candour, he has no longer to fear the indiscretion of any honest man. His safety is in my being enveloped in an impenetrable obscurity, and in concealing from me his conspiracy, well knowing that, with whatever art he may have formed it, it could never sustain my gaze. His great address consists in appearing to favour whilst he defames me, and in giving to his perfidy an air of generosity.

I felt the first effects of this system by the secret accusations of the Coterie Holbachique, without its being possible for me to know, or even to conjecture, in what these accusations consisted. Deleyre informed me in his letters that heinous things were attributed to me. Diderot, more mysteriously, told me the same thing; and when I came to an explanation with both the whole was reduced to the heads of accusation of which I have already spoken. I perceived a gradual increase of coolness in the letters from Madame d'Houdetot. This I could not attribute to Saint-Lambert, who continued to write to me with the same friendship, and

[1] Since this was written he has taken the dangerous step with the fullest and most inconceivable success. I am of opinion that it was Tronchin who inspired him with courage and supplied him with means.—R.

even came to see me after his return. It was impossible to think myself the cause of it, as we had separated well satisfied with each other, and nothing since that time had happened on my part, except my departure from the Hermitage, of which she felt the necessity. Therefore, not knowing whence this coolness—which she refused to acknowledge, although my heart was not to be deceived—could proceed, I was uneasy upon every account. I knew she greatly favoured her sister-in-law and Grimm, in consequence of their connections with Saint-Lambert, and I was afraid of their machinations. This agitation reopened my wounds, and rendered my correspondence so disagreeable as quite to disgust her with it. I saw, as at a distance, a thousand cruel circumstances, without discovering anything distinctly. I was in a situation the most insupportable to a man whose imagination is easily heated. Had I been quite retired from the world, and known nothing of the matter, I should have become more calm; but my heart still clung to attachments by means of which my enemies had a thousand advantages over me; and the feeble rays which penetrated my asylum conveyed to me nothing more than a knowledge of the blackness of the mysteries which were concealed from my eyes.

I should have sunk, I have not a doubt of it, under these torments, too cruel and insupportable to my open disposition, which, by the impossibility of concealing my sentiments, makes me fear everything from those concealed from me,

if, fortunately, objects sufficiently interesting to my heart to divert it from others with which, in spite of myself, my mind was filled, had not presented themselves. In the last visit that Diderot paid me at the Hermitage he had spoken of the article 'Geneva,' which D'Alembert had inserted in the *Encyclopédie.* He had informed me that this article, concerted with the better class of citizens, had for its object the setting up of a theatre at Geneva, that measures had been taken accordingly, and that the establishment would soon take place. As Diderot seemed to think all this very proper, and did not doubt of the success of the measure, and as I had, besides, to debate with him upon too many other subjects to touch upon that article, I made him no answer; but, scandalised at these seductive preparatives to immorality in my country, I waited with impatience for the volume of the *Encyclopédie* in which the article was inserted, to see whether it would not be possible to give an answer which might ward off the blow. I received the volume soon after my establishment at Mont-Louis, and found the article to be written with much art and address, and worthy of the pen whence it proceeded. This, however, did not abate my desire to answer it; and, notwithstanding the dejection of spirits under which I then laboured, my griefs and pains, the severity of the season, and the inconvenience of my new abode, in which I had not yet had time to settle commodiously, I set to work with a zeal which surmounted every obstacle.

In a severe winter in February, and in the situation I have described, I went every day, morning and evening, to pass a couple of hours in an open donjon which was at the bottom of the garden in which my habitation stood. This donjon, which terminated a terraced walk, looked upon the valley and the pond of Montmorency, and presented to me, as the closing point of a prospect, the plain but interesting Castle of Saint-Gratien, the retreat of the virtuous Catinat. It was in this place, then exposed to freezing cold, that, without being sheltered from the wind and snow, and having no other fire than that within my heart, I composed, in the space of three weeks, my letter to D'Alembert on theatres. This — for my *Julie* was not then half written—was the first of my writings that charmed me in composition. Until then virtuous indignation had been a substitute for Apollo, tenderness and a gentleness of mind now became so. The injustice I had been witness to had irritated me, that of which I became the object rendered me melancholy; and this melancholy without bitterness was but that of a heart too tender and affectionate, and which, deceived by those whom it had thought akin, was obliged to remain concentered. Full of that which had befallen me, and still affected by so many violent emotions, my heart added the sentiment of its sufferings to the ideas with which a meditation on my subject had inspired me; what I wrote bore evident marks of this mixture. Unconsciously, I described my actual situation, gave portraits of Grimm, Madame

d'Épinay, Madame d'Houdetot, Saint-Lambert, myself. What delicious tears did I shed as I wrote! Alas! in these descriptions there are proofs but too evident that love, the fatal love of which I made such efforts to cure myself, still remained in my heart. With all this there was a certain tenderness relative to myself, for I thought I was dying, and imagined I was bidding the public my last adieu. Far from fearing death, I joyfully saw it approach; but I felt some regret at leaving my fellow-creatures without their having perceived my real merit, and being convinced how much I should have deserved their esteem had they known me better. These are the secret causes of the singular tone that pervades this work, so widely opposed to that by which it was preceded.[1]

I corrected and copied the letter, and was preparing to print it, when, after a long silence, I received one from Madame d'Houdetot which brought upon me a new affliction more painful than any I had yet suffered. She informed me in this letter (B, No. 34) that my passion for her was known to all Paris; that I had spoken of it to persons who had made it public; that this rumour, having reached the ears of her lover, had nearly cost him his life; that at length he did her justice, and peace was restored between them; but on his account, as well as on hers and for the sake of her reputation, she thought it her duty to break off all correspondence with me, at the same time assuring me that she and her friend would never cease to

[1] *Discours sur l'Inégalité des Conditions.*

take an interest in my welfare, that they would defend me before the public, and that she herself would from time to time send to inquire after my health.

And thou too, Diderot! exclaimed I. Unworthy friend! I could not, however, yet resolve to condemn him. My weakness was known to others who might have spoken of it. I wished to doubt—but this was soon out of my power. Saint-Lambert shortly after performed an action worthy of himself. Knowing my manner of thinking, he judged of the state in which I must be: betrayed by one set of my friends and forsaken by the other. He came to see me. The first time he had not many moments to spare. He came again. Unfortunately, not expecting him, I was not at home. Thérèse, who happened to be there, had with him a conversation of upwards of two hours, in which they informed each other of facts of great importance to him and me. The surprise with which I learned that nobody doubted of my having lived with Madame d'Épinay, as Grimm then did, cannot be equalled, except by that of Saint-Lambert when he was convinced that the rumour was false. He, to the great dissatisfaction of the lady, was in the same situation with myself; and the facts brought to light by this conversation removed from me all regret on account of my having broken with her for ever. Relative to Madame d'Houdetot, he mentioned several circumstances with which neither Thérèse nor Madame d'Houdetot herself were acquainted,

which were known to me only, and which I had never mentioned except to Diderot, under the seal of friendship ; and it was Saint-Lambert himself to whom he had chosen to communicate them. This last step was sufficient to determine me. I resolved to break with Diderot for ever, and this without further deliberation, except on the manner of doing it ; for I had perceived that secret ruptures turned to my prejudice, because they left the mask of friendship in possession of my most cruel enemies.

The rules of good-breeding established in the world on this head seem to have been dictated by a spirit of treachery and falsehood. To appear the friend of a man, when in reality we are no longer so, is to reserve to ourselves the means of doing him an injury by betraying honest men into an error. I recollected that when the gifted Montesquieu broke with Père de Tournemine he immediately declared it openly, and said to everybody : 'Listen neither to Père de Tournemine nor myself, when we speak of each other, for we are no longer friends.' This open and generous proceeding was universally applauded. I resolved to follow the example with Diderot ; but what method was I to take to publish the rupture authentically from my retreat, and yet without scandal ? I concluded on inserting in the form of a note, in my work, a passage from the book of Ecclesiasticus, which declared the rupture, and even the subject of it, in terms sufficiently clear to such as were acquainted with the matter, but could signify nothing to the rest of the world. I determined

also not to speak in my work of the friend whom I had renounced except with the honour always due to friendship even when extinct. The whole may be seen in the work itself.

There is nothing in this world but good fortune and ill fortune, and every act of courage seems to be a crime in adversity. For that which had been admired in Montesquieu I received only blame and reproach. As soon as my work was printed, and I had copies of it, I sent one to Saint-Lambert, who, the evening before, had written to me in his own name and that of Madame d'Houdetot a note expressive of the most tender friendship (B, No. 37). The following is the letter he wrote to me when he returned the copy that I had sent him (B, No. 38):—

'EAUBONNE, *10th October* 1758.

'Indeed, monsieur, I cannot accept the present you have just made me. At that part of your preface where, relative to Diderot, you quote a passage from Ecclesiastes [he mistakes; it is from Ecclesiasticus] the book dropped from my hand. In the conversations we had together last summer, you seemed to be persuaded that Diderot was not guilty of the pretended indiscretions you had imputed to him. You may, for aught I know to the contrary, have cause to complain of him, but surely this does not give you a right to insult him publicly. You are not unacquainted with the nature of the persecutions he suffers, and you join the voice of an old friend to that of envy. I cannot refrain from telling you, monsieur, how much this heinous act of yours has shocked me. I am not acquainted with Diderot, but I honour him, and I have a lively sense of the pain you give to a man whom, at least not in my hearing, you have never reproached with anything more than a trifling weakness. You and I, monsieur, differ too much in our principles ever to

be agreeable to each other. Forget that I exist; this you may easily do. I have never done to men either good or evil of a nature to be long remembered. I promise, monsieur, to forget your person, and to remember nothing but your talents.'

This letter filled me with indignation and affliction; and in the excess of my pangs, feeling my pride wounded, I answered him by the following note:—

'MONTMORENCY, 11*th October* 1758.

'Monsieur,—While reading your letter, I did you the honour to be surprised at it, and had the weakness to suffer it to affect me; but I find it unworthy of an answer.

'I will no longer continue the copies for Madame d'Houdetot. If it be not agreeable to her to keep what she has, she may send it me back and I will return her money. If she keeps it, she must still send for the rest of her paper and the money; and at the same time I beg she will return me the prospectus which she has in her possession. Adieu, monsieur.'

Courage under misfortune irritates the hearts of cowards, but it is pleasing to generous minds. This note seemed to make Saint-Lambert reflect with himself and to regret his having been so violent; but too haughty in his turn to make open advances, he seized, and perhaps prepared, the opportunity of softening the effect of the blow that he had struck. A fortnight afterwards I received from Monsieur d'Épinay the following letter (B, No. 10):—

'*Thursday*, 26*th*.

'Monsieur,—I have received the book you had the goodness to send me, and am reading it with much pleasure. I have always experienced the same sentiment

in reading all the works which have come from your pen. Receive my thanks for the whole. I should have returned you these in person had my affairs permitted me to remain in your neighbourhood; but this year I did not stay long at La Chevrette. Monsieur and Madame Dupin ask me to dine there next Sunday. I expect Monsieur de Saint-Lambert, Monsieur de Francueil, and Madame d'Houdetot will be of the party; you will do me much pleasure by making one also. All the persons who are to dine with me desire it, and will as well as myself be delighted to pass with you a part of the day. I have the honour to be, with the most perfect consideration,' etc.

This letter made my heart beat violently; after having for a year past been the talk of Paris, the idea of presenting myself as a spectacle before Madame d'Houdetot made me tremble, and I had much difficulty in finding sufficient courage to support that trial. Yet, as she and Saint-Lambert were desirous of it, and D'Épinay spoke in the name of all the guests without naming one whom I should not be glad to see, I did not think, after all, that I should compromise myself by accepting a dinner to which I was in some degree invited by all who would be present. I therefore promised to go; on Sunday the weather was bad, Monsieur d'Épinay sent me his carriage, and I went.

My arrival caused a sensation; I never met a better reception; an observer would have thought the whole company felt how much I stood in need of encouragement. None but French hearts are susceptible of this kind of delicacy. However, I found more people than I had expected to see; amongst others the

Comte d'Houdetot, whom I did not know, and his sister Madame de Blainville, whose absence would have pleased me as well. She had the year before come several times to Eaubonne, and her sister-in-law had left her in our solitary walks, to wait until she thought proper to suffer her to join us. She had harboured a resentment against me, which during this dinner she gratified at her ease; for one may guess that the presence of the Comte d'Houdetot and Saint-Lambert did not give me the laugh on my side, and that a man embarrassed in the most common conversations was not brilliant in this one. I never suffered so much, appeared so awkward, or received more unexpected mortifications. As soon as we had risen from table, I withdrew from that horrid woman; I had the pleasure of seeing Saint-Lambert and Madame d'Houdetot approach me, and we conversed together a part of the afternoon, upon things very indifferent, it is true, but with the same familiarity as before my involuntary error. This attention was not lost upon my heart; and, could Saint-Lambert have read what passed there, he certainly would have been satisfied with it. I can safely assert that, although on my arrival the presence of Madame d'Houdetot gave me violent palpitations, on returning from the house I scarcely thought of her; my mind was entirely taken up with Saint-Lambert.

Notwithstanding the pointed sarcasms of Madame de Blainville, this dinner was of great service to me, and I congratulated myself

upon not having refused the invitation. I not only discovered that the intrigues of Grimm and the Holbachians had not deprived me of my old acquaintance,[1] but—what flattered me still more —that the sentiments of Madame d'Houdetot and Saint-Lambert were less changed than I had imagined; and I at length understood that his keeping her at a distance from me proceeded more from jealousy than disesteem. This was a consolation to me, and calmed my mind. Certain of not being an object of contempt in the eyes of persons whom I esteemed, I wrought in reliance upon my own heart with greater courage and success. If I did not quite extinguish in it a guilty and unhappy passion, I at least so well regulated the remains of it that they have never since that moment led me into the most trifling error. The copying for Madame d'Houdetot, which she prevailed upon me to take up again, and my works, which I continued to send her as soon as they appeared, produced me from her now and then a few notes and messages, indifferent but obliging. She did still more, as will hereafter appear; and the reciprocal conduct of all three, after our intercourse had ceased, may serve as an example of the manner in which persons of honour separate when association is no longer agreeable.

Another advantage that this dinner procured me was its being spoken of in Paris, where it served as a complete refutation of the rumour spread by my enemies that I had quarrelled with

[1] Such, in the simplicity of my heart, was still my opinion when I wrote my *Confessions*.—R.

every person who partook of it, and especially with Monsieur d'Épinay. When I left the Hermitage I had written him a very polite letter of thanks, to which he answered not less politely, and mutual civilities had continued, as well between us as with Monsieur de Lalive, his brother-in-law, who even came to see me at Montmorency, and sent me some of his engravings. Excepting the two sisters-in-law of Madame d'Houdetot, I have never been on bad terms with any person of the family.

My letter to D'Alembert had great success. All my works had been very well received, but this was more favourable to me. It taught the public to distrust the insinuations of the Coterie Holbachique. When I went to the Hermitage, this Coterie predicted, with its usual self-sufficiency, that I should not remain there three months. When it was found that I had stayed there twenty months, and, though obliged to leave it, still fixed my residence in the country, the Coterie insisted that this was pure obstinacy, and that I was weary to death of my retirement, but that, eaten up with pride, I chose rather to become a victim to my stubbornness than to acknowledge it and return to Paris. The letter to D'Alembert breathed a gentleness of mind which every one perceived not to be affected. Had I been dissatisfied with my retreat, my style and manner would have shown it. This latter tone reigned in all the works I had written at Paris; but in the first I wrote in the country no appearance of it was to be found. To persons who knew how to distinguish, this

mark was decisive: they perceived that I was again in my element.

Yet this same work, notwithstanding all the mildness it breathed, made me, by a mistake of my own and my usual ill-luck, another enemy amongst men of letters. I had become acquainted with Marmontel at the house of Monsieur de la Poplinière, and this acquaintance had been continued at that of the Baron. Marmontel at that time composed *Le Mercure de France*. As I had too much pride to send my works to the authors of periodical publications, and wishing to send him this without his imagining it was in consequence of that title or that I was desirous he should speak of it in *Le Mercure*, I wrote upon the book that it was not for the author of *Le Mercure*, but for Monsieur Marmontel. I thought I was paying him a fine compliment; he mistook it for a cruel offence, and became my irreconcilable enemy. He wrote against this letter with politeness, but with a bitterness easily perceptible, and since that time has never lost an opportunity of injuring me in society, and of indirectly ill-treating me in his works. Such difficulty is there in managing the irritable self-love of men of letters, and so careful ought every person to be not to leave anything even slightly equivocal in the compliments they pay them.

[1759.] Having nothing more to disturb me, I took advantage of my leisure and independence to continue my literary pursuits with more coherence. I this winter finished *Julie*,

and sent it to Rey, who had it printed in the year following. I was, however, interrupted in my projects by a very disagreeable circumstance. I heard new preparations were making at the Opera House to revive *Le Devin du Village.* Enraged at seeing these people arrogantly dispose of my property, I again took up the memoir I had sent to Monsieur d'Argenson, to which no answer had been returned, and, having made some trifling alterations in it, I sent the manuscript by Monsieur Sellon, Resident from Geneva, and a letter, with which he was pleased to charge himself, to Monsieur le Comte de Saint-Florentin, who had succeeded Monsieur d'Argenson in the Opéra department. Duclos, to whom I communicated what I had done, mentioned it to the *petits violons*, who offered to restore me, not my opera, but my freedom of the theatre, which I was no longer in a situation to enjoy. Perceiving that I had not the least justice to expect from any quarter, I gave up the affair; and the directors of the Opéra, without answering or even listening to my reasons, have continued to dispose as of their own property, and to turn to their profit, *Le Devin du Village*, which incontestably belongs to nobody but myself.[1]

Since I had shaken off the yoke of my tyrants, I led a life sufficiently agreeable and peaceful; deprived of the charm of too strong attachments, I was delivered from the weight of their chains. Disgusted with the friends who feigned to be

[1] It now belongs to them by virtue of a recent agreement made with me.—R.

my protectors, and wished absolutely to dispose of me at will, and, in spite of myself, to subject me to their pretended good services, I resolved in future to have no other connections than those of simple benevolence. These, without the least constraint upon liberty, constitute the pleasure of life, and have equality for their basis. I had of them as many as were necessary to enable me to taste of the charms of society without being subject to dependence; and as soon as I had made an experiment of this manner of life, I felt it was the most proper to my age, that I might end my days in peace, far removed from the agitations, quarrels, and cavillings in which I had just been half submerged.

During my residence at the Hermitage, and after my settlement at Montmorency, I had made in the neighbourhood some agreeable acquaintances, which did not subject me to any inconvenience. The principal of these was young Loyseau de Mauléon, who, then beginning to plead at the bar, did not yet know what rank he would one day hold there. I, for my part, was not in the least doubt about the matter. I soon pointed out to him the illustrious career in the midst of which he is now seen, and predicted that if he laid down to himself rigid rules for the choice of causes, and never became the defender of anything but virtue and justice, his genius, elevated by this sublime sentiment, would be equal to that of the greatest orators. He followed my advice, and now feels the effects of it. His defence of Monsieur de Portes is worthy of Demosthenes.

He came every year within a quarter of a league of the Hermitage to pass the vacation at Saint-Brice, in the fief of Mauléon, belonging to his mother, and where the great Bossuet had formerly lodged. This is a fief of which a like succession of proprietors would render nobility difficult to support.

I had also for a neighbour, in the same village of Saint-Brice, the bookseller Guérin, a man of wit, learned, of an amiable disposition, and one of the first in his profession. He brought me acquainted with Jean Néaulme, bookseller of Amsterdam, his friend and correspondent, who afterwards printed *Émile*.

I had another acquaintance still nearer than Saint-Brice: this was Monsieur Maltor, vicar of Grosley, a man better adapted for the functions of a statesman and a minister than for those of a village curé, and to whom a diocese at least would have been given to govern if talents decided the disposal of places. He had been secretary to the Comte du Luc, and was formerly intimately acquainted with Jean-Baptiste Rousseau. Holding in as much esteem the memory of that illustrious exile as he held in horror the villain Saurin who ruined him, he possessed curious anecdotes of both, which Séguy had not inserted in the life, still in manuscript, of the former; and he assured me that the Comte du Luc, far from ever having had reason to complain of his conduct, had until his last moment preserved for him the warmest friendship. Monsieur Maltor, to whom Monsieur de Vintimille gave this comfortable

retreat after the death of his patron, had formerly been employed in many affairs of which, although far advanced in years, he still preserved a distinct remembrance, and reasoned upon them very well. His conversation, equally amusing and instructive, had nothing in it resembling that of a village pastor; he joined the manners of a man of the world to the knowledge of one who passes his life in study. He, of all my permanent neighbours, was the person whose society was the most agreeable to me, and whom I quitted with most regret.

I was also acquainted at Montmorency with several fathers of the Oratory, and amongst others Père Berthier, professor of natural philosophy, to whom, notwithstanding some little tincture of pedantry, I became attached on account of a certain air of cordial good-nature which I observed in him. I had, however, some difficulty in reconciling this great simplicity with the desire and the art he had of everywhere thrusting himself into the company of the great, as well as that of the women, devotees, and philosophers. He knew how to be all things to all men. I was greatly pleased with the man, and spoke of my satisfaction to everybody. Apparently what I had said of him came to his ear. He one day thanked me for having thought him a good-natured man. I observed something in his forced smile which, in my eyes, totally changed his physiognomy, and which has since frequently recurred to my mind. I cannot better compare this smile than to that of Panurge pur-

chasing Dindenaut's sheep. Our acquaintance had begun a little time after my arrival at the Hermitage, to which place he frequently came to see me. I was already settled at Montmorency when he left to go and reside at Paris. He often saw Madame Le Vasseur there. One day, when I least expected anything of the kind, he wrote to me in behalf of that woman, informing me that Grimm offered to maintain her, and to ask my permission to accept the offer. This I understood consisted in a pension of three hundred livres, and that Madame Le Vasseur was to come and live at Deuil, between La Chevrette and Montmorency. I will not say what impression the application made on me. It would have been less surprising had Grimm had ten thousand livres a year, or any relation more easy to comprehend with that woman, and had not such a crime been made of my taking her to the country, where, as if she had become younger, he was now pleased to think of placing her. I perceived the good old lady had no other reason for asking my permission — which had I refused, she might easily have done without—but the fear of losing what I already gave her. Although this charity appeared to be very extraordinary, it did not strike me so much then as afterwards. But had I known even everything I have since discovered, I would still as readily have given my consent as I did, and was obliged to do, unless I had exceeded the offer of Monsieur Grimm. Père Berthier afterwards cured me a little of my opinion of his good-nature, which he had

thought so amusing, and with which I had so unthinkingly charged him.

This same Père Berthier was acquainted with two men who, for what reason I knew not, sought to become so with me; there was but little similarity between their tastes and mine. They were children of Melchisedec, of whom neither the country nor the family was known, no more than, in all probability, their real name. They were Jansenists, and passed for priests in disguise, perhaps on account of their ridiculous mode of wearing long swords, to which they appeared to have been fastened. The great mystery observable in all their proceedings gave them the appearance of the heads of a party, and I never had the least doubt of their being the authors of the *Gazette Ecclésiastique.* The one, tall, smooth-tongued, and self-seeking, was a Monsieur Ferrand; the other, short, squat, a sneerer, and punctilious, was a Monsieur Minard. They called each other cousin. They lodged at Paris with D'Alembert, in the house of his nurse, named Madame Rousseau, and had taken at Montmorency a little apartment to pass the summers there. They did everything for themselves, and had neither servant nor messenger; each had his turn weekly to purchase provisions, do the business of the kitchen, and sweep the house. In other respects, on the whole, they managed tolerably well, and we sometimes ate with each other. I know not for what reason they gave themselves any concern about me: for my part, my only motive for associating with them was

their playing at chess, and to make up a poor little party I suffered four tedious hours. As they thrust themselves into all companies, and wished to intermeddle in everything, Thérèse called them the *commères*, and by this name they were long known at Montmorency.

Such, with my host Monsieur Mathas, who was a good sort of man, were my principal country acquaintance. I still had a sufficient number at Paris, to live there agreeably whenever I chose it, outside the sphere of men of letters, amongst whom Duclos was the only one whom I could call friend, for Deleyre was still too young; and although, after having been a witness to the manœuvres of the philosophical tribe against me, he had withdrawn from it—at least I thought so—I could not yet forget the facility with which he had made himself the mouthpiece of all the people of that description.

In the first place, I had my old and respectable friend Monsieur Roguin. This was a good old-fashioned friend for whom I was not indebted to my writings, but to myself, and whom for that reason I have always preserved. I had the good Lenieps, my countryman, and his daughter, then alive, Madame Lambert. I had a young Genevese, named Coindet, a good fellow, apparently careful, officious, zealous, but really ignorant, presumptuous, greedy and grasping, who came to see me soon after I had gone to reside at the Hermitage, and, without any other introducer than himself, soon made his way into my good graces against my will. He had a taste for drawing, and was acquainted with artists. He was of

service to me relative to the engravings for *Julie*; he undertook the direction of the designs and the plates, and acquitted himself well of the commission.

I had free access to the house of Monsieur Dupin, which, less brilliant than in the younger days of Madame Dupin, was still, through the merit of the heads of the family and the choice of company which assembled there, one of the best houses in Paris. As I had not preferred anybody to them, and had only separated myself from them that I might live independently, they had always welcomed me in a friendly manner, and I was always certain of being well received by Madame Dupin. I might even have counted her amongst my country neighbours after her establishment at Clichy, to which place I sometimes went to pass a day or two, and whither I should have gone more frequently had Madame Dupin and Madame de Chenonceaux been upon better terms. But the difficulty of dividing my time in the same house between two women who had no sympathy with each other made life at Clichy too irksome. Attached to Madame de Chenonceaux by a friendship most frank and familiar, I had the pleasure of seeing her more at my ease at Deuil, where, close to my door, she had taken a small house, and even in my own habitation, where she often came to see me.

I had likewise for a friend Madame de Créqui, who, having become very devout, no longer received the D'Alemberts, the Marmontels—indeed, few men of letters,

except, I believe, the Abbé Trublet, half a hypocrite at that time, of whom she was sufficiently weary. I, whose acquaintance she had sought, lost neither her good wishes nor intercourse. She sent me presents of young pullets from Mons; and her intention was to come and see me the year following had not a journey upon which Madame de Luxembourg determined prevented her. I here owe her a place apart; she will always hold a distinguished one in my remembrance.

In this list I should place a man whom, except Roguin, I ought to have mentioned as the first upon it—my old friend and brother politician De Carrio, formerly titulary secretary to the embassy from Spain to Venice, afterwards in Sweden, where he was chargé des affaires, and at length really secretary to the embassy at Paris. He came and surprised me at Montmorency when I least expected him. He was decorated with a Spanish order, the name of which I have forgotten, with a fine cross in jewels. He had been obliged, in his proofs of nobility, to add a letter to his name, and bore that of the Chevalier de Carrion. I found him still the same man, possessing the same excellent heart, and a disposition becoming daily more amiable. We should have renewed our former intimacy had not Coindet interposed according to custom, taken advantage of the distance I was at from town to insinuate himself into my place, and, in my name, into his confidence, and supplant me by the excess of his zeal to serve me.

The remembrance of Carrion makes me

recollect one of my country neighbours, of whom I should be inexcusable not to speak, as I have to make confession of an unpardonable wrong towards him: this was the honest Monsieur Le Blond, who had done me a service at Venice, and, having made an excursion to France with his family, had taken a house in the country, at La Briche, not far from Montmorency.[1] As soon as I heard he was my neighbour, I, in the joy of my heart, felt that I was his, and made it more a pleasure than a duty to pay him a visit. I set off upon this errand the next day. I was met by people who were coming to see me, and with whom I was obliged to return. Two days afterwards I set off again for the same purpose; he had dined at Paris with all his family. A third time he was at home. I heard the voice of women, and saw at the door a coach, which alarmed me. I wished to see him, at least for the first time, quite at my ease, that we might talk over what had passed during our former connection. In fine, I so often postponed my visit from day to day that the shame of discharging a like duty so late prevented me from doing it at all. After having dared to wait so long I no longer dared to present myself. This negligence, at which Monsieur Le Blond could not but be justly offended, gave, relative to him, the appearance of ingratitude to my indolence; and yet I felt my heart so little culpable that, had it been in

[1] When I wrote this, possessed with my customary blind confidence, I was far from suspecting the true motive and effect of this journey to Paris.—R.

my power to do Monsieur Le Blond the least service, even unknown to himself, I am certain he would not have found me idle. But indolence, negligence, and delay in little duties to be fulfilled have been more prejudicial to me than great vices. My greatest faults have been omissions ; I have rarely done what I ought not to have done, and, unfortunately, I have still more rarely done what I ought to have done.

Since I am now upon the subject of my Venetian acquaintance, I must not forget one of these whom I still preserved for a considerable time after my intercourse with the rest had ceased. This was Monsieur de Jonville, who continued after his return from Genoa to show me much friendship. He was fond of seeing me, and of conversing with me upon the affairs of Italy, and the follies of Monsieur de Montaigu, of whom he himself knew many anecdotes by means of his acquaintance in the Office for Foreign Affairs, with which he was much connected. I had also the pleasure of seeing at his house my old comrade Dupont, who had purchased a place in the province where he lived, and whose affairs sometimes brought him to Paris. Monsieur de Jonville became by degrees so desirous of seeing me that he in some measure laid me under constraint, and, although our places of residence were at a great distance from each other, we had a friendly quarrel when I let a week pass without going to dine with him. When he went to Jonville he was always desirous of my accompanying him, but having once been there to pass a week, which did not

seem to pass very swiftly, I had no desire to return. Monsieur de Jonville was certainly an honourable man, and even amiable in certain respects, but his understanding was confined; he was handsome, rather fond of his person, and somewhat tiresome. He had one of the most singular collections perhaps in the world, to which he gave much of his attention, and endeavoured to acquire for it that of his friends, to whom it sometimes afforded less amusement than it did to himself. This was a complete collection of the vaudevilles of the Court and of Paris, for upwards of fifty years past, in which many anecdotes were to be found that would have been sought for in vain elsewhere. These are memoirs for the history of France which would scarcely be thought of in any other country.

One day, whilst we were still upon the very best terms, he received me so very coldly, and in a manner so different from that which was customary to him, that, after having given him an opportunity to explain, and even having begged him to do it, I left his house with a resolution in which I have persevered, never to return to it again; for I am seldom seen where I have been once ill received; and in this case there was no Diderot who might plead for Monsieur de Jonville. I vainly endeavoured to discover what I had done to offend him; I was quite at fault. I was certain of never having spoken of him or his in any other than in the most honourable manner, for he had acquired my friendship; and besides my having nothing

but favourable things to say of him, my most inviolable maxim has been that of never speaking but in an honourable manner of the houses I frequented.

At length, by continually ruminating, I formed the following conjecture: The last time we had seen each other I had supped with him at the apartment of some girls of his acquaintance, in company with two or three clerks in the Office of Foreign Affairs, very amiable men, and who had neither the manner nor the appearance of libertines; and on my part I can assert that the whole evening passed in making melancholy reflections on the wretched fate of the creatures with whom we were. I did not pay anything, as Monsieur de Jonville gave the supper, nor did I make the girls the least present, because I gave them not the opportunity I had given to the *padoana*[1] of establishing a claim to the trifle I might have offered. We all came away together, cheerfully and upon good terms. Without having made a second visit to the girls, I went two or three days afterwards to dine with Monsieur de Jonville, whom I had not seen during that interval, and who gave me the reception of which I have spoken. Unable to suppose any other cause for it than some misunderstanding relative to the supper, and perceiving that he had no inclination to explain, I resolved to visit him no longer, but I still continued to send him my works. He frequently sent me his compliments; and one evening, meeting him in

[1] See vol. ii. p. 220.

the *chauffoir* of the Comédie Française, he obligingly reproached me with not having called to see him, which, however, did not induce me to depart from my resolution. Therefore this affair had rather the appearance of a coolness than a rupture. However, not having heard aught of him since that time, it would have been too late after an absence of so many years to renew my acquaintance with him. It is for this reason that Monsieur de Jonville is not named in my list, although I had for a considerable time frequented his house.

I will not swell my catalogue with the names of many other persons with whom I was or had become less intimate, although I sometimes saw them in the country, either at my own house or that of some neighbour, such, for instance, as the Abbés de Condillac and de Mably, Messieurs de Mairan, de Lalive, de Boisgelou, Watelet, Ancelet, and others. I will also pass lightly over that of Monsieur de Margency, gentleman-in-ordinary to the King, an ancient member of the Coterie Holbachique, which he had quitted as well as myself, and an old friend of Madame d'Épinay, from whom he had separated, as I had done. I likewise consider that of his friend Desmahis, the celebrated but short-lived author of the comedy of *L'Impertinent*, of much the same importance. The first was my neighbour in the country, his estate at Margency being near to Montmorency. We were old acquaintances, but the neighbourhood, and a certain conformity of experience, connected us still more. The second died soon afterwards. He had merit,

and even wit, but he was in some degree the original of his comedy, and a little of a coxcomb with women, by whom he was not much regretted.

I cannot, however, omit taking notice of a new correspondence that I entered into at this period, which has had too much influence over the rest of my life not to make it necessary for me to mark its origin. I refer to Monsieur de Lamoignon de Malesherbes, Premier Président of the Cour des Aides, then censor of books, which office he exercised with equal intelligence and mildness, to the great satisfaction of men of letters. I had not once been to see him at Paris; yet I had never received from him any other than the most obliging condescensions relative to the censorship, and I knew that he had more than once very severely reprimanded persons who had written against me. I had fresh evidence of his kindness upon the subject of the publication of *Julie.* The despatch of the proofs of so large a work from Amsterdam by post being very costly, he, to whom all letters were free, permitted these to be addressed to him, and sent them to me under the countersign of Monsieur le Chancelier, his father. When the work was printed he did not permit its sale in the kingdom until, contrary to my wishes, an edition had been sold for my benefit. As the receipt of this profit would, on my part, have been a theft committed upon Rey, to whom I had sold the manuscript, I not only refused to accept the present intended me, without his consent, which he very generously

gave, but insisted upon dividing with him the hundred pistoles to which it amounted, but of which he would not receive anything. For these hundred pistoles I had the mortification, against which Monsieur de Malesherbes had not forewarned me, of seeing my work horribly mutilated, and the sale of the good edition stopped until the bad one was entirely disposed of.

I have always considered Monsieur de Malesherbes as a man whose uprightness was proof against every temptation. Nothing that has happened has ever made me doubt for a moment of his probity; but, as weak as he is polite, he sometimes injures those whom he wishes to serve by the excess of his zeal to preserve them from harm. He not only retrenched a hundred pages in the edition of Paris, but he made another retrenchment, which might be called a piece of bad faith, in the copy of the genuine edition that he sent to Madame de Pompadour. It is somewhere said in that work that the wife of a collier is more respectable than the mistress of a prince. This phrase, I solemnly affirm, had occurred to me in the warmth of composition, without any application. In reading over the work I perceived that it would be applied, yet, in consequence of the imprudent maxim I had adopted of not suppressing anything on account of the applications which might be made, when my conscience bore witness to me that I had not made them at the time I wrote, I determined not to expunge the phrase, and contented myself with sub-

stituting the word *prince* for *king*, which I had first written. This softening did not seem sufficient to Monsieur de Malesherbes; he retrenched the whole expression in a new sheet which he caused to be printed on purpose, and inserted with as much exactness as possible in Madame de Pompadour's copy. She was not ignorant of this trick. Some good-natured people took the trouble to inform her of it. For my part, it was not until a long time afterwards, and when I began to feel the consequences of it, that the matter came to my knowledge.

Is not this the origin of the concealed but implacable hatred of another lady who was in a like situation,[1] without my knowing it or even being acquainted with her when I wrote the passage. When the book was published the acquaintance was made, and I was very uneasy. I mentioned this to the Chevalier de Lorenzi, who laughed at me, and said the lady was so little offended that she had not even taken notice of the matter. I believed him, perhaps rather too lightly, and made myself easy when there was much reason for my being otherwise.

At the beginning of the winter I received an additional mark of the kindness of Monsieur de Malesherbes, of which I was very sensible, although I did not think proper to take advantage of it. A place was vacant in the *Journal des Savants*. Margency wrote to me, proposing to me the place, as from himself. But I easily perceived from the manner of his

[1] The Comtesse de Boufflers, mistress of the Prince de Conti.

letter (C, No. 33), that he was dictated to and authorised; he afterwards told me (C, No. 47) that he had been desired to make me the offer. The duties of this place were but trifling. All I should have had to do would have been to make two extracts a month from the books brought to me for that purpose, without being under the necessity of going once to Paris, not even to pay the magistrate a visit of thanks. In this way I should have entered a society of men of letters of the first merit—Messieurs de Mairan, Clairaut, de Guignes, and the Abbé Barthélemy; with the two first of whom I had already made an acquaintance, and that of the two others was very desirable. In fine, for this trifling employment, the duties of which I might so commodiously have discharged, there was a salary of eight hundred francs. I was for a few hours undecided, and wholly from a fear of making Margency angry, and displeasing Monsieur de Malesherbes. But at length the insupportable constraint of not having it in my power to work when I thought proper, and of being commanded by time, and moreover the certainty of badly performing the functions with which I was to charge myself, prevailed over everything, and determined me to refuse a place for which I was unfit. I knew that my whole talent consisted in a certain warmth of mind with respect to the subjects of which I had to treat, and that nothing but the love of that which was great, true, and beautiful could animate my genius. What would the subjects of the extracts I should have had to make from books, or even

the books themselves, have signified to me? My indifference about them would have frozen my pen and blunted my faculties. People thought I could make a trade of writing, as the other men of letters did; instead of which I never could write but from the warmth of imagination. This certainly was not necessary for the *Journal des Savants*. I therefore wrote to Margency a letter of thanks in the politest terms possible, and so well explained to him my reasons, that it was not possible that either he or Monsieur de Malesherbes could imagine that there was pride or ill-humour in my refusal. Indeed, they both approved of it without receiving me less politely; and the secret concerning this affair was so well kept that the public never heard a whisper of it.

The proposition did not come to me in a favourable moment. I had some time before this formed the project of quitting literature, and especially the trade of an author. I had been disgusted with men of letters by everything that had lately befallen me, and had learned from experience that it was impossible to proceed in the same track without having some connections with them. I was not much less dissatisfied with men of the world, and in general with the mixed life I had lately led, half to myself and half devoted to societies for which I was unfit. I felt more than ever, and by constant experience, that every unequal association is disadvantageous to the weaker side. Living with opulent people, and in a situation different from that which I had chosen, without keeping house as they did, I

was obliged to imitate them in many things; and little expenses, which were nothing to their fortunes, were for me not less ruinous than indispensable. Another man in the country house of a friend is served by his own servant, as well at table as in his chamber: he sends him to seek for everything he wants; having nothing directly to do with the servants of the house, not even seeing them, he gives them what he pleases, and when he thinks proper; but I, alone and without a servant, was at the mercy of the servants of the house, of whom it was necessary to gain the good graces, that I might not have much to suffer; and, being treated as the equal of their master, I was obliged to treat them accordingly, and better than another would have done, because, in fact, I stood in greater need of their services. This, where there are but few domestics, may be complied with; but in the houses that I frequented there were a great number, all very arrogant, very knavish, very sharp—I mean for their own interests,—and the rascals knew how to put me in need of the services of them all successively. The women of Paris, who have so much wit, have no just idea of this inconvenience, and in their zeal to economise my purse they ruined me. If I supped in town at any considerable distance from my lodgings, instead of permitting me to send for a hackney-coach, the mistress of the house ordered her horses to be put to and sent me home in her carriage: she was very glad to save me the twenty-four sous for the fiacre, but never thought of the écu I gave to her coachman and footman.

If a lady wrote to me from Paris to the Hermitage, or to Montmorency, she regretted the four sous the postage of the letter would have cost me, and sent it by one of her servants, who came sweating on foot, and to whom I gave a dinner and an écu, which he certainly had well earned. If she proposed to me to pass with her a week or a fortnight at her country house, she still said to herself, 'It will be a saving to the poor man; during that time his eating will cost him nothing.' She never recollected that I was the whole time idle; that the expenses of my family, my rent, linen, and clothes were still going on; that I paid my barber double, and that it cost me more being in her house than in my own. Although I confined my little largesses to the houses in which I customarily lived, these were still ruinous to me. I am certain that I have paid upwards of twenty-five écus in the house of Madame d'Houdetot, at Eaubonne, where I never slept more than four or five times, and upwards of a hundred pistoles as well at Épinay as at La Chevrette, during the five or six years that I was most assiduous there. These expenses are inevitable to a man like me, who knows not how to provide anything for himself, or devise expedients of any kind, and cannot support the sight of a lackey who grumbles and serves with a sour look. With Madame Dupin even, where I was one of the family, and in whose house I rendered many services to the servants, I never received theirs save in return for money. In course of time it was necessary to renounce these little liberalities,

which my situation no longer permitted me to bestow, and I then felt still more severely the inconvenience of associating with people in a situation different from my own.

Had this manner of life been to my taste, I should have been consoled for a heavy expense which I dedicated to my pleasures; but to ruin myself at the same time that I fatigued my mind was insupportable; and I had so felt the weight of this, that, profiting by the interval of liberty I then had, I was determined to perpetuate it, and entirely to renounce great companies, the composition of books, and all literary commerce, and for the remainder of my days to confine myself to the narrow and peaceful sphere in which I felt that I was born to move.

The produce of 'La Lettre à D'Alembert,' and of *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, had a little improved the state of my finances, which had been considerably exhausted at the Hermitage. I had now about a thousand écus in my purse. *Émile*, to which, after I had finished the *Héloïse*, I had given great application, was in forwardness, and the produce of this could not be less than the sum of which I was already in possession. I intended to place this money in such a manner as to produce me a little regular income, which, with my copying, might be sufficient to my wants without writing any more. I had two other works upon the stocks. The first of these was my *Institutions Politiques*. I examined the state of this work, and found that it still required several years' labour. I had not courage enough to continue it, and to wait until it

was finished, before I carried my intention into execution. Therefore, laying the book aside, I determined to take from it all I could, and to burn the rest; and, continuing this with zeal, without interrupting *Émile*, I finished in less than two years the *Contrat Social*.

The *Dictionnaire de Musique* now remained. This was mechanical work, and might be taken up at any time; the object of it was entirely pecuniary. I reserved to myself the liberty of laying it aside or of finishing it at my ease, according as my other resources should render this necessary or superfluous. With respect to the *Morale Sensitive*, of which I had executed nothing more than a sketch, I entirely gave it up.

As my last project, if I found I could do altogether without copying, was that of removing from Paris, where the affluence of visitors rendered my housekeeping expensive, and deprived me of the time requisite to provide for it, to prevent in my retirement the state of lassitude into which an author is said to fall when he has laid down his pen, I reserved to myself an occupation which might fill up the void in my solitude without tempting me to furnish more matter for the press in my lifetime. I know not for what reason Rey had long urged me to write the memoirs of my life. Although these were not up to that time interesting as to the facts, I felt they might become so by the candour with which I was capable of giving them, and I determined to make of these the only work of the kind, by an

unexampled veracity, that, for once at least, the world might see a man such as he inwardly was. I had always laughed at the false ingenuousness of Montaigne, who, feigning to confess his faults, takes great care not to give himself any, except such as are pleasing; whilst I, who have ever thought, and still think myself, considering everything, the best of men, felt that there is no human being, however pure he may be, who does not internally conceal some odious vice. I knew that I was depicted to the public as so unlike my real self, and sometimes in such a distorted guise, that, notwithstanding my faults, all of which I was determined to relate, I could not but be a gainer by showing myself in my proper colours. This, besides, not being done without setting forth others also in theirs, and the work for the same reason not being of a nature to appear during my lifetime, and that of several other persons, I was the more emboldened to make my *Confessions*, at which I should never have to blush before any person. I therefore resolved to dedicate my leisure to the execution of this undertaking, and immediately began to collect such letters and papers as might guide or assist my memory, greatly regretting the loss of all that I had burned, mislaid, and destroyed.

The project of absolute retirement, one of the most reasonable I had ever formed, was strongly impressed upon my mind; and for the execution of it I was already taking measures, when Heaven, which prepared me a different destiny, plunged me into another vortex.

Montmorency, the ancient and fine patrimony of the illustrious family of that name, was taken from it by confiscation. It passed, by the sister of Duke Henry, to the House of Condé, which has changed the name of Montmorency to that of Enghien, and the duchy has no other château than an old tower, where the archives are kept, and to which the vassals come to do homage. But at Montmorency, or Enghien, there is a private house, built by Croisat — called Le Pauvre — which, having the magnificence of the most superb château, deserves and bears that name. The majestic appearance of this noble edifice; the terrace upon which it is reared; the view from it, not equalled perhaps in any country; the spacious saloon, painted by the hand of a master; the garden, planted by the celebrated Le Nôtre—all combine to form a whole strikingly majestic, in which there is still a simplicity that enforces admiration. Monsieur le Maréchal Duc de Luxembourg, who then inhabited this house, came twice every year into the neighbourhood where formerly his ancestors were the masters, to pass altogether five or six weeks as a private inhabitant, but with a splendour which did not degenerate from the ancient lustre of his family. On the first journey that he made to it after my residing at Montmorency, Monsieur and Madame la Maréchale sent to me a valet de chambre with their compliments, inviting me to sup with them as often as it should be agreeable to me; and at each time of their coming they never failed to reiterate the same compliments and invitation.

This called to my recollection Madame de Beuzenval sending me to dine in the servants' hall. Times were changed; but I was still the same man. I did not choose to be sent to dine in the servants' hall, and was but little desirous of appearing at the table of the great. I should have been much better pleased had they left me as I was, without caressing and without humiliating me. I answered politely and respectfully to Monsieur and Madame de Luxembourg, but I did not accept their offers; and so much did my indisposition and timidity, with my embarrassment in speaking, make me tremble at the mere idea of appearing in an assembly of people of the Court, that I did not even go to the château to pay a visit of thanks, although I sufficiently comprehended that this was all they desired, and that their eager politeness was rather a matter of curiosity than benevolence.

However, advances were still made, and even became more pressing. Madame la Comtesse de Boufflers, who was very intimate with Madame la Maréchale, sent to inquire after my health, and to propose a visit on her part. I returned her a proper answer, but did not shift my ground. On the occasion of his Easter journey in the year following, 1759, the Chevalier de Lorenzi, who belonged to the court of Monsieur le Prince de Conti, and was intimate with Madame de Luxembourg, came several times to see me, and we became acquainted; he pressed me to go to the château, but I refused to comply. At length one afternoon, when I least expected anything of the

kind, I saw coming up to the house Monsieur le Maréchal de Luxembourg, followed by five or six persons. There were now no longer any means of defence; and I could not, without being arrogant and unmannerly, do otherwise than return this visit, and make my court to Madame la Maréchale, from whom he had been the bearer of the most obliging compliments to me. Thus, under unfortunate auspices, began those connections from which I could no longer preserve myself, although a too well-founded foresight made me afraid of them until they were formed.

I was excessively afraid of Madame de Luxembourg. I knew that she had an engaging manner. I had seen her several times at the theatre, and at the house of Madame Dupin, ten or twelve years before, when she was Duchesse de Boufflers, and in the bloom of youthful beauty; but she was said to have a spice of malice, and this in a woman of her rank made me tremble. I had scarcely seen her before I was subjugated. I thought her charming, with that charm proof against time, and which had the fullest power upon my heart. I expected to find her conversation satirical and full of pleasantries and points. It was not so: it was much better. The conversation of Madame de Luxembourg is not remarkably full of wit; it has no sallies, nor even finesse; it is exquisitely delicate, never striking, but always pleasing. Her flattery is the more intoxicating as it is natural; it seems to escape her involuntarily, and her heart to overflow because it is too full. I thought I

perceived on my first visit that, notwithstanding my awkward manner and embarrassed expression, I was not displeasing to her. All the women of the Court know how to persuade us of this when they please, whether it be true or not; but they do not all, like Madame de Luxembourg, possess the art of rendering that persuasion so agreeable that we are no longer disposed ever to have a doubt remaining. From the first day my confidence in her would have been as full as it soon afterwards became, had not the Duchesse de Montmorency, her daughter-in-law, young, giddy, somewhat malicious, and, I think, inclined to raise quarrels, taken it into her head to attack me, and in the midst of the eulogiums of her mamma, and feigned allurements on her own account, made me suspect that I was only considered as a subject of ridicule.

I should perhaps have found it difficult to relieve myself from this fear with these two ladies had not the extreme goodness of Monsieur le Maréchal confirmed me in the belief that their regard was real. Nothing is more surprising, considering my timidity, than the promptitude with which I took him at his word on the footing of equality to which he would absolutely reduce himself with me, except it be that with which he took me at mine with respect to the absolute independence in which I desired to live. Both persuaded that I had reason to be contented with my situation, and that I was unwilling to change it, neither he nor Madame de Luxembourg seemed to think

a moment of my purse or fortune: although I can have no doubt of the tender concern they had for me, they never proposed to me a place nor offered me their interest, except it were once, when Madame de Luxembourg seemed to wish me to become a member of the Académie Française. I alleged my religion; this she told me was no obstacle, or if it were one she engaged to remove it. I answered that, however great the honour of becoming a member of so illustrious a body might be, having refused Monsieur de Tressan, and, in some measure, the King of Poland, to become a member of the Academy at Nancy, I could not with propriety enter into any other. Madame de Luxembourg did not insist, and nothing more was said upon the subject. This simplicity of intercourse with persons of such rank, and who had the power of doing anything in my favour—Monsieur de Luxembourg being, and highly deserving to be, the particular friend of the King—affords a singular contrast with the continual cares, no less importunate than officious, of the friends and protectors from whom I had just separated, and who endeavoured less to serve me than to render me contemptible.

When Monsieur le Maréchal came to see me at Mont-Louis, I was uneasy at receiving him and his retinue in my only chamber; not because I was obliged to make him sit down in the midst of my dirty plates and broken pots, but on account of the floor, which was rotten and falling to ruin, and I was afraid that the weight of his attendants would entirely sink it.

Less concerned on account of my own danger than for that to which the affability of this worthy nobleman exposed him, I hastened to remove him from it by conducting him, notwithstanding the coldness of the weather, to my donjon, which was quite open to the air, and had no fireplace. When he was there I told him my reason for having brought him to it. He told it to his lady, and they both pressed me to accept, until the floor was repaired, a lodging at the château; or, if I preferred it, in a separate edifice called the Petit Château, which was in the middle of the park. This delightful abode deserves to be spoken of.

The park or garden of Montmorency is not a plain, like that of La Chevrette. It is uneven, mountainous, disposed in little hills and valleys, of which the able artist has taken advantage, and thereby varied his groves, ornaments, waters, and points of view, and, if I may so speak, multiplied by art and genius a space in itself rather confined. This park is terminated at the top by a terrace and the château; at bottom it forms a gorge which opens and becomes wider towards the valley, the angle of which is filled up with a large piece of water. Between the orangery, which is in this widening, and the piece of water, the banks of which are agreeably decorated with shrubs and trees, stands the Petit Château of which I have spoken. This edifice and the ground about it formerly belonged to the celebrated Le Brun, who amused himself in building and decorating it in the exquisite taste for architectural ornament which that great

painter had cultivated. The château has since been rebuilt, but still according to the plan and design of its first master. It is little and simple, but elegant. As it stands in a hollow between the basin of the orangery and the large piece of water, and consequently is liable to dampness, it is pierced in the middle by an open peristyle between two rows of columns, by which means the air circulating throughout the whole edifice keeps it dry, notwithstanding its situation. When the building is seen from the opposite elevation, which is a point of view, it appears absolutely surrounded with water, and we imagine we have before our eyes an enchanted island, or the most beautiful of the three Borromeans, called Isola Bella, in the Lago Maggiore.

In this solitary edifice I was offered the choice of four complete suites of rooms that it contains, besides the ground-floor, consisting of a ball-room, billiard-room, and a kitchen. I chose the smallest, over the kitchen, which also I had with it. It was charmingly neat, with blue and white furniture. In this profound and delicious solitude, in the midst of woods and waters, the singing of birds of every kind, and the perfume of orange flowers, I composed, in a continual ecstasy, the fifth book of *Émile*, the colouring of which I owed in a great measure to the lively impression I received from the place in which I wrote.

With what eagerness did I run every morning at sunrise to respire the perfumed air on the peristyle! What excellent coffee I took there *tête-à-tête* with my Thérèse! My cat and dog

were our company. This retinue alone would have been sufficient for me during my whole life, in which I should not have had one weary moment. I was there in a terrestrial paradise; I lived in like innocence and tasted of like happiness.

At their visit of July, Monsieur and Madame de Luxembourg showed me so much attention, and were so extremely kind, that, lodged in their house, and overwhelmed with their goodness, I could not do less than make them a proper return in assiduous respect. I scarcely quitted them. I went in the morning to pay my court to Madame la Maréchale; after dinner I walked with Monsieur le Maréchal; but did not sup at the château on account of the numerous guests, and because they supped too late for me. Thus far everything was as it should be, and no harm would have been done could I have remained at this point. But I have never known how to preserve a medium in my attachments, and simply fulfil the duties of society. I have always been everything or nothing. I was soon everything; and, receiving the most flattering attention from persons of the highest rank, I passed the proper bounds, and conceived for them a friendship not permitted except among equals. Of these I had all the familiarity in my manners, whilst they still preserved in theirs the same politeness to which they had accustomed me. Yet I was never quite at ease with Madame la Maréchale. Although I was not quite relieved from my fears relative to her character, I apprehended

less danger from it than from her wit. It was by this especially that she impressed me with awe. I knew she was difficult as to conversation, and she had a right to be so. I knew that women, especially those of her rank, would absolutely be amused; that it was better to offend than to weary them; and I judged by her commentaries upon what the people who went away had said what she must think of my blunders. I thought of an expedient to spare me with her the embarrassment of speaking: this was reading. She had heard of *Julie*, and knew it was in the press; she expressed a desire to see the work; I offered to read it to her, and she accepted my offer. I went to her every morning at ten o'clock; Monsieur de Luxembourg was present, and the door was shut. I read by the side of her bed, and so well proportioned my readings that there would have been sufficient for the whole time she had to stay, even had no interruption occurred.[1] The success of this expedient surpassed my expectation. Madame de Luxembourg took a great liking to *Julie* and its author; she spoke of nothing but me, thought of nothing else, said civil things to me from morning till night, and embraced me ten times a day. She insisted on my always having my place by her side at table; and when any grands seigneurs wished to take it she told them it was mine, and made them sit somewhere else. The impression these

[1] The loss of a great battle, which much affected the King, obliged Monsieur de Luxembourg precipitately to return to court.—R.



READING 'LA NOUVELLE HÉLOÏSE'

charming manners made upon me, who am subjugated by the least mark of affection, may be easily judged of. I became really attached to her in proportion to the attachment she showed me. All my fear in perceiving this infatuation, and feeling the want of agreeableness in myself to support it, was that it would be changed into disgust; and, unfortunately, this fear was but too well founded.

There must have been a natural opposition between her turn of mind and mine, since, independently of the numerous stupid things which at every instant escaped me in conversation, and even in my letters, and when I was upon the best of terms with her, there were certain other things with which she was displeased without my being able to imagine the reason. I will cite but one instance; I might cite twenty. She knew that I was writing for Madame d'Houdetot a copy of the *Héloïse* at so much a page. She was desirous to have one on the same footing. This I promised her; and thereby making her one of my customers, I wrote her a polite letter upon the subject—at least such was my intention. Her answer, which was as follows, stupefied me with surprise (C, No. 43):—

'VERSAILLES, *Tuesday*.

'I am ravished, I am satisfied: your letter has given me infinite pleasure, and I take the earliest moment to acquaint you with and thank you for it.

'These are the exact words of your letter: "Although you are certainly a very good customer, I have some pain in receiving your money: according to regular order I ought to pay for the pleasure I should have in working

for you."[1] I will say nothing more on the subject. I have to complain of your never speaking of your state of health: nothing interests me more. I love you with all my heart; and be assured that I write this to you in a very melancholy mood, for I should have much pleasure in telling it you myself. Monsieur de Luxembourg loves and embraces you with all his heart.'

On receiving the letter I hastened to answer it, reserving to myself more fully to examine the matter, protesting against all disobliging interpretation; and after having given several days to this examination, with an inquietude which may easily be conceived, and still without finding a solution, what follows was my final answer on the subject:—

'MONTMORENCY, *8th December* 1759.

'Since my last letter I have examined a hundred times and more the passage in question. I have considered it in its proper and natural meaning, as well as in every other which may be given to it, and I confess to you, Madame la Maréchale, that I know not whether it be I who owe you excuses, or you from whom they are due to me.'

It is now ten years since these letters were written. I have since that time frequently thought of the subject of them; and such is still my stupidity that I have hitherto been unable to discover what, in the passage quoted from my letter, she could find offensive, or even displeasing.

I must here mention, relative to the manu-

[1] 'Quoique vous soyez sûrement une très-bonne pratique, je me fais quelque peine de prendre votre argent; régulièrement, ce serait à moi de payer le plaisir que j'aurais de travailler pour vous.'

script copy of the *Héloïse* that Madame de Luxembourg wished to have, in what manner I thought to give it some marked advantage which should distinguish it from all others. I had written separately the adventures of Milord Edouard, and had long been undetermined whether I should insert them wholly, or in extracts, in the work in which they seemed to be wanting. I at length determined to retrench them entirely, because, not being in the manner of the rest of the book, they would have spoiled its interesting simplicity. I had a still stronger reason when I came to know Madame de Luxembourg. There was in these adventures a Roman marchioness of odious character, some traits of whose character, without being applicable, might have been applied to her by those to whom she was not particularly known. I was, therefore, highly pleased with the determination to which I had come, and resolved to abide by it. But, in the ardent desire to enrich her copy with something which was not in any other, what should I fall upon but these unfortunate adventures? and I concluded on making an extract from them to add to the work: a project dictated by madness, of which the extravagance is inexplicable, except by the blind fatality which led me on to destruction.

'Quos vult perdere Jupiter dementat.'

I was stupid enough to make this extract with the greatest care and pains, and to send it her as the finest thing in the world. It is true,

I at the same time informed her that the original was burned, which was really the case; that the extract was for her alone, and would never be seen, except by herself, unless she chose to show it; which, far from proving to her my prudence and discretion, as it was my intention to do, clearly intimated what I thought of the application by which she might be offended. My stupidity was such that I had no doubt of her being delighted with what I had done. She did not make me the great compliment upon it which I had expected, and, to my great surprise, never once mentioned the packet I had sent her. I was so satisfied with myself that it was not until a long time afterwards that I judged, from other indications, of the effect it had produced.[1]

I had still, in favour of her manuscript, another idea more reasonable, but which, by more distant effects, has not been much less prejudicial to me; so much does everything concur with the work of Destiny, when she hurries on a man to misfortune. I thought of ornamenting the manuscript with the drawings made for the engravings of *Julie*, which were of the same size. I asked Coindet for these designs, which belonged to me by every kind of title, and the more so as I had given him the produce of the plates, which had a considerable sale. Coindet is as cunning as I am the contrary. By frequently asking him for the

[1] As the lady afterwards sent this manuscript—*Les Amours d'Edouard Bomston*—to the Genevan publishers of Rousseau's works, it is not probable that she perceived any likeness between herself and the Roman marchioness.

drawings, he came to the knowledge of the use I intended to make of them. He then, under pretence of adding some new ornaments, still kept them from me, and at length presented them himself.

'Ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores.'

This gave him an introduction upon a certain footing to the Hôtel de Luxembourg. After my establishment at the Petit Château he came rather frequently to see me, and always in the morning, especially when Monsieur and Madame de Luxembourg were at Montmorency. Therefore, that I might pass the day with him, I did not go to the château. Reproaches were made to me on account of my absences; I told the reason. I was desired to bring with me Monsieur Coindet; I did so. This was what the rogue had sought after. Therefore, thanks to the excessive goodness shown to me, a clerk to Monsieur Thélusson, who was sometimes pleased to give him a seat at his table when he had nobody else to dine with him, was suddenly placed at that of a maréchal of France, with princesses, duchesses, and persons of the highest rank at court. I shall never forget that one day, being obliged to return early to Paris, the Maréchal said, after dinner, to the company, 'Let us take a walk upon the road to Saint-Denis; we will accompany Monsieur Coindet.' This was too much for the poor man; his head was quite turned. For my part, my heart was so affected that I could not say a word. I followed the company, weeping like a child,

and having the strongest desire to kiss the footsteps of the good Maréchal—but the continuation of the history of the manuscript has made me anticipate. Let us go back and follow the order of time, so far as memory will permit.

As soon as the little house at Mont-Louis was ready, I had it neatly and simply furnished, and again established myself there. I could not break through the resolution I had made on quitting the Hermitage of always having my lodging to myself; but I found a difficulty in resolving to quit my rooms in the Petit Château. I kept the key, and, being delighted with the charming breakfasts in the peristyle, frequently went thither to sleep, and stayed three or four days as at a country house. I was at that time perhaps better and more agreeably lodged than any private individual in Europe. My host, Monsieur Mathas, one of the best men in the world, had left me the absolute direction of the repairs at Mont-Louis, and insisted upon my disposing of his workmen without his interference. I therefore found the means of making of a single chamber upon the first story a complete set of apartments, consisting of a chamber, antechamber, and retiring closet. Upon the ground-floor was the kitchen and Thérèse's chamber. The donjon served me for a study by means of a glazed partition, and a fireplace had been made there. After my return to this habitation, I amused myself in decorating the terrace, which was already shaded by two rows of young lindens. I added two others to make a cabinet of verdure, and placed

in it a table and stone benches. I surrounded it with lilac, seringo, and woodbines, and had a beautiful border of flowers parallel with the two rows of trees. This terrace, more elevated than that of the château, from which the view was at least as fine, and where I had tamed a great number of birds, was my drawing-room, in which I received Monsieur and Madame de Luxembourg, Monsieur le Duc de Villeroy, Monsieur le Prince de Tingry, Monsieur le Marquis d'Armentières, Madame la Duchesse de Montmorency, Madame la Duchesse de Boufflers, Madame la Comtesse de Valentinois, Madame la Comtesse de Boufflers, and other persons of their rank; who, from the château, disdained not to make, over a very fatiguing ascent, the pilgrimage of Mont-Louis. I owed all these visits to the favour of Monsieur and Madame de Luxembourg; this I felt, and my heart on that account did them all due homage. It was when filled with similar feelings that I once said to Monsieur de Luxembourg, embracing him: 'Ah! Monsieur le Maréchal, I hated the great before I knew you, and I have hated them still more since you have shown me with what ease they might acquire universal respect.'

Further than this, I defy any person with whom I was then acquainted to say that I was ever dazzled for an instant with splendour, or that the vapour of the incense I received ever affected my head; that I was less uniform in my manner, less plain in my dress, less easy of access to common people, less familiar with neighbours, or less ready to render service to

every person when I had it in my power so to do, without ever once being discouraged by the numerous and frequently unreasonable importunities with which I was incessantly assailed. Although my heart led me to the Château of Montmorency by my sincere attachment to its owners, it by the same means drew me back to my own neighbourhood, there to taste the sweets of the equable and simple life in which my only happiness consists. Thérèse had contracted a friendship with the daughter of one of my neighbours, a mason named Pilleu. I did the same with the father. And after having dined in the morning at the château, not without some constraint, to please Madame la Maréchale, with what eagerness did I return in the evening to sup with the good man Pilleu and his family, sometimes at his own house and at others at mine!

Besides my two lodgings in the country, I soon had a third at the Hôtel de Luxembourg, the proprietors of which pressed me so much to go and see them there now and then that I consented, notwithstanding my aversion to Paris, where, since my retiring to the Hermitage, I had been but twice, upon the two occasions of which I have spoken. I did not now go there except on the days agreed upon, solely to supper, and the next morning I returned home. I entered and left by the garden which faces the boulevard, so that I could with the greatest truth say that I had not set my foot upon the stones of Paris.

In the midst of this transient prosperity, a catastrophe, which was to be the conclusion of

it, was preparing at a distance. A short time after my return to Mont-Louis I made there—and, as was customary, against my inclination—a new acquaintance, which makes another epoch in my history. Whether this be favourable or unfavourable, the reader will hereafter be able to judge. The person was the Madame la Marquise de Verdelin, my neighbour, whose husband had just bought a country house at Soisy, near Montmorency. Mademoiselle d'Ars, daughter of the Comte d'Ars, a man of quality, but poor, had espoused Monsieur de Verdelin, old, ugly, deaf, uncouth, brutal, jealous, with scars on his face and blind of one eye, but, upon the whole, a pretty good man when properly managed, and in possession of a fortune of from fifteen to twenty thousand livres a year, to which they had married her. This charming object—swearing, roaring, scolding, storming, and making his wife cry all day long—ended by doing whatever she thought proper, and this to set her in a rage, seeing that she would fain persuade him that it was he who would, and she who would not have it so. Monsieur de Margency, of whom I have spoken, was the friend of Madame, and became that of Monsieur. He had a few years before let them his château of Margency, near Eaubonne and Andilly, and they resided there precisely at the time of my passion for Madame d'Houdetot. Madame d'Houdetot and Madame de Verdelin became acquainted with each other by means of Madame d'Aubeterre, their common friend; and as the garden of Margency was in the road by which

Madame d'Houdetot went to Mont-Olympe, her favourite walk, Madame de Verdelin gave her a key that she might pass through it. By means of this key I crossed it several times with her; but I did not like unexpected meetings, and when Madame de Verdelin was by chance upon our way I left them together without speaking to her, and went on before. This want of gallantry must have made on her an impression unfavourable to me. Yet when she was at Soisy she was anxious to have my company. She came several times to see me at Mont-Louis, without finding me at home; and perceiving that I did not return her visit, she took it into her head, as a means of forcing me to do it, to send me pots of flowers for my terrace. I was under the necessity of going to thank her; this was all she wanted, and we thus became acquainted.

This connection, like every other that I was led into contrary to my inclination, began rather boisterously. There never reigned in it a real calm. The turn of mind of Madame de Verdelin was far too opposite to mine. Bitter sayings and pointed sarcasms came from her with so much simplicity, that a continual attention, too fatiguing for me, was necessary to detect when she was mocking the hearer. One trivial circumstance which occurs to my recollection will be sufficient to give an idea of her manner. Her brother had just obtained the command of a frigate cruising against the English. I spoke of the manner of fitting out this frigate without diminishing its swiftness of

sailing. 'Yes,' replied she in the most natural tone of voice, 'no more cannon are taken than are necessary for fighting.' I seldom have heard her speak well of any of her absent friends without letting slip something to their prejudice. What she did not see with an evil eye she looked upon with one of ridicule, and her friend Margency was not excepted. What I found most insupportable in her was the perpetual constraint proceeding from her little messages, presents, and billets, which it was a labour for me to answer, and I had continual embarrassments either in thanking or refusing. However, by frequently seeing this lady, I became attached to her. She had her troubles as I had mine. Reciprocal confidence rendered our conversations interesting. Nothing so cordially attaches two persons as the satisfaction of weeping together. We sought the company of each other for our consolation, and the want of this has frequently made me pass over many things. I had been so severe in my frankness with her, that, after having sometimes shown so little esteem for her character, a great deal was necessary to enable me to believe that she could sincerely forgive me. The following letter is a specimen of the epistles I sometimes wrote to her, and it is to be remarked that she never once in any of her answers to them seemed to be in the least degree piqued.

'MONTMORENCY, *5th November* 1760.

'You tell me, madame, that you have not explained yourself, in order to make me understand that I have

explained myself ill. You speak of your pretended stupidity for the purpose of making me feel my own. You boast of being nothing more than a good kind of woman, as if you were afraid to be taken at your word, and you make me apologies to let me know that I owe them to you. Yes, madame, I know it; it is I who am the fool, a simple kind of man; and, if it be possible, worse than all this; it is I who made a bad choice of my expressions in the opinion of a fine French lady, who pays as much attention to words and speaks as well as you do. But consider that I take them in the common meaning of the language, without knowing or troubling my head about the polite acceptations in which they are taken in the virtuous societies of Paris. If my expressions are sometimes equivocal, I endeavour by my conduct to determine their meaning,' etc.

The rest of the letter is much the same. See the reply to it (D, No. 41), and judge therefrom of the incredible moderation that reigns in the heart of a woman who could entertain no more resentment against such a letter than that reply shows, nor ever exhibited any sign of such resentment to me. Coindet, enterprising, bold even to effrontery, and who was upon the watch after all my friends, soon introduced himself in my name to the house of Madame de Verdelin, and, unknown to me, shortly became there more familiar than myself. This Coindet was an extraordinary man. He presented himself in my name in the houses of all my acquaintance, gained a footing in them, and ate there without ceremony. Transported with zeal to do me service, he never mentioned my name without tears; but, when he came to see me, he kept the most profound silence on the subject of all these connections, and of everything in which

he knew I must be interested. Instead of telling me what he had heard, said, or seen, relative to my affairs, he merely listened, and even interrogated me. He never knew anything of what passed in Paris, except that which I told him. Finally, although everybody spoke to me of him, he never once spoke to me of any person; he was secret and mysterious with his friend only. But I will, for the present, leave Coindet and Madame de Verdelin, and revert to them at a proper time.

Some time after my return to Mont-Louis, La Tour, the painter, came to see me, and brought with him my portrait in crayons, which a few years before he had exhibited at the Salon. He had wished to give me this portrait, which I did not choose to accept. But Madame d'Épinay, who had given me hers, and would have had this, prevailed upon me to ask him for it. He had taken some time to retouch it. In the interval happened my rupture with Madame d'Épinay. I returned her portrait, and giving her mine being no longer in question, I put it into my chamber in the Petit Château. Monsieur de Luxembourg saw it there, and thought it a good one; I offered it to him, he accepted it, and I sent it to him. He and Madame la Maréchale comprehended that I should be glad to have theirs. They had them taken in miniature by a very skilful hand, set in a box of rock crystal, mounted with gold, and in a very handsome manner, with which I was delighted, presented them to me. Madame de Luxembourg would never consent that her

portrait should be on the upper part of the box. She had reproached me several times with loving Monsieur de Luxembourg better than her; I had not denied it, because it was true. By this manner of placing her portrait she showed, very politely, but very clearly, that she had not forgotten the preference.

Much about this time I was guilty of a folly which did not contribute to preserve to me her good graces. Although I had no knowledge of Monsieur de Silhouette, and was not much disposed to like him, I had a great opinion of his administration. When he began to let his hand fall rather heavily upon financiers, I perceived that he did not begin his operation in a favourable moment; but he had my warmest wishes for his success, and as soon as I heard that he was displaced, I wrote to him, in my heedless manner, the following letter, which I certainly do not undertake to justify:—

'MONTMORENCY, *2nd December* 1759.

'Vouchsafe, monsieur, to receive the homage of a solitary man, who is not known to you, but who esteems you for your talents, respects you for your administration, and who did you the honour to believe you would not long remain in it. Unable to save the State, except at the expense of the capital by which it has been ruined, you have braved the clamours of the money-seekers. When I saw you crush these wretches, I envied you your place; and at seeing you quit it without retractation, I admire you. Be satisfied with yourself, monsieur; the step that you have taken will leave you an honour which you will long enjoy without a competitor. The malediction of knaves is the glory of an honest man.'

[1760.] Madame de Luxembourg, who knew I had written this letter, spoke to me of it when she came into the country at Easter. I showed it to her, and she was desirous of a copy; this I gave her, but when I did it I did not know that she was one of those money-seekers who were concerned in the sub-farming of the taxes, and in the displacing of Monsieur de Silhouette. By my numerous follies any person would have imagined that I wilfully endeavoured to bring on myself the hatred of an amiable woman who had power; to whom, in truth, I daily became more attached, and whose displeasure I was far from desiring to incur, although by my awkward manner of proceeding I did everything proper for that purpose. I think it is almost superfluous to remark here that it is to her that the story of the opiate of Monsieur Tronchin, of which I have spoken in the first part, relates; the other lady was Madame de Mirepoix. They have never mentioned to me the circumstance, nor has either of them seemed to have preserved the least remembrance of it; but to presume that Madame de Luxembourg can possibly have forgotten it, appears to me very difficult, and would still remain so, even were the subsequent events entirely unknown. For my part, I fell into a deceitful security relative to the effects of my stupid mistakes, by an internal consciousness of my not having taken any step with an intention to offend, as if a woman could ever pardon such things, although she might be certain that the will had not the least part in the matter.

Although she seemed not to see or feel

anything, and though I did not immediately find either her warmth of friendship diminished or the least change in her manner, the continuation and even increase of a too well-founded foreboding made me incessantly tremble, lest indifference should succeed to infatuation. Was it possible for me to expect in a lady of such high rank a constancy proof against my want of address to support it? I was unable to conceal from her this secret foreboding, which made me uneasy, and rendered me still more disagreeable. This will be judged of by the following letter, which contains a very singular prediction.

N.B.—This letter, without date in my rough copy, was written in October 1760 at latest.

'How cruel is your goodness! Why disturb the peace of a solitary mortal, who had renounced the pleasures of life that he might no longer suffer the fatigues of them? I have passed my days in vainly searching for solid attachments. I have not been able to form any in the ranks to which I was equal; is it in yours that I ought to seek for them? Neither ambition nor interest can tempt me. I am not vain, and but little fearful. I can resist everything except caresses. Why, then, do you both attack me by a weakness which I must overcome, seeing that in the distance by which we are separated the overflowings of susceptible hearts cannot bring mine near to you? Will gratitude be sufficient for a heart which knows not two manners of bestowing its affections, and feels itself incapable of everything except friendship? Of friendship, Madame la Maréchale! Ah! there is my misfortune. It is good in you and Monsieur le Maréchal to make use of this expression; but I am mad when I take you at your word. You amuse yourselves, and I become attached; and the end of the game prepares for me new regrets. How do I hate all your titles, and pity

you in being obliged to bear them! You seem to me to be so worthy of tasting the charms of private life! Why do you not reside at Clarens? I would go there in search of happiness; but the Château de Montmorency, and the Hôtel de Luxembourg! Is it in these places that Jean-Jacques ought to be seen? Is it thither that a friend to equality ought to carry the affection of a sensible heart, and who thus paying the esteem in which he is held, thinks he renders as much as he receives? You are good and susceptible also: this I know and have seen. I am sorry I was not sooner convinced of it; but in the rank you hold, in your manner of living, nothing can make a lasting impression: new objects succeed and efface each other so that not one of them remains. You will forget me, madame, after having made it impossible for me to imitate you. You will have done a great deal to render me unhappy, and to be inexcusable.'

I joined with her Monsieur de Luxembourg, to render the compliment less severe; for I was moreover so sure of him that I never had a doubt in my mind of the continuance of his friendship. Nothing that intimidated me in Madame la Maréchale ever for a moment extended to him. I never have had the least mistrust relative to his character, which I knew to be feeble, but constant. I no more feared a coldness on his part than I expected from him an heroic attachment. The simplicity and familiarity of our manners with each other proved how far dependence was reciprocal. We were both always right. I shall ever honour and hold dear the memory of this worthy nobleman, and, notwithstanding everything that was done to detach him from me, I am as certain of his having died my friend as if I had received his latest breath.

At the second journey to Montmorency, in the year 1760, the reading of *Julie* being finished, I had recourse to that of *Émile*, to support myself in the good graces of Madame de Luxembourg; but this, whether the subject was less to her taste or that so much reading at length fatigued her, did not succeed so well. However, as she reproached me with suffering myself to be the dupe of booksellers, she wished me to leave to her care the printing of the work, that I might reap from it a greater advantage. I consented to her doing so, on the express condition of its not being printed in France, on which we had a long dispute, I affirming that it was impossible to obtain, and even imprudent to solicit, a tacit permission, and being unwilling to permit the impression upon any other terms in the kingdom; she, that the censor could not make the least difficulty according to the system Government had adopted. She found means to make Monsieur de Malesherbes enter into her views. He wrote to me on the subject a long letter with his own hand, to prove the *Profession of Faith of the Savoyard Vicar* to be a composition which must everywhere gain the approbation of mankind, and that of the Court as things were then circumstanced. I was surprised to see this magistrate, always so cautious, become so smooth in the business. As the printing of a book of which he approved was by that alone legal, I had no longer any objection to make regarding this work. Yet by an extraordinary scruple I still required that it should be printed in Holland, and by the bookseller

Néaulme, whom, not satisfied with indicating, I informed of my wishes, consenting, moreover, that the edition should be brought out for the profit of a French bookseller, and that as soon as it was ready it should be sold at Paris, or wherever else it might be thought proper, for with this I had no manner of concern. This is exactly what was agreed upon between Madame de Luxembourg and myself, after which I gave her my manuscript.

She was this time accompanied by her granddaughter, Mademoiselle de Boufflers, now Madame la Duchesse de Lauzun. Her name was Amélie. She was a charming girl. She really had a maiden beauty, mildness, and timidity. Nothing could be more lovely and engaging than her person, nothing more chaste and tender than the sentiments she inspired. She was, besides, still a child under eleven years of age. Madame la Maréchale, who thought her too timid, used every endeavour to animate her. She permitted me several times to give her a kiss, which I did with my usual awkwardness. Instead of saying pretty things to her, as any other person would have done, I remained silent and disconcerted, and I know not which of the two, the little girl or myself, was most ashamed. I met her one day alone on the staircase of the Petit Château. She had been to see Thérèse, with whom her governess still was. Not knowing what else to say, I proposed to her a kiss, which, in the innocence of her heart, she did not refuse, having in the morning received one from me by order of her grand-

mother, and in her presence. The next day, while reading *Émile* by the bedside of Madame de Luxembourg, I came to a passage in which I justly censure that which I had done the preceding evening. She thought the reflection extremely just, and said some very sensible things upon the subject, which made me blush. How enraged was I at my incredible stupidity, which has so often given me the appearance of baseness and guilt, when I was nothing more than a fool and embarrassed! a stupidity which, in a man known to be endowed with some wit, is considered as a false excuse. I can safely swear that in this reprehensible kiss, as well as in the others, the heart and feelings of Mademoiselle Amélie were not more pure than my own, and that if I could have avoided meeting her I should have done it—not that I had not great pleasure in seeing her, but from the embarrassment of not finding a happy word to say in passing. Whence comes it that even a child can intimidate a man whom the power of kings has never inspired with fear? What is to be done? How, without presence of mind, am I to act? If I strive to speak to the persons I meet, I infallibly say some stupid thing; if I remain silent I am a misanthrope, an unsociable animal, a bear. Total imbecility would have been more favourable to me, but the talents which I have lacked in the world have become the instruments of my destruction, and of that of the talents I possessed.

At the latter end of this sojourn Madame de Luxembourg did a good action, in which

I had some share. Diderot having very imprudently offended Madame la Princesse de Robeck, daughter of Monsieur de Luxembourg, Palissot, whom she protected, avenged her by the comedy of *Les Philosophes*, in which I was ridiculed, and Diderot very roughly handled. The author treated me with more gentleness, less, I am of opinion, on account of the obligation he was under to me than from the fear of displeasing the father of his protectress, by whom he knew I was beloved. The bookseller Duchesne, with whom I was not at that time acquainted, sent me this piece when it was printed, and this I suspect was by the order of Palissot, who perhaps thought I should have a pleasure in seeing a man with whom I was no longer connected defamed. He was greatly deceived. When I broke with Diderot, whom I thought less ill-natured than weak and indiscreet, I still always preserved for him an attachment, an esteem even, and a respect for our ancient friendship, which I know was for a long time as sincere on his part as on mine. The case was quite different with Grimm, a man false by nature, who never loved me, who is not even capable of friendship, and a person who, out of mere wantonness, without the least subject of complaint, and solely to satisfy his gloomy jealousy, became, under the mask of friendship, my most cruel calumniator. This man is to me but a cipher; the other will always be my old friend. My very bowels yearned at the sight of this odious piece; the reading of it was insupport-

able to me, and, without going through the whole, I returned the copy to Duchesne with the following letter :—

'MONTMORENCY, 21*st May* 1760.

'In casting my eye over the piece you sent me, Monsieur, I trembled at seeing myself well spoken of in it. I do not accept the horrid present. I am persuaded that in sending it to me you did not intend an insult; but you do not know, or have forgotten, that I have the honour to be the friend of a respectable man who is shamefully defamed and culumniated in this libel.'

Duchesne showed this letter. Diderot, upon whom it ought to have had an effect quite contrary, was vexed at it. His pride could not forgive me the superiority of a generous action, and I was informed that his wife everywhere inveighed against me with a bitterness with which I was not affected, as I knew that she was known to everybody as a noisy babbler.

Diderot in his turn found an avenger in the Abbé Morellet, who wrote against Palissot a little work, imitated from the *Petit Prophète*, and entitled *La Vision.* In this production he very imprudently offended Madame de Robeck, whose friends got him sent to the Bastille, though she, not naturally vindictive, and at that time in a dying state, I am certain had nothing to do in the affair.

D'Alembert, who was very intimately connected with Morellet, wrote me a letter desiring that I would beg of Madame de Luxembourg to solicit his liberty, promising her in return en-

comiums in the *Encyclopédie*.[1] My answer to his letter was as follows:—

'I did not wait the receipt of your letter, Monsieur, before I expressed to Madame la Maréchale de Luxembourg the concern that the confinement of the Abbé Morellet gave me. She knows the interest I take in this, and shall be made acquainted with yours, and her knowing that the abbé is a man of merit will be sufficient to make her interest herself in his behalf. However, although she and the Maréchal honour me with a benevolence which is my greatest consolation, and that the name of your friend be to them a recommendation in favour of the Abbé Morellet, I know not how far on this occasion it may be proper for them to employ the credit attached to the rank they hold, and the consideration due to their persons. I am not even convinced that the vengeance in question relates to Madame la Princesse de Robeck so much as you seem to imagine; and, even were this the case, we must not suppose that the pleasure of vengeance belongs to philosophers exclusively, and that when they choose to become women, women will become philosophers.

'I will communicate to you whatever Madame de Luxembourg may say to me after having shown her your letter. In the meantime, I think I know her well enough to assure you beforehand, that, should she have the pleasure of contributing to the release of the Abbé Morellet, she will not accept the tribute of acknowledgment you promise her in the *Encyclopédie*, although she might think herself honoured by it, because she does not do good in the expectation of praise, but from the dictates of her heart.'

I made every effort to excite the zeal and commiseration of Madame de Luxembourg in favour of the poor captive, and succeeded to my wishes. She went to Versailles on purpose to speak to Monsieur le Comte de Saint-Florentin,

[1] This letter, with many others, disappeared from the Hôtel de Luxembourg, while my papers were deposited there.—R.

and this journey shortened the residence at Montmorency, which Monsieur le Maréchal was obliged to quit at the same time to go to Rouen, whither the King sent him as Governor of Normandy, on account of some motions of the Parliament, which Government wished to keep within bounds. Madame de Luxembourg wrote me the following letter two days after her departure (D, No. 23):—

'VERSAILLES, *Wednesday*.

'Monsieur de Luxembourg set off yesterday morning at six o'clock. I do not know yet whether I shall follow him. I wait until he writes to me, as he is not yet certain of the stay it will be necessary for him to make. I have seen Monsieur de Saint-Florentin, who is as favourably disposed as possible towards the Abbé Morellet, but he finds some obstacles to his wishes, which, however, he is in hopes of removing the first time he has to do business with the King, which will be next week. I have also desired as a favour that he might not be exiled, because this was intended: he was to be sent to Nancy. This, Monsieur, is what I have been able to obtain, but I promise you I will not let Monsieur de Saint-Florentin rest until the affair is terminated in the manner you desire. Let me now express to you how sorry I am on account of my being obliged to leave you so soon, but I flatter myself you do not doubt this. I love you with all my heart, and shall do so for my whole life.'

A few days afterwards I received the following note from D'Alembert, which gave me real joy (D, No. 26):—

'*August* 1*st*.

'Thanks to your cares, my dear philosopher, the Abbé has left the Bastille, and his imprisonment will have no other consequence. He is setting off for the country, and, as well as myself, returns you a thousand thanks and compliments. *Vale, et me ama*.'

The Abbé also wrote to me a few days afterwards a letter of thanks (D, No. 29), which, in my opinion, failed to breathe a certain effusion of the heart, and in which he seemed in some measure to extenuate the service I had rendered him. Some time afterwards, I found that he and D'Alembert had, in some sort, I will not say supplanted, but succeeded me in the good graces of Madame de Luxembourg, and that I had lost in this respect as much as they had gained. However, I am far from suspecting the Abbé Morellet of having contributed to my disgrace. I have too much esteem for him to harbour any such suspicion. With respect to D'Alembert, I shall at present leave him out of the question, and shall speak of him again hereafter.

I had, at the same time, another affair which occasioned the last letter that I wrote to Voltaire—a letter against which he vehemently exclaimed, as an abominable insult, although he never showed it to any person. I will here supply the want of that which he refused to do.

The Abbé Trublet, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, but whom I had but seldom seen, wrote to me on the 13th of June 1760 (D, No. 11), informing me that Monsieur Formey, his friend and correspondent, had printed, in his journal, my letter to Voltaire upon the disaster at Lisbon. The Abbé wished to know how the letter came to be printed, and, in his shrewd, jesuitical manner, asked me my opinion, without giving me his own, on the necessity of re-

printing it. As I most sovereignly hate tricksters of his kind, I returned such thanks as were proper, but in a manner so reserved as to make him feel it, although it did not prevent him from wheedling me in two or three other letters until he had gathered all that he wished to know.

I clearly understood, notwithstanding all Trublet could say, that Formey had not found the letter printed, and that the first impression of it came from himself. I knew him to be an impudent pilferer, who, without ceremony, made himself a revenue by the works of others, although he had not yet had the vile effrontery to take from a book already published the name of the author, to put his own in its place, and to sell the book for his own profit.[1] But by what means had this manuscript fallen into his hands? That was a question easy to resolve, but by which I had the weakness to be embarrassed. Although Voltaire was excessively honoured by the letter, he would yet, notwithstanding his rude proceedings, have had a right to complain had I printed it without his consent, so I resolved to write to him upon the subject. The second letter was as follows, to which he returned no answer, and with which, giving greater scope to his brutality, he feigned to be irritated to fury:—

'MONTMORENCY, *17th June* 1760.

'I did not think, Monsieur, I should ever have occasion to correspond with you again. But, learning that the

[1] In this manner he afterwards appropriated *Émile*.—R.

letter I wrote to you in 1756 has been printed at Berlin, I owe you an account of my conduct in that respect, and will fulfil this duty with truth and simplicity.

'The letter having been directly addressed to you, was not intended to be printed. I communicated the contents of it, on certain conditions, to three persons, to whom the rights of friendship did not permit me to refuse anything of the kind, and whom the same rights still less permitted to abuse my confidence by betraying their promise. These persons are Madame de Chenonceaux, daughter-in-law to Madame Dupin; the Comtesse d'Houdetot; and a German named Monsieur Grimm. Madame de Chenonceaux was desirous that the letter should be printed, and asked my consent; I told her that depended upon yours. This was asked of you, which you refused, and the matter dropped.

'However, Monsieur l'Abbé Trublet, with whom I have not the least connection, has just written to me from a motive of the most polite attention, that having received the sheets of a journal of Monsieur Formey, he found in them this same letter with a note, dated 23rd October 1759, in which the editor states that he had a few weeks before found it in the shops of the booksellers of Berlin, and, as it is one of those loose sheets which quickly disappear, he thought proper to give it a place in his journal.

'This, Monsieur, is all I know of the matter. It is certain that the letter had not until very lately been even heard of at Paris. It is also as certain that the copy, either in manuscript or print, fallen into the hands of Monsieur Formey, could never have reached them except by your means, which is not probable, or through one of the three persons I have mentioned. Finally, it is well known that the two ladies are incapable of such a perfidy. I cannot, in my retirement, learn more relative to the affair. You have a wide correspondence, by means of which you may, if you think it worth the trouble, go back to the source and verify the fact.

'In the same letter Monsieur l'Abbé Trublet informs me that he keeps the paper in reserve, and will not lend it without my consent, which most assuredly I will not give. But this copy may not be the only one in Paris. I wish, Monsieur, that the letter may not be printed there, and I will do all in my power to prevent this from happening;

but, if I cannot succeed, and that timely perceiving it, I can have the preference, I will not then hesitate to have it immediately printed. This to me appears just and natural.

'With respect to your answer to the same letter, it has not been communicated to any one, and you may be assured it shall not be printed without your consent,[1] which I shall certainly not be indiscreet enough to ask of you, well knowing that what one man writes to another is not written to the public. But should you choose to write one that you wish to have published, and address it to me, I promise you faithfully to add it to my letter, and not to make to it a single word of reply.

'I love you not, Monsieur; you have done me, your disciple and enthusiastic admirer, injuries that might have caused me the most exquisite pain. You have ruined Geneva, in return for the asylum it has afforded you; you have alienated from me my fellow-citizens, in return for the eulogiums I made of you amongst them; it is you who render to me the residence of my own country insupportable; it is you who will oblige me to die in a foreign land, deprived of all the consolations due to the dying, and cause me to be thrown unhonoured upon the common dust-heap, whilst all the honours a man can expect will accompany you in my country. Finally, I hate you because you have been desirous that I should; but I hate you as a man more worthy of loving you had you chosen it. Of all the sentiments with which my heart was penetrated for you, there only remain the admiration which cannot be refused to your fine genius, and a love for your writings. If I can honour nothing in you except your talents, the fault is not mine. I shall never be wanting in the respect due to them, nor in that which this respect requires. Adieu, Monsieur.'[2]

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[1] This has reference to his own lifetime and mine, and surely the most precise rules of procedure, especially with a man who tramples all such considerations under foot, could not exact more.—R.

[2] It will be observed that after this letter was written, nearly seven years elapsed before I mentioned or showed it to a living soul. The case was similar respecting the two letters that

In the midst of these little literary squabbles which still fortified my resolution, I received the greatest honours letters ever acquired me, and of which I was the most sensible, in the two visits that Monsieur le Prince de Conti deigned to make to me, one at the Petit Château and the other at Mont-Louis. He even chose the time for both of these when Madame de Luxembourg was not at Montmorency, in order to render it more manifest that he came there solely on my account. I have never had a doubt of my owing the first condescensions of this Prince to Madame de Luxembourg and Madame de Boufflers; but I am yet of opinion that I owe to his own sentiments and to myself those with which he has since that time continually honoured me.[1]

My apartments at Mont-Louis being small, and the situation of the donjon charming, I conducted the Prince to it, where, to complete the condescension he was pleased to show me, he chose that I should have the honour of playing with him a game at chess. I knew that he beat the Chevalier de Lorenzi, who played better than I did. However, notwithstanding the signs and grimaces of the Chevalier

Monsieur Hume forced me to write to him last summer, until he made that clamour of which all are aware. The ill that I am obliged to communicate to my enemies I utter secretly to themselves; as for the good, when there is any, I proclaim it publicly and frankly.—R.

[1] Remark the perseverance of this blind and stupid confidence in the midst of all the treatment which should soonest have undeceived me. It continued until my return to Paris in 1770.—R.

and the spectators, which I feigned not to see, I won the two games that we played. When they were ended, I said to him in a respectful but grave manner: 'Monseigneur, I honour your Serene Highness too much not to beat you always at chess.' This great prince, who had real wit, sense, and knowledge, and so was worthy not to be treated with mean adulation, felt in fact, at least I think so, that I was the only person present who treated him like a man, and I have every reason to believe that he was pleased with me for it.

Had this even not been the case, I should not have reproached myself with having been unwilling to deceive him in anything, and I certainly cannot do it with having in my heart made an ill return for his goodness, but solely with having sometimes done it with an ill grace, whilst he himself accompanied with infinite gracefulness the manner in which he showed me the signs of it. A few days afterwards he ordered a hamper of game to be sent to me, which I received as I ought. This in a little time was succeeded by another, and one of his gamekeepers wrote me, by order of his Highness, that the game it contained had been shot by the Prince himself. I received this second hamper, but I wrote to Madame de Boufflers that I would not receive a third. This letter was generally blamed, and deservedly so. Refusing to accept presents of game from a Prince of the blood, who, moreover, sends it in so polite a manner, is less the delicacy of a haughty man, who wishes to preserve his

independence, than the rusticity of a clown who does not know himself. I have never reperused this letter in my collection without blushing and reproaching myself for having written it. But I have not undertaken my *Confessions* with an intention of concealing my faults, and that of which I have just spoken is too shocking in my own eyes to suffer me to pass it over in silence.

If I were not guilty of the offence of becoming his rival, I was very near it; for Madame de Boufflers was still his mistress, and I knew nothing of the matter. She came rather frequently to see me with the Chevalier de Lorenzi. She was yet young and beautiful, affected the old Roman tone, and my mind was always romantic, which was much of the same nature. I was near being enmeshed; I believe she perceived it; the Chevalier saw it also—at least he spoke to me upon the subject, and in a manner not discouraging. But I was now reasonable, and at the age of fifty it was time I should be so. Full of the doctrine I had just preached to greybeards in my letter to D'Alembert, I should have been ashamed of not profiting by it myself; besides, coming to the knowledge of that of which I had been ignorant, I must have been mad to have carried my pretensions so far as to expose myself to such an illustrious rivalry. Finally, ill cured perhaps of my passion for Madame d'Houdetot, I felt nothing could replace it in my heart, and I bade adieu to love for the rest of my life. At the time of writing, I have just experienced, from a young

woman who had designs, very dangerous allurements, and glances from very disquieting eyes; but, if she feigned to forget my twelve lustres, I remember them. After having thus withdrawn myself from danger, I am no longer afraid of a fall, and I answer for myself for the rest of my days.

Madame de Boufflers, perceiving the emotion she caused in me, might also observe that I had triumphed over it. I am neither mad nor vain enough to believe that at my age I was capable of inspiring her with the same feelings; but, from certain words which she let drop to Thérèse, I thought I had inspired her with a little curiosity. If this be the case, and that she has not forgiven me the disappointment she met with, it must be confessed that I was indeed born to be the victim of my weaknesses, since triumphant love was so prejudicial to me, and conquered love not less so.

Here finishes the collection of letters which has served me as a guide in the last two books. My steps will in future be directed by memory only; but this is of such a nature, relative to the cruel period to which I am now come, and the strong impression of objects has remained so perfectly upon my mind, that, lost in the immense sea of my misfortunes, I cannot forget the details of my first shipwreck, although the consequences present to me but a confused remembrance. I therefore shall be able to proceed in the succeeding book with sufficient confidence. If I go further, it will be but groping in the dark.

BOOK XI

[1761]

ALTHOUGH *Julie*, which for a long time had been in the press, did not yet, at the end of the year 1760, appear, the work already began to make a great noise. Madame de Luxembourg had spoken of it at Court, and Madame d'Houdetot at Paris. The latter had even obtained from me permission for Saint-Lambert to read the manuscript to the King of Poland, who had been delighted with it. Duclos, to whom I had also given the perusal of the work, had spoken of it at the Academy. All Paris was impatient to see the novel; the booksellers of the Rue Saint-Jacques and the Palais Royal were beset with people, who came to inquire when it was to be published. It was at length brought out, and its success answered, contrary to custom, to the impatience with which it had been expected.[1] Madame La Dauphine, who was one of the first who read it, spoke of it to Monsieur de Luxembourg as a ravishing performance. The opinions of men of letters differed from each other; but in those of every other class approbation was general, especially with the

[1] For some time after its appearance it was lent for reading at the rate of twelve sous an hour.

women, who became so intoxicated with the book and the author, that there were few, even in the higher ranks, over whom I might not have achieved an easy conquest had I attempted it. Of this I have such proofs as I will not commit to paper, and which, without the aid of experience, authorise my opinion. It is singular that the book should have succeeded better in France than in the rest of Europe, although the French, both men and women, are rather severely treated in it. Contrary to my expectation, it was least successful in Switzerland, and most so in Paris. Do friendship, love, and virtue, then, reign in Paris more than elsewhere? Certainly not; but there still reigns there that exquisite sensibility which transports the heart in presence of their image, and makes us cherish in others the pure, tender, and virtuous sentiments we no longer possess. Corruption is everywhere the same; virtue and morality no longer exist in Europe; but, if the least love of them still remains, it is in Paris that this will be found.[1]

In the midst of so many prejudices and feigned passions, the real sentiments of nature are not to be distinguished from others, unless we well know how to analyse the human heart. A very nice discrimination, not to be acquired except by the education of cultivated society, is necessary to feel the finesses of the heart, if I dare use the expression, with which this work abounds. I do not hesitate to place the fourth part of it upon an equality with *La Princesse de Clèves*; nor to assert that had these two

[1] I wrote this in 1769.—R.

pieces been read nowhere but in the provinces, their full merit would never have been discovered. It must not, therefore, be considered as a matter of astonishment that the greatest success of my work was at Court. It abounds with lively but veiled touches of the pencil, which could not but give pleasure there, because the persons who frequent it are more accustomed than others to discern them. A distinction must, however, be made. The work is by no means proper for the species of men of wit who have nothing but cunning, who possess no other kind of discernment than that which penetrates evil, and see nothing where good only is to be found. If, for instance, *Julie* had been published in a certain country that I call to mind, I am convinced that it would not have been read through by a single person, and the work would have been stifled in its birth.

I have collected most of the letters written to me on the subject of this publication, and deposited them, tied up together, in the hands of Madame de Nadaillac.[1] Should this collection ever be given to the world, very singular things will be seen, and an opposition of opinion which shows what it is to have to do with the public. The thing least kept in view, and which will ever distinguish it from every other work, is the simplicity of the subject and the continuation of the interest, which, centred in three persons, is kept up throughout six volumes without episode, romantic adventure, or anything malicious either in the persons or actions.

[1] Abbess of Gomer-Fontaine, in the diocese of Rouen.

Diderot warmly complimented Richardson on the prodigious variety of his scenes and the multiplicity of his persons. Richardson has indeed the merit of having well characterised them all; but with respect to their number, he has that in common with the most insipid writers of novels, who attempt to make up for the sterility of their ideas by multiplying persons and adventures. It is easy to awaken the attention by incessantly presenting unheard-of events and new faces, which pass by like the figures in a magic lantern; but to sustain that attention to the same objects, and without the aid of the wonderful, is certainly more difficult; and if, everything else being equal, the simplicity of the subject adds to the beauty of the work, the novels of Richardson, superior in so many other respects, cannot in this point be compared to mine. I know it is already dead, and the cause of its being so; but it will revive again.

All my fear was, that by an extreme simplicity the narrative would be fatiguing, and that it was not sufficiently interesting to engage the attention to the end. I was relieved from this apprehension by a circumstance which alone was more flattering to me than all the compliments made me upon the work.

It appeared at the beginning of the Carnival; a colporteur carried it to Madame la Princesse de Talmont,[1] on the evening of a ball-night at the Opéra. After supper she dressed herself for the ball, and until the hour of going there

[1] It was not she, but some other lady, whose name I do not know; but of the fact itself I have been well assured.—R.

took up the new novel. At midnight she ordered the horses to be put to the carriage, and continued to read. The servant returned to tell her the horses were put to; she made no answer. Her people, perceiving she forgot herself, came to tell her it was two o'clock. 'There is yet no hurry,' replied she, still reading on. Some time afterwards, her watch having stopped, she rang to know the hour. She was told it was four o'clock. 'That being the case,' she said, 'it is too late to go to the ball; let the horses be taken out.' She undressed herself and passed the rest of the night in reading.

Ever since I came to the knowledge of this circumstance, I have had a constant desire to see Madame de Talmont, not only to know from herself whether or not what I have related be exactly true, but because I have always thought it impossible to take so lively an interest in the *Héloïse*, without having that sixth and moral sense with which so few hearts are endowed, and without which no person whatever can understand mine.

What rendered the women so favourable to me was their being persuaded that I had written my own history, and was myself the hero of the romance. This opinion was so firmly established, that Madame de Polignac wrote to Madame de Verdelin, begging that she would prevail upon me to show her the portrait of Julie. Everybody thought it was impossible so strongly to express sentiments without having felt them, or thus to describe the transports of

love, unless immediately from the feelings of one's own heart. This was true, and I certainly wrote the novel during the time my imagination was inflamed to ecstasy; but they who thought real objects necessary to this effect were deceived, and were far from conceiving to what a degree my mind can be excited for imaginary beings. Without Madame d'Houdetot, and the recollection of a few circumstances in my youth, the amours I have felt and described would have been with fairy nymphs. I was unwilling either to confirm or destroy an error which was advantageous to me. The reader may see in the prefatory dialogue, which I had printed separately, in what manner I left the public in suspense. Rigorous people say I ought to have explicitly declared the truth. For my part I see nothing that could oblige me to it, and am of opinion that there would have been more folly than candour in the declaration made without necessity.

Much about the same time, *La Paix Perpétuelle* made its appearance. Of this I had the year before given the manuscript to a certain Monsieur de Bastide, the author of a journal called *Le Monde*, into which he would fain cram all my manuscripts. He was known to Monsieur Duclos, and came in his name to beg that I would help him to fill the *Monde*. He had heard speak of *Julie*, and would have me put this into his journal; he would have me put *Émile* there too; he would have also asked me for the *Contrat Social*, for the same purpose, had he suspected it to be

written. At length, fatigued with his importunities, I resolved to let him have *La Paix Perpétuelle*, which I gave him for twelve louis. Our agreement was, that he should print it in his journal; but as soon as he became the proprietor of the manuscript he thought proper to print it separately, with a few retrenchments which the censor exacted. What would have happened had I joined to the work my opinion of it, which fortunately I did not communicate to Monsieur de Bastide, nor was it comprehended in our agreement? This remains still in manuscript amongst my papers. If ever it be made public, the world will see how much the pleasantries and self-sufficient manner of Voltaire on the subject must have made me laugh—I, who was so well acquainted with the capacity of this poor man in political matters of which he took it into his head to speak.

In the midst of my success with the women and the public, I felt I was losing ground at the Hôtel de Luxembourg, not with Monsieur le Maréchal, whose goodness to me seemed daily to increase, but with Madame la Maréchale. Since I had had nothing more to read to her, the door of her apartment was not so frequently open to me, and during her stay at Montmorency, although I regularly presented myself, I seldom saw her except at table. My place even there was not distinctly marked out by her side as usual. As she no longer offered it to me, and spoke to me but seldom, not having on my part much to say to her, I was as well satisfied with another, where I was

more at my ease, especially in the evening; for I mechanically contracted the habit of placing myself nearer and nearer to Monsieur le Maréchal.

In reference to the evening, I recollect having said that I did not sup at the château, and this was true, at the beginning of my acquaintance there; but as Monsieur de Luxembourg did not dine, nor even sit down to table, it happened that I had passed several months, and was already very familiar in the family, without ever having eaten with him. This he had the goodness to remark, upon which I determined to sup there from time to time, when the company was not numerous. I did so, and found the suppers very agreeable, as the dinners were taken almost standing, whereas the former were long, everybody remaining seated with pleasure after a long walk; very good, because Monsieur de Luxembourg loved choice eating; and the honours of them were done in a charming manner by Madame la Maréchale. Without this explanation it would be difficult to understand the end of a letter from Monsieur de Luxembourg (C, No. 36), in which he says he recollects our walks with the greatest pleasure; 'especially,' adds he, 'when in the evening we entered the court and did not find there the traces of carriage-wheels.' The rake being every morning drawn over the gravel to efface the marks left by the coach-wheels, I judged by the number of ruts how many persons had arrived in the afternoon.

This year (1761) completed the heavy losses

this good man had suffered since I had had the honour of being known to him; as if it had been ordained that the evils prepared for me by destiny should begin with the man to whom I was most attached, and who was the most worthy of esteem. The first year he lost his sister, Madame la Duchesse de Villeroy; the second, his daughter, Madame la Princesse de Robeck; the third, he lost in the Duc de Montmorency his only son, and in the Comte de Luxembourg his grandson, the two last supporters of the branch to which he belonged, and of his name. He bore all these losses with apparent courage, but his heart incessantly bled in secret during the rest of his life, and his health was ever after upon the decline. The unexpected and tragical death of his son must have afflicted him the more, as it happened immediately after the King had granted him for this son, and given him in promise for his grandson the reversion of the commission he himself held as captain of the Gardes du Corps. He had the mortification to see the last, a most promising young man, perish by degrees, from the blind confidence of the mother in the physician, who, giving the unhappy youth medicines for food, suffered him to die of inanition. Alas! had my advice been taken, the grandfather and the grandson would both still have been alive. What did not I say and write to Monsieur le Maréchal, what remonstrances did I not make to Madame de Montmorency, upon the more than severe regimen which upon the faith of a physician

she made her son observe? Madame de Luxembourg, who thought as I did, would not usurp the authority of the mother; Monsieur de Luxembourg, a man of a mild and easy character, did not like to contradict her. Madame de Montmorency had in Bordeu a confidence to which her son at length became a victim. How delighted was the poor creature when he could obtain permission to come to Mont-Louis with Madame de Boufflers, to ask Thérèse for some victuals for his famished stomach! How did I secretly deplore the miseries of greatness in seeing this only heir to an immense fortune, a great name, and so many titles and dignities, devour with the greediness of a beggar a wretched morsel of bread! At length, notwithstanding all I could say and do, the physician triumphed, and the child died of hunger.

The same confidence in quacks which destroyed the grandson dug the grave of the grandfather, and to this he added the pusillanimity of wishing to dissimulate the infirmities of age. Monsieur de Luxembourg had at intervals a pain in the great toe, which deprived him of sleep, and brought on slight fever; he was seized with it at Montmorency. I had courage enough to pronounce the word 'gout'; Madame de Luxembourg gave me a reprimand. The surgeon—valet de chambre of the Maréchal—maintained it was not the gout, and dressed the suffering part with *baume tranquille.* Unfortunately, the pain subsided, and when it returned the same remedy was had recourse to. The constitution of the Maréchal was weakened,

and his sufferings increased, as did his remedies in the same proportion. Madame de Luxembourg, who at length perceived the disorder to be the gout, objected to the dangerous manner of treating it. Things were afterwards concealed from her, and Monsieur de Luxembourg in a few years lost his life in consequence of his obstinate adherence to what he imagined to be a method of cure. But let me not anticipate distant misfortunes: how many others have I to relate before I come to this!

It is singular with what fatality everything I could say and do seemed of a nature to displease Madame de Luxembourg, even when I had it most at heart to preserve her friendship. The repeated afflictions which fell upon Monsieur de Luxembourg only attached me to him the more, and consequently to Madame de Luxembourg; for they always seemed to me to be so sincerely united that the sentiments in favour of the one necessarily extended to the other. Monsieur le Maréchal grew old. His assiduity at court, the cares this brought on, continual hunting, fatigue, and especially that of the service during the quarter he was in waiting, required the vigour of a young man, and I did not perceive anything that could support his in that course of life: since, besides, after his death, his dignities would be dispersed and his name become extinct, it was by no means necessary for him to continue a laborious life, of which the principal object had been to dispose the Prince favourably to his children. One day, when we three were together, and he complained of the fatigues of

the court, as a man who had been discouraged by his losses, I took the liberty to speak of retirement, and to give him the advice Cineas gave to Pyrrhus. He sighed, and returned no positive answer. But the moment Madame de Luxembourg found me alone she reprimanded me severely for my counsel, at which she seemed to be alarmed. She made a remark of which I so strongly felt the justness that I determined never again to touch upon the same chord : this was, that the long habit of living at court made that life necessary ; that it was become even a matter of amusement for Monsieur de Luxembourg ; and that the retirement I proposed to him would be less a relaxation from care than an exile, in which inactivity, weariness, and melancholy would soon put an end to his existence. Although she must have perceived that I was convinced, and ought to have relied upon the promise I made her, and which I faithfully kept, her mind never seemed easy on the subject ; and I recollect that the conversations I afterwards had with Monsieur le Maréchal were less frequent, and almost always interrupted.

Whilst my stupidity and awkwardness injured me in her opinion, persons whom she frequently saw and most loved were far from being disposed to aid me in regaining it. The Abbé de Boufflers especially, a young man as brilliant as it was possible for a man to be, never seemed well disposed towards me ; and, besides his being the only person of the society of Madame la Maréchale who never showed me the least

attention, I thought I perceived that I lost something with her every time he came to the château. It is true that, without his wishing this to be the case, his presence alone was sufficient to produce the effect, so much did his graceful and elegant manner render still more dull my stupid *spropositi.* During the two first years he seldom came to Montmorency, and by the indulgence of Madame la Maréchale I had held my own pretty well; but as soon as his visits began to be regular I was irretrievably lost. I could have wished to take refuge under his wing, and gain his friendship; but the same awkwardness which made it necessary that I should please him prevented me from succeeding in the attempt, and what I did clumsily with that intention entirely lost me with Madame la Maréchale, without being of the least service to me with the Abbé. With his understanding he might have succeeded in anything, but the impossibility of applying himself, and his turn for dissipation, prevented his acquiring a perfect knowledge of any subject. His talents are, however, various, and these sufficient for the circles in which he wishes to distinguish himself. He writes light poetry and fashionable letters, strums on the cithern, and pretends to draw with crayons. He took it into his head to attempt the portrait of Madame de Luxembourg —the sketch he produced was horrid. She said it did not in the least resemble her, and this was true. The traitorous Abbé consulted me, and I, like a fool and a liar, said there was a likeness. I wished to flatter the Abbé, but I did not

please Madame la Maréchale, who noted down what I had said, and the Abbé, having obtained what he wanted, laughed at me in his turn. I perceived by the ill success of this my late beginning the necessity of never making another attempt to flatter *invita Minerva*.

My talent was that of telling men useful but severe truths with energy and courage; to this I ought to have confined myself. Not only was I not born to flatter, but I knew not how to commend. The awkwardness with which I have sought to bestow praise has done me more harm than the severity of my censures. Of this I have to adduce one terrible instance, the consequences of which have not only fixed my fate for the rest of my life, but will perhaps decide my reputation throughout all posterity.

During the residence of Monsieur de Luxembourg at Montmorency, Monsieur de Choiseul sometimes came to supper at the château. He arrived there one day after I had left it. My name was mentioned, and Monsieur de Luxembourg related to him what had happened at Venice between me and Monsieur de Montaigu. Monsieur de Choiseul said it was a pity that I had quitted that track, and if I chose to enter it again he would most willingly give me employment. Monsieur de Luxembourg told me what had passed. Of this I was the more sensible as I was not accustomed to be spoiled by ministers, and, had I been in a better state of health, it is not certain that I should not have been guilty of a new folly. Ambition never had power over my mind except during

the short intervals in which every other passion left me at liberty; but one of these intervals would have been sufficient to determine me. This good intention of Monsieur de Choiseul gained him my attachment and increased the esteem which, in consequence of some operations in his administration, I had conceived for his talents; and the 'family compact' in particular had seemed to me to evince a statesman of the first order. He moreover gained ground in my estimation by the little respect I entertained for his predecessors, not even excepting Madame de Pompadour, whom I considered as a species of prime minister; and when it was reported that one of these two would expel the other, I thought I offered up prayers for the honour of France when I desired that Monsieur de Choiseul might triumph. I had always felt an antipathy to Madame de Pompadour, even before her preferment; I had seen her with Madame de La Poplinière, when her name was still Madame d'Étioles. I was afterwards dissatisfied with her silence on the subject of Diderot, and with her proceedings relative to myself, as well on the subject of *Les Fêtes de Ramire* and *Les Muses Galantes* as on that of *Le Devin du Village*, which had not in any manner produced me advantages proportioned to their success; and on all occasions I had found her but little disposed to serve me. This, however, did not prevent the Chevalier de Lorenzi from proposing to me to write something in praise of that lady, insinuating that I might acquire some advantage by it. The proposition excited my indignation,

the more as I perceived that it did not come from himsélf, knowing that, passive as he was, he thought and acted only according to the impulsion of others. I am so little accustomed to constraint that it was impossible for me to conceal from him my disdain, nor from anybody the moderate opinion I had of the favourite; this I am sure she knew, and thus my own interest was added to my natural inclination in the wishes I formed for Monsieur de Choiseul. Having a great esteem for his talents, on which all my knowledge of him was grounded, full of gratitude for his kind intentions, and moreover unacquainted in my retirement with his tastes and manner of living, I already considered him as the avenger of the public and myself; and as I was then giving the concluding touches to *Le Contrat Social*, I stated therein, in a single passage, what I thought of preceding ministers, and of him by whom they began to be eclipsed. On this occasion I acted contrary to my most constant maxim; and, besides, I did not recollect that, in bestowing emphatic praise and blame in the same article, without naming the persons, the language must be so appropriated to those to whom it is applicable that the most sensitive self-love cannot find in it anything equivocal. I was in this respect in such an imprudent security that I never once thought it was possible that any one should make a false application. It will soon appear whether I was right.

One of my misfortunes was always to be connected with some female author. This I thought I might at least avoid amongst the great. I was

deceived; it still pursued me. Madame de Luxembourg was not, however—at least that I know of—attacked with the mania of writing; but Madame la Comtesse de Boufflers was. She wrote a tragedy in prose, which, in the first place, was read, handed about, and highly spoken of in the society of Monsieur le Prince de Conti, and upon which, not satisfied with the encomiums she had received, she would absolutely consult me for the purpose of having mine. This she obtained, but with that moderation which the work deserved. She, besides, had with it the information that I thought it my duty to give her, that her piece, entitled *L'Esclave Généreux*, greatly resembled an English piece, little known, though translated, entitled *Oroonoko*. Madame de Boufflers thanked me for the remark, but, however, assured me there was not the least resemblance between her piece and the other. I never spoke of the plagiarism except to herself, and I did it to discharge a duty she had imposed on me; but this has not since prevented me from frequently recollecting the consequences of the sincerity of Gil Blas to the preaching archbishop.

Besides the Abbé de Boufflers, by whom I was not beloved, and Madame de Boufflers, in whose opinion I was guilty of wrongs which neither women nor authors ever pardon, the other friends of Madame la Maréchale never seemed much disposed to become mine, among others Monsieur le Président Hénault, who, enrolled amongst authors, was not exempt from their weaknesses; also Madame du Deffand and Mademoiselle de

Lespinasse, both warmly attached to Voltaire, and the intimate friends of D'Alembert, with whom the latter at length lived—however, upon an honourable footing, for it cannot be understood I mean otherwise. I first began to interest myself for Madame du Deffand, whom the loss of her eyes made an object of commiseration in mine, but her manner of living, so contrary to my own that her hour of going to bed was almost mine for rising, her unbounded passion for trifling wit, the importance she gave to every kind of printed trash, either complimentary or abusive, the despotism and transports of her oracles, her excessive admiration or dislike of everything, which did not permit her to speak upon any subject without convulsions, her inconceivable prejudices, invincible obstinacy, and the mad enthusiasm to which all this carried her in her passionate judgments, speedily disgusted me, and diminished the attention I wished to pay her. I neglected her, and she perceived it; this was enough to set her in a rage; and, although I was sufficiently aware how much a woman of her character was to be feared, I preferred exposing myself to the scourge of her hatred rather than to that of her friendship.

My having so few friends in the society of Madame de Luxembourg would not have been dangerous had I had no enemies in her family. Of these I had only one, but one who, by the situation in which I am at this hour, is equal to a hundred. It certainly was not Monsieur de Villeroy, her brother, for he not only came to see me, but had several times invited me to

Villeroy; and, as I had answered to the invitation with all possible politeness and respect, he had taken my vague reply as a consent, and arranged with Monsieur and Madame de Luxembourg a journey of a fortnight, in which it was proposed to me to make one of the party. As the cares my health then required did not permit me to go from home without risk, I prayed Monsieur de Luxembourg to have the goodness to release me. His answer (D, No. 3) proves that this was done with all possible ease, and Monsieur le Duc de Villeroy still continued to show me his usual marks of goodness. His nephew and heir, the young Marquis de Villeroy, had not for me the same benevolence, nor had I for him the respect I had for his uncle. His hare-brained manner rendered him insupportable to me, and my coldness drew upon me his aversion. He insultingly attacked me one evening at table, and I had the worst of it, because I am a fool, without presence of mind, and because anger, instead of sharpening what little wit I have, deprives me of it altogether. I had a dog which had been given to me when he was quite young, soon after my arrival at the Hermitage, and which I had called Duke. This dog, not handsome, but rare of his kind, of which I had made my companion and friend—a title that he certainly merited much more than most of the persons by whom it was taken—became celebrated at the Château de Montmorency for his good-nature and fondness, and the attachment we had to each other; but from a foolish pusillani-

mity I had changed his name to Turk, as if there were not numberless dogs called Marquis without any marquis whatsoever taking offence. The Marquis de Villeroy, who knew of this change of name, attacked me about it in such a manner that I was obliged openly at table to relate what I had done. Whatever there might be offensive in the name of Duke, it was not in my having given it, but in my having taken it away. The worst of all was, there were many dukes present—amongst others, Monsieur de Luxembourg and his son—and the Marquis de Villeroy, who was one day to have, and now has, that title, enjoyed in the most cruel manner the embarrassment into which he had thrown me and the effect it had produced. I was told the next day that his aunt had severely reprimanded him, and it may be judged whether, supposing her to have been serious, this put me upon better terms with him.

To enable me to support this enmity I had no person, either at the Hôtel de Luxembourg or at the Temple, except the Chevalier de Lorenzi, who professed himself my friend, but he was more that of D'Alembert, under whose protection he passed with women for a great geometrician. He was, moreover, the *sigisbé*, or rather the complaisant creature, of Madame la Comtesse de Boufflers, herself very friendly with D'Alembert; and the Chevalier de Lorenzi existed and thought only through her. Thus, far from having from without any counterbalance to my inability to keep myself in the good graces of Madame de Luxembourg, every-

body who approached her seemed to concur in injuring me in her opinion. Yet, besides the *Émile* with which she charged herself, she gave me at the same time another mark of her interest and benevolence, which made me imagine that, even although weary of me, she would still preserve for me the friendship she had so many times promised me for life.

As soon as I thought I could depend upon this I had begun to ease my heart by confessing to her all my faults, having made it an inviolable maxim to show myself to my friends such as I really was, neither better nor worse. I had declared to her my connection with Thérèse, and everything that had resulted from it, without concealing the manner in which I had disposed of my children. She had received my confessions favourably, and even too much so, since she spared me the censures I so much merited; and what made the greatest impression upon me was her goodness to Thérèse, making her little presents, sending for her, and begging her to come and see her, receiving her with caresses, and often embracing her in public. This poor girl was in transports of joy and gratitude, of which I certainly partook. The friendship which Monsieur and Madame de Luxembourg showed me in their treatment of Thérèse affected me much more than that shown immediately to myself.

Things remained in this state for a considerable time, but at length Madame la Maréchale carried her goodness so far as to have a desire to take one of my children from the hospital.

She knew I had caused a cipher to be put into the swaddling-clothes of the eldest. She asked me for the counterpart of the cipher, and I gave it her. In this research she employed La Roche, her valet de chambre and confidential servant, who made vain inquiries and discovered nothing, though at the end of only twelve or fourteen years, had the registers of the Enfants-Trouvés been in order, or the search properly made, the original cipher ought to have been found. However this may be, I was less sorry for his want of success than I should have been had I continued to have knowledge of the child from its birth until that moment. If by the aid of the indications given some child had been presented as my own, the doubt of its being so in fact, and the fear of having one thus substituted for another, would have contracted my affections, and I should not have tasted in all its charm of the real sentiment of nature. This, at least during infancy, stands in need of being supported by habit. The long absence of a child whom one has not really known weakens and at length annihilates paternal and maternal sentiment, and parents will never love a child sent to nurse like one which is brought up under their eyes. This reflection may extenuate my faults in their effects, but it must aggravate them in their source.

It may not perhaps be useless to remark that by means of Thérèse this same La Roche became acquainted with Madame Le Vasseur, whom Grimm still kept at Deuil, near La Chevrette, and not far from Montmorency.

After my departure it was by means of Monsieur La Roche that I continued to send this woman the money that I have constantly sent her at stated times, and I am of opinion that he often carried her presents from Madame la Maréchale; therefore she certainly was not to be pitied, although she constantly complained. With respect to Grimm, as I am not fond of speaking of persons whom I ought to hate, I never mentioned his name to Madame de Luxembourg except when I could not avoid it, but she frequently made him the subject of conversation, without telling me what she thought of the man, or letting me discover whether or not he was of her acquaintance. Reserve with people I love, and who are open with me, being contrary to my nature, especially in things relating to themselves, I have since that time frequently thought of that just referred to, but never except when other events rendered the recollection natural.

Having waited a long time without hearing of *Émile*, after I had given it to Madame de Luxembourg, I at last learned that the agreement was made at Paris with the bookseller Duchesne, and by him with Néaulme, of Amsterdam. Madame de Luxembourg sent me the original and the duplicate of my agreement with Duchesne, that I might sign them. I discovered the writing to be by the same hand as that of the letters of Monsieur de Malesherbes, which he himself did not write. The certainty that my agreement was made by the consent and under the eye of that magistrate made me

sign without hesitation. Duchesne gave me for this manuscript six thousand francs, half in specie, and, I think, one or two hundred copies. After having signed the two parts, I sent them both to Madame de Luxembourg, according to her desire. She gave one to Duchesne, and instead of returning the other kept it herself, so that I never saw it afterwards.

My acquaintance with Monsieur and Madame de Luxembourg, though it diverted me a little from my plan of retirement, did not make me renounce it. Even at the time when I was most in favour with Madame la Maréchale, I always felt that nothing but my sincere attachment to Monsieur le Maréchal and herself could render supportable to me the people by whom they were surrounded; and all the difficulty I had was in conciliating this attachment with a manner of life more agreeable to my inclination and less contrary to my health, which constraint and late suppers continually deranged, notwithstanding all the care taken to prevent it, for in this, as in everything else, attention was carried as far as possible. Thus, for instance, every evening after supper the Maréchal, who went early to bed, never failed, notwithstanding everything that could be said to the contrary, to make me withdraw at the same time. It was not until some little time before my catastrophe that, for what reason I know not, he ceased to pay me that attention.

Even before I perceived the coolness of Madame de Luxembourg I was desirous, that I might not expose myself to it, to execute my

old project; but not having the means to that effect, I was obliged to wait for the conclusion of my agreement for *Émile*, and in the interval I finished the *Contrat Social*, and sent it to Rey, fixing the price of the manuscript at a thousand francs, which he paid me. I ought not perhaps to omit a trifling circumstance relative to this manuscript. I gave it, well sealed up, to Duvoisin, a minister in the Pays de Vaud, and chaplain at the Hôtel de Hollande, who sometimes came to see me, and took upon himself to send the packet to Rey, with whom he was in communication. The manuscript, written in a fine hand, was very small in size, and did not fill his pocket. Yet, in passing the barrière, the packet fell—I know not by what means—into the hands of the officers, who opened and examined it, and afterwards returned it to him, when he had reclaimed it in the name of the Ambassador. This gave him an opportunity of reading it himself, which he ingenuously wrote me he had done, speaking highly of the work, without a word of criticism or censure, undoubtedly reserving to himself to become the avenger of Christendom as soon as the work should appear. He resealed the packet, and sent it to Rey. Such is the substance of his narrative in the letter in which he gave an account of the affair, and is all I ever knew of the matter.

Besides these two books and my *Dictionnaire de Musique*, at which I still did something as opportunity offered, I had other works of less importance ready to make their appearance, and

which I proposed to publish either separately or in my general collection, should I ever undertake it. The most important of these works, most of which are still in manuscript in the hands of Du Peyrou, was an *Essai sur l'Origine des Langues*, which I had read to Monsieur de Malesherbes and the Chevalier de Lorenzi, who spoke favourably of it. I expected that all these productions together would produce me a net capital of from eight to ten thousand francs, which I intended to sink in annuities for my life and that of Thérèse, after which our design, as I have already mentioned, was to go and live together in the midst of some province, without further troubling the public about me, or myself with any other project than that of peacefully ending my days, and still continuing to do in my neighbourhood all the good in my power, and to write at leisure the memoirs which I meditated.

Such was my intention, and the execution of it was facilitated by an act of generosity on the part of Rey, upon which I cannot be silent. This bookseller, of whom so many unfavourable things were told me in Paris, is, notwithstanding, the only one with whom I have always had reason to be satisfied.[1] It is true we frequently disagreed as to the execution of my works; he was heedless and I was choleric; but in matters of interest which related to them, although I

[1] When writing this, I was yet far from the imagination, the conception, and the belief of the frauds that I have discovered in the printed copies of my writings—frauds that he has been forced to confess.—R.

never made with him an agreement in form, I always found in him great exactness and probity. He is also the only person of his profession who frankly confessed to me that he gained largely by my means, and he frequently, when he offered me a part of his fortune, told me I was the author of it all. Not finding the means of showing his gratitude immediately to myself, he wished at least to give me proofs of it in the person of my *gouvernante*, upon whom he settled an annuity of three hundred francs, expressing in the deed that it was an acknowledgment for the advantages I had procured him. This he did between himself and me, without ostentation, pretension, or noise; and had not I spoken of it to everybody, not a single person would ever have known anything of it. I was so pleased with this action that I have since become attached to Rey, and conceived for him a real friendship. Some time afterwards he desired that I would become godfather to one of his children. I consented, and a part of my regret in the situation to which I am reduced is my being deprived of the means of rendering in future my attachment to my goddaughter useful to her and her parents. Why am I, so sensible of the modest generosity of this bookseller, so little sensible of the noisy eagerness of many persons of high rank, who pompously fill the world with accounts of the services they say they wished to render me, but the good effects of which I never felt? Is it their fault or mine? Are not they merely vain? Am not I merely ungrateful? Intelligent

reader, weigh and determine; for my part, I say no more.

This pension was a great resource to Thérèse, and a considerable alleviation to me, although I was far from receiving from it a direct advantage, any more than from all the presents that were made her. She herself has always disposed of everything. When I kept her money I gave her a faithful account of it, without ever applying a liard to our common expenses, not even when she was richer than myself. 'What is mine is ours,' said I to her, 'and what is thine is thine.' I never departed from this maxim, which I often repeated to her. They who have had the baseness to accuse me of receiving through her hands that which I refused to take with mine, undoubtedly judged of my heart by their own, and knew but little of me. I would willingly eat with her the bread she should have earned, but never that she should have had given her. For a proof of this I appeal to herself, both now and hereafter, when, according to the course of nature, she shall have survived me. Unfortunately, she understands but little of economy in any respect, and is besides careless and extravagant, not from vanity nor gluttony, but solely from negligence. No creature is perfect here below, and since her excellent qualities must be balanced with some defects, I prefer these to vices, although her defects are perhaps more prejudicial to us both. The efforts I have made, as formerly I did for Mamma, to accumulate something in advance which might some day be to her a never-failing

resource, are not to be conceived, but my cares were always ineffectual. Neither of these women ever called herself to an account, and, notwithstanding all my efforts, everything I acquired was dissipated as fast as it came. Notwithstanding the great simplicity of Thérèse's dress, the pension from Rey has never been sufficient to buy her clothes, and I have every year had to supplement it for that purpose. We are neither of us born to be rich, and this I certainly do not reckon amongst our misfortunes.

Le Contrat Social was soon printed. This was not the case with *Émile*, for the publication of which I waited to go into the retirement I meditated. Duchesne, from time to time, sent me specimens of type and paper to choose from; when I had made my choice, instead of beginning to print he sent me others. When at length we were fully determined on the size and letter, and several sheets were already printed off, on my making some trifling alteration in a proof he began the whole again, and at the end of six months we were less forward than on the first day. During all these experiments, I clearly perceived the work was being printed in France as well as in Holland, and that two editions of it were preparing at the same time. What could I do? The manuscript was no longer mine. Far from having had anything to do with the edition in France, I was always against it; but since at length this was preparing in spite of all opposition, and was to serve as a model to the other, it was

necessary that I should cast my eyes over it, and examine the proofs, that my work might not be mutilated and disfigured. It was, besides, printed so much by the consent of the magistrate, that it was he who, in some measure, directed the undertaking; he likewise wrote to me frequently, and once came to see me and converse on the subject upon an occasion of which I am going to speak.

Whilst Duchesne crept like a tortoise, Néaulme, whom he withheld, scarcely moved at all. The sheets were not regularly sent him as they were printed. He thought there was some dishonesty in the manœuvre of Duchesne—that is, of Guy, who acted for him,—and, perceiving the terms of the agreement to be departed from, he wrote me letter after letter full of complaints, and it was less possible for me to find a remedy for them than for those I myself had to make. His friend Guérin, who at that time came frequently to see me, never ceased speaking to me about the work, but always with great reserve. He knew and he did not know that it was being printed in France, and that the magistrate had a hand in it. In expressing his concern for the embarrassment the book was likely to occasion me, he seemed to accuse me of imprudence without ever saying in what this consisted: he incessantly equivocated, and seemed to speak for no other purpose than to hear what I had to say. I thought myself so secure that I laughed at his mystery and circumspection as at a habit he had contracted with ministers and magistrates, whose offices

he much frequented. Certain of having conformed to every rule with the work, and strongly persuaded that I had not only the consent and protection of the magistrate, but that the book merited, and had obtained, the favour of the ministry, I congratulated myself upon my courage in doing good, and laughed at my pusillanimous friends who seemed uneasy on my account. Duclos was one of these, and I confess my confidence in his understanding and uprightness might have alarmed me by his example, had I had less confidence in the utility of the work, and in the probity of its patrons. He came from the house of Monsieur Baille to see me whilst *Émile* was in the press; he spoke to me concerning it; I read to him the *Profession of Faith of the Savoyard Vicar*, to which he listened attentively and, as it seemed to me, with pleasure. When I had finished, he said, 'What, citizen! this is a part of a work now printing at Paris?' 'Yes,' answered I, 'and it ought to be printed at the Louvre by order of the King.' 'I confess it,' replied he; 'but pray do not mention to anybody your having read to me this fragment.' This striking manner of expressing himself surprised without alarming me. I knew Duclos was intimate with Monsieur de Malesherbes, and I could not conceive how it was possible he should think so differently from him upon the same subject.

I had lived at Montmorency for more than four years without ever having had there one day of good health. Although the air is excellent, the water is bad, and this may pos-

sibly be one of the causes which contributed to increase my habitual complaints. Towards the end of the autumn of 1761 I fell quite ill, and passed the whole winter in suffering almost without intermission. The physical ill, augmented by a thousand inquietudes, rendered these, too, more acute. For some time past my mind had been disturbed by melancholy forebodings, without my knowing to what these directly tended. I received anonymous letters of an extraordinary nature, and others, that were signed, much of the same import. I received one from a counsellor of the Parliament of Paris, who, dissatisfied with the present constitution of things, and foreseeing nothing but disagreeable events, consulted me upon the choice of an asylum at Geneva, or in Switzerland, to retire to with his family. Another was brought me from Monsieur de ——, Président à mortier of the Parliament of ——, who proposed to me to draw up for this Parliament, which was then at variance with the Court, memoirs and remonstrances, and offering to furnish me with all the documents and materials necessary to that purpose. When I suffer I am subject to ill-humour. This was the case when I received these letters, and I displayed ill-humour in my answers to them, flatly refusing everything that was asked of me. I do not, however, reproach myself with this refusal, as the letters might be so many snares laid by my enemies,[1] and what was required of me was

[1] I knew, for instance, the Président de —— to be connected with the Encyclopedists and the Holbachians.—R.

contrary to the principles from which I was less willing than ever to swerve. But having it in my power to refuse with politeness, I did it with rudeness, and in this consists my error.

The two letters of which I have just spoken will be found amongst my papers. The letter from the counsellor did not absolutely surprise me, because I agreed with him in opinion, and with many others, that the declining constitution of France threatened an approaching downfall. The disasters of an unsuccessful war,[1] all of which proceeded from a fault in the government; the incredible confusion in the finances; the perpetual agitations and perplexities rife in the Administration, which was then divided between two or three ministers, amongst whom reigned nothing but discord, and who, for the sake of injuring each other, let the kingdom go to ruin; the discontent of the people, and of every other rank of subjects; the obstinacy of a woman who, constantly sacrificing her judgment, if she indeed possessed any, to her inclinations, kept from public employments the most capable persons to make room for such as pleased her best; everything concurred in justifying the foresight of the counsellor, that of the public, and my own. This made me several times consider whether or not I myself should seek an asylum out of the kingdom before it was torn by the dissensions by which it seemed to be threatened; but, relieved from my fears by my insignificance, and the peacefulness of my disposition, I thought that in the state of solitude

[1] The Seven Years War.

in which I was determined to live no public commotion could reach me. I was sorry only that, in this state of things, Monsieur de Luxembourg should accept commissions which tended to turn public opinion against him in his government. I could have wished he had prepared himself a retreat, in case the great machine had fallen in pieces, which at the time seemed much to be apprehended; and it still appears to me beyond a doubt that if the reins of the government had not at last fallen into a single hand,[1] the French monarchy would now be at the last gasp.

Whilst my situation became worse, the printing of *Émile* went on more slowly, and was at length suspended without my being able to learn the reason why; Guy did not deign to answer my letter of inquiry, and I could obtain no information from any person of what was going forward, Monsieur de Malesherbes being then in the country. No misfortune ever gives me real trouble, provided I know in what it consists; but it is my nature to be afraid of darkness; I hate and tremble at the appearance of it; mystery always gives me inquietude—it is too opposite to my natural disposition, in which there is an openness bordering on imprudence. The sight of the most hideous monster would, I am of opinion, alarm me but little; but if by night I were to see a figure in a white sheet, I should be afraid of it. My imagination, wrought upon by this long silence, was now employed in creating

[1] The Duc de Choiseul.

phantoms. I tormented myself the more in endeavouring to discover the impediment to the printing of my last and best production, as I had the publication of it much at heart; and as I always carried everything to an extreme, I imagined that I perceived in the suspension the suppression of the work. Yet, being unable to discover either the cause or manner of it, I remained in the most cruel state of suspense. I wrote letter after letter to Guy, to Monsieur de Malesherbes, and to Madame de Luxembourg, and not receiving answers, at least when I expected them, my head became so affected that I was not far from delirium. At the same time I unfortunately heard that Père Griffet, a Jesuit, had spoken of *Émile*, and repeated from it some passages. My imagination instantly unveiled to me the whole mystery of iniquity; I saw the whole progress of it as clearly as if it had been revealed to me. I figured to myself that the Jesuits, furious on account of the contemptuous manner in which I had spoken of their colleges, were in possession of my work; that it was they who hindered the publication; that, informed by their friend Guérin of my situation, and foreseeing my approaching dissolution, of which I myself had no manner of doubt, they wished to delay the appearance of the work until after that event, with an intention to mutilate and alter it, and in favour of their own views to attribute to me sentiments not my own. The number of facts and circumstances which occurred to my mind, in confirmation of this silly supposition, and

even gave it an appearance of truth supported by evidence and demonstration, is astonishing. I knew Guérin to be entirely in the interest of the Jesuits. I attributed to them all the friendly advances he had made me; I was persuaded that he had, by their entreaties, pressed me to engage with Néaulme; that the said Néaulme had given them the first sheets of my work; that they had afterwards found means to stop the printing of it by Duchesne, and perhaps to get possession of the manuscript in order to work upon it at their leisure, till my death should leave them free to publish it disguised in their own manner. I had always perceived, notwithstanding the wheedling of Père Berthier, that the Jesuits did not like me, not only as an Encyclopedist, but because all my principles were more in opposition to their maxims and influence than the incredulity of my colleagues, since atheistical and devout fanaticism, approaching each other by their common enmity to toleration, may become united, as they are in China, and as they are against myself; whereas religion, both reasonable and moral, taking away all human power over the conscience, deprives those who assume that power of every resource. I knew too that Monsieur le Chancelier was a great friend to the Jesuits, and I had my fears lest the son, intimidated by the father, should find himself under the necessity of abandoning to them the work he had protected. I even imagined that I perceived this to be the case in the chicanery employed against me relative to the two first

volumes, in which alterations were required for frivolous reasons; whilst the two other volumes were known to contain things of such a nature that, had the censor objected to them as he did to passages in the others, it would have required their being entirely written over again. I also understood, and Monsieur de Malesherbes himself told me of it, that the Abbé de Grave, whom he had charged with the inspection of this edition, was another partisan of the Jesuits. I saw nothing but Jesuits, without considering that, upon the eve of being suppressed, and wholly taken up in making their own defence, they had something which interested them much more than the cavillings relative to a work in which they were not in question. I am wrong, however, in saying this did not occur to me; for I really thought of it, and Monsieur de Malesherbes took care to make the observation to me the moment he heard of my extravagant suspicions. But, by another of those absurdities of a man who, from the bosom of obscurity, will absolutely judge of the secret of great affairs, with which he is totally unacquainted, I never could bring myself to believe that the Jesuits were in danger, and I considered the rumour to that effect as an artful manœuvre of their own to deceive their adversaries. Their past successes, which had been uninterrupted, gave me so terrible an idea of their power, that I already grieved at the degradation of the Parliament. I knew that Monsieur de Choiseul had prosecuted his studies under the Jesuits, that Madame de Pompadour was not upon bad terms

with them, and that their league with favourites and ministers had constantly appeared advantageous to both against their common enemies. The court seemed to remain neuter, and, persuaded as I was that should the society some day receive a severe check it could not come from the Parliament, I saw in the inaction of Government the ground of their confidence and the omen of their triumph. In fine, perceiving in the rumours of the day nothing more than dissimulation and snares on their part, and thinking that they, in their state of security, had time to watch over all their interests, I had not the least doubt of their shortly crushing Jansenism, the Parliament, and the Encyclopedists, with every other association which had not submitted to their yoke; and that, if they ever suffered my work to appear, this would not happen until it should be so transformed as to favour their pretensions, and thus make use of my name the better to deceive my readers.

I felt myself passing away, and such was the horror with which my mind was filled at the idea of dishonour to my memory in the work most worthy of myself, that I am surprised so many extravagant ideas did not occasion a speedy end to my existence. I never was so much afraid of death as at that time, and surely, had I died with the apprehensions I then had upon my mind, I should have died in despair. At present, when I perceive no obstacle to the execution of the blackest and most dreadful conspiracy ever formed against the memory of a man, I shall die much more peacefully, certain

of leaving in my writings a testimony in my favour, and one which, sooner or later, will triumph over the calumnies of men.

[1762.] Monsieur de Malesherbes, who discovered the agitation of my mind, and to whom I acknowledged it, used such endeavours to restore me to tranquillity as proved his unfailing goodness of heart. Madame de Luxembourg aided him in this good work, and several times went to Duchesne to know in what state the edition was. At length the impression was again begun, and the progress of it became more rapid without my ever knowing for what reason it had been suspended. Monsieur de Malesherbes took the trouble to come to Montmorency to calm my mind; in this he succeeded, and the full confidence I had in his uprightness having overcome the derangement of my poor head, gave efficacy to the endeavours he made to restore me. After what he had seen of my anguish and delirium, it was natural that he should think I was to be pitied, and he acted accordingly. The expressions, incessantly repeated, of the philosophical cabal by which he was surrounded occurred to his memory. When I went to live at the Hermitage, they, as I have already remarked, exclaimed that I should not remain there long. When they saw that I persevered, they charged me with obstinacy and pride, proceeding from a want of courage to retract, and insisted that my life there was a burden to me — in short, that I was very wretched. Monsieur de Malesherbes believed

this really to be the case, and wrote to me upon the subject. This error in a man for whom I had so much esteem gave me some pain, and I wrote to him four letters successively, in which I stated the real motives of my conduct, and made him fully acquainted with my tastes, inclination, and character, and with the true sentiments of my heart. These four letters, written hastily, almost without taking pen from paper, and which I neither copied, corrected, nor even read, are perhaps the only things I ever wrote with facility, which in the midst of my sufferings and extreme depression was, I think, astonishing. I sighed, as I felt myself declining, at the thought of leaving in the minds of honest men an opinion of me so far from true: and, by the sketch hastily given in my four letters, I endeavoured, in some measure, to substitute them for the memoirs that I had proposed to write. These letters, which pleased Monsieur de Malesherbes, and which he showed to many persons in Paris, are, besides, a kind of summary of what I here give in greater detail, and, on this account, merit preservation. The copy I begged of them some years afterwards will be found amongst my papers.

The only thing which continued to give me pain in the idea of my approaching dissolution was my not having any man of letters for a friend, to whom I could confide my papers, that after my death he might sort them with judgment. After my journey to Geneva I conceived a friendship for Moultou; this young man pleased me, and I could have wished him to close

my dying eyes. I expressed to him this desire, and am of opinion that he would readily have complied with it had not his family and business prevented him from so doing. Deprived of this consolation, I still wished to give him a mark of my confidence by sending him the *Profession of Faith of the Savoyard Vicar* before it was published. He was pleased with the work, but did not in his answer seem so fully to expect from it the effect of which I had but little doubt. He wished to receive from me some fragment which I had not given to anybody else. I sent him the funeral oration on the late Duke of Orleans. This I had written for the Abbé d'Arty, who had not pronounced it, because, contrary to his expectation, another person was appointed for that occasion.

The printing, after having been again taken in hand, was continued and completed without much difficulty; and I remarked this singularity, that after the corrections so much insisted upon in the first two volumes, the two last were passed over without an objection, and their contents did not delay the publication for a moment. I had still, however, some uneasiness which I must not pass over in silence. After having been afraid of the Jesuits, I began to fear the Jansenists and philosophers. An enemy to all that is known as party, faction, and cabal, I never heard the least good of persons concerned in them. The *commères* had quitted their old abode, and taken up their residence close by me, so that in their chamber everything said in mine and upon the terrace was distinctly

heard, and from their garden it would have been easy to scale the low wall by which it was separated from my donjon. I had made this donjon my study, so that my table was covered with proofs and sheets of *Émile* and *Le Contrat Social*, and, stitching these sheets as they were sent to me, I had all my volumes a long time before they were published. My negligence, and the confidence I had in Monsieur Mathas, in whose garden I was shut up, frequently made me forget to lock the door at night, and in the morning I several times found it wide open. This, however, would not have given me the least inquietude had not my papers seemed to have been deranged. After having several times made the same remark, I became more careful, and locked the door. The lock was a bad one, and the key turned in it no more than half round. As I became more attentive I found my papers in a still greater confusion than they were when I left everything open. At length I missed one of my volumes for a day and two nights, without being able to tell what had become of it, until the morning of the third day, when I again found it upon the table. I never suspected either Monsieur Mathas or his nephew, Monsieur Dumoulin, knowing myself to be beloved by both, and my confidence in them was unbounded. That which I had in the *commères* began to diminish. Although they were Jansenists, I knew them to have some connection with D'Alembert, and, moreover, they all three lodged in the same house. This gave me some uneasiness, and put me more upon my guard.

I removed my papers to my chamber, and dropped my acquaintance with these people, having learned besides that they had shown in several houses the first volume of *Émile*, which I had been imprudent enough to lend to them. Although they continued until my departure to be my neighbours, I had no further communication with them.

Le Contrat Social appeared a month or two before *Émile*. Rey, whom I had desired never secretly to introduce into France any of my books, applied to the magistrate for leave to send this book by Rouen, to which place he sent his package by sea. He received no answer, and his bales, after remaining at Rouen several months, were returned to him, but not until an attempt had been made to confiscate them. This probably would have been done had he not made a great clamour. Several persons, whose curiosity the work had excited, sent to Amsterdam for copies, which were circulated without being much noticed. Mauléon, who had heard of this, and had, I believe, seen the work, spoke to me on the subject with an air of mystery which surprised me, and would likewise have made me uneasy if, certain of having conformed to every rule, and having no cause to reproach myself, I had not by virtue of my grand maxim kept my mind calm. I moreover had no doubt that Monsieur de Choiseul, already well disposed towards me, and sensible of the eulogium which my esteem for him had induced me to make in the work, would support me in this affair against the malevolence of Madame de Pompadour.

I certainly had then as much reason as ever to count upon the goodness of Monsieur de Luxembourg, and even upon his assistance in case of need, for he never at any time had given me more frequent or more pointed marks of his friendship. At his Easter visit, my melancholy state no longer permitting me to go to the château, he never suffered a day to pass without coming to see me, and at length, perceiving my sufferings to be incessant, he prevailed upon me to determine to see Frère Côme. He immediately sent for him, came with him, and had the courage, uncommon in a man of his rank, to remain with me during the operation, which was cruel and tedious. Morand had several times attempted it unsuccessfully; but Côme, whose skilful hand and lightness of touch were unequalled, after more than two hours—during which my sufferings were great, though I would not give expression to them, lest I should grieve the good Maréchal's tender heart—achieved his object. Upon the first examination Côme thought that he had found a great stone, and told me so; at the second he could not find it again. After having made two fresh attempts with so much care and circumspection that I thought the time long, he declared there was no stone, but that the prostate gland was schirrous and considerably thickened. He found the bladder large and in good condition, and said that I had yet a great deal to suffer, and should live a long time. Should the second prediction be as fully accomplished as the first, my sufferings are far from being at an end.

It was thus that I learned, after having been so many years treated for disorders which I never had, that my disease, incurable without being mortal, would last as long as myself. My imagination, repressed by this information, no longer presented to me in perspective a cruel death in the agonies of the stone. Delivered from imaginary evils more cruel to me than those which were real, I more patiently suffered the latter. It is certain that I have suffered less from my disorder than I had done before, and every time I recollect that I owe this alleviation to Monsieur de Luxembourg his memory becomes more dear to me.

Restored, as I may say, to life, and more than ever occupied with the plan according to which I was determined to pass the rest of my days, I only postponed its execution till the publication of *Émile.* I thought of Touraine, where I had already been, and which pleased me much, as well on account of the mildness of the climate as on that of the character of the inhabitants :

> 'La terra molle e lieta e dilettosa
> Simili a se gli abitator produce.'[1]

I had already spoken of my project to Monsieur de Luxembourg, who endeavoured to dissuade me from it. I mentioned it to him a second time as a thing resolved upon. He then offered me the Château de Merlou, fifteen

[1] 'The land did like itself the people breed ;
The soil is gentle, smooth, soft, delicate.'
Fairfax's 'Tasso,' i. 62.

leagues from Paris, as an asylum which might be agreeable to me, and where both would have a real pleasure in seeing me settled. Their kindness touched me, and the proposition was not displeasing. But the first thing necessary was to see the place, and we agreed upon a day when Monsieur le Maréchal was to send his valet de chambre with a carriage to take me to it. On the day appointed I was much indisposed; the journey was necessarily postponed, and adverse circumstances prevented me from ever making it. I have since learned that the estate of Merlou did not belong to the Maréchal, but to his lady, on which account I was the less sorry that I had not gone to live there.

Émile was at length given to the public without my having heard further of retrenchments or difficulties. Previous to the publication the Maréchal asked me for all the letters Monsieur de Malesherbes had written to me on the subject of the work. My great confidence in both, and the perfect security in which I felt myself, prevented me from reflecting upon the extraordinary, and even alarming, nature of this request. I returned all the letters except one or two which, from inattention, had been left between the leaves of a book. A little time before this Monsieur de Malesherbes told me he should withdraw the letters I had written to Duchesne during my alarm relative to the Jesuits, and it must be confessed that these letters did no great honour to my reason. But in my answer I assured him I would not in anything pass for being better than I was, and that

he might leave the letters where they were. I know not what he did.

The publication of this work was not succeeded by the applause which had followed that of all my other writings. Never did a work obtain so much private praise; never did any obtain so little public approbation. What was said and written to me upon the subject by persons most capable of judging confirmed me in my opinion that it was the best as well as the most important of all the works I had produced. But everything favourable was said with an air of the strangest mystery, as if there had been a necessity for keeping this good opinion a secret. Madame de Boufflers, who wrote to me that the author of the work merited a statue and the homage of mankind, at the end of her letter desired it might be returned to her. D'Alembert, who in his note said that the work was decisive of superiority, and ought to place me at the head of all men of letters, did not sign what he wrote, although he had signed every note that I had before received from him. Duclos, a sure friend, a man of veracity, but circumspect, although he had a good opinion of the work, avoided mentioning it in his letters to me. La Condamine fell upon the *Profession of Faith* and wandered from the subject. Clairaut confined himself to the same part, but he was not afraid of expressing to me the emotion which the reading of it had caused in him, and in the most direct terms wrote to me that it had warmed his old imagination. Of all those to whom I sent my book he was the only person who proclaimed

openly and frankly in society his favourable opinion of it.

Mathas, to whom also I had given a copy before the publication, lent it to Monsieur de Blaire, counsellor in the Parliament and father of the Intendant at Strasbourg. Monsieur de Blaire had a country-house at Saint-Gratien, and Mathas, his old acquaintance, sometimes went to see him there when he was able. He made him read *Émile* before it was published. When he returned it to him, Monsieur de Blaire expressed himself in these very terms, which were repeated to me the same day: 'Monsieur Mathas, this is a very fine work, but of which more will be spoken ere long than might be wished for the author's sake.' I laughed at the prediction, and saw in it nothing more than the importance of a lawyer, who treats everything with an air of mystery. All the disquieting observations repeated to me made no impression upon my mind, and, far from foreseeing the coming catastrophe, certain of the utility and excellence of my work, and that I had in every respect conformed to established rules; convinced, as I thought I was, that I should be supported by all the credit of Madame de Luxembourg, and even by the favour of the ministry, I was satisfied with myself for the resolution I had taken to retire in the midst of my triumphs, and at the moment when I had wholly defeated those by whom I was envied.

One thing in the publication of the work alarmed me, less on account of my safety than

for the acquittance of my conscience. At the Hermitage and at Montmorency I had seen with indignation, and at my very door, the vexations which a jealous care for the pleasures of princes causes to be exercised upon wretched peasants, forced to suffer the havoc made by game in their fields, without daring to protect themselves save by making a noise, being forced to pass the night amongst the beans and peas with drums, kettles, and bells, to keep off the wild boars. As I had been a witness to the barbarous cruelty with which the Comte de Charolois treated these poor people, I had, towards the end of *Émile*, exclaimed against it. This was another infraction of my maxims, which has not remained unpunished. I was informed that the agents of Monsieur le Prince de Conti were but little less severe upon his estates. I trembled lest that Prince, for whom I was full of respect and gratitude, should take to his own account what shocked humanity had made me say on that of his uncle, and feel himself offended. Yet, as my conscience reassured me upon this article, I made myself easy, and by so doing acted wisely: at least I have never heard that this great Prince took notice of the passage, written long before I had the honour of being known to him.

A few days either before or after the publication of my work, for I do not exactly recollect the time, there appeared another work upon the same subject, taken verbatim from my first volume, except a few stupid things which were joined to the extract. This book bore the

name of a Genevese, one Balexsert, and, according to the title-page, had gained the premium in the Academy of Harlem. I easily imagined this Academy and this premium to be newly created, the better to conceal the plagiarism from the eyes of the public; but I further perceived that there was some prior intrigue which I could not unravel—either by the lending of my manuscript, without which the theft could not have been committed, or for the purpose of forging the story of the pretended premium, to which it was necessary to give some foundation. It was not until several years afterwards that, by a word which escaped D'Ivernois, I penetrated the mystery, and discovered those by whom Sieur Balexsert had been brought forward.

The low murmurings which precede a storm began to be heard, and men of penetration clearly saw there was something hatching, relative to me and my book, which would shortly break forth. For my part, my stupidity was such that, far from foreseeing my misfortune, I did not even suspect the cause of it after I had felt its effect. It was artfully given out that, while the Jesuits were treated with severity, no indulgence could be shown to books, nor the authors of them, in which religion was attacked. I was reproached with having put my name to *Émile*, as if I had not put it to all my other works, of which nothing was said. Authority seemed to fear lest it should be obliged regretfully to take some steps which circumstances rendered necessary on account of my impru-

dence. Rumours to this effect reached my ears, and gave me little uneasiness : it never even came into my head that there could be the least thing in the whole affair which related to me personally, so perfectly irreproachable and well supported did I think myself; having besides conformed to every ministerial regulation, and not apprehending that Madame de Luxembourg would leave me in difficulties for an error which, if it existed, proceeded entirely from herself. But knowing the manner of proceeding in like cases, and that it was customary to punish booksellers while authors were favoured, I had some uneasiness on account of poor Duchesne, whom I saw exposed to danger, should Monsieur de Malesherbes abandon him.

My tranquillity still continued. Rumours increased, and soon changed their nature. The public, and especially the Parliament, seemed irritated by my composure. In a few days the fermentation became terrible, and the object of the menaces being changed, these were immediately addressed to me. The Parliamentarians were heard to declare that burning books was of no effect, the authors also should be burned with them ; not a word was said of the booksellers. The first time these expressions, more worthy of an inquisitor of Goa than of a senator, were related to me, I had no doubt of their coming from the Holbachians with an intention to alarm me, and excite me to flight. I laughed at their puerile manœuvre, and said that they would, had they known the real state of things, have thought of some other means of

inspiring me with fear; but the rumour at length became such that I perceived the matter was serious. Monsieur and Madame de Luxembourg had this year come to Montmorency in the beginning of June, which, for their second journey, was earlier than usual: I heard but little there of my new books, notwithstanding the noise they made in Paris; and the heads of the family said not a single word to me on the subject. However, one morning, when Monsieur de Luxembourg and I were together, he asked me if, in the *Contrat Social*, I had spoken ill of Monsieur de Choiseul. 'I!' said I, retreating a few steps with surprise; 'no; I swear to you I have not; but, on the contrary, I have made on him, and with a pen not given to praise, the finest eulogium a minister ever received.' I then showed him the passage.[1] 'And in *Émile*?' replied he. 'Not a word,' said I; 'there is not in it a single word which relates to him.' 'Ah!' said he, with more vivacity than was common to him, 'you should have taken the same care in the other book, or have expressed yourself more clearly.' 'I thought,' replied I, 'that I had so expressed myself; my esteem for him was such that I could not do otherwise.' He was again going to speak; I perceived him ready to open his mind: he stopped short and held his tongue. Wretched policy of a courtier, which, in the best of hearts, subjugates friendship itself!

This conversation, although short, explained to me my situation, at least in a certain way,

[1] *Le Contrat Social*, Book III. ch. vi.

and gave me to understand that it was against myself that enmity was directed. The unheard-of fatality which turned to my prejudice all the good I did and wrote afflicted my heart. Yet, feeling myself shielded in this affair by Madame de Luxembourg and Monsieur de Malesherbes, I did not perceive how my persecutors could deprive me of their protection; beyond this, I was convinced that equity and justice were thenceforth no longer in question, and that no trouble would be taken in examining whether I was culpable or no. The storm meanwhile became still more menacing. Néaulme himself expressed to me, in the excess of his babbling, how much he repented having had anything to do in the business, and his seeming certainty of the fate with which the book and the author were threatened. One thing, however, alleviated my fears: I saw Madame de Luxembourg so calm, satisfied, and cheerful, that I concluded she must necessarily be certain of the sufficiency of her credit, seeing that she did not seem to have the least apprehension on my account; that she said not a word to me either of consolation or apology; that she saw the turn the affair was taking with as much unconcern as if she had nothing to do with it or with anything else that related to me. What surprised me most was her complete silence. I thought she should have said something on the subject. Madame de Boufflers appeared less easy. She was agitated and restless, busied herself a good deal, assuring me that Monsieur le Prince de Conti was taking great pains to ward off the blow about to be

directed against my person, and which she attributed to the nature of present circumstances, in which it was of importance to the Parliament not to suffer themselves to be accused by the Jesuits of indifference to religion. She did not, however, seem to depend much either upon the success of her own efforts or even those of the Prince. Her conversations, more alarming than reassuring, all tended to persuade me to leave the kingdom and go to England, where she offered to find me many friends; amongst others, the celebrated Hume, who had long been hers. Seeing me still unshaken, she had recourse to other arguments more capable of disturbing my tranquillity. She intimated that, in case I was arrested and interrogated, I should be under the necessity of naming Madame de Luxembourg, and that her friendship for me required, on my part, such precautions as were necessary to prevent her being compromised. My answer was, that should what she apprehended come to pass, she need not be alarmed; that I should do nothing by which the lady might become a sufferer. She said that such a resolution was more easily taken than adhered to, and in this she was right, especially with respect to me, determined as I always have been neither to perjure myself nor lie before judges, whatever danger there might be in speaking the truth.

Perceiving this observation had made some impression upon my mind, without, however, inducing me to resolve upon flight, she spoke of the Bastille for a few weeks, as a means of

placing me beyond the reach of the jurisdiction of the Parliament, which has nothing to do with prisoners of State. I had no objection to this singular favour, provided it were not solicited in my name. As she never spoke of it a second time, I afterwards thought her proposition was made to sound me, and that the party did not think proper to have recourse to an expedient which would have put an end to everything.

A few days afterwards, Monsieur le Maréchal received from the curé of Deuil, the friend of Grimm and Madame d'Épinay, a letter informing him, as from good authority, that the Parliament was to proceed against me with the greatest severity, and that, on a day which he mentioned, an order was to be given to arrest me. I imagined that this was fabricated by the Holbachians. I knew the Parliament to be very attentive to forms, and that on this occasion, beginning by arresting me before it was juridically known whether I avowed myself the author of the book, was violating them all. I observed to Madame de Boufflers that none but persons accused of crimes which tend to endanger the public safety were, on a simple information, ordered to be arrested lest they should escape punishment; but when Government wish to punish a crime like mine, which merits honour and recompense, the proceedings are directed against the book, and the author is as much as possible left out of the question. Upon this she made some subtle distinction, which I have forgotten, to prove that ordering me to be

arrested instead of summoning me to be heard was a matter of favour. The next day I received a letter from Guy, who informed me that, having in the morning been with the Procureur-général, he had seen in his office the rough draft of a requisition against *Émile* and the author. Guy, it is to be remembered, was the partner of Duchesne, who had printed the work, and, without apprehensions on his own account, charitably gave this information to the author. The credit I gave to him may be guessed. It was, no doubt, a very probable story that a bookseller, admitted to an audience by Monsieur le Procureur-général, should read at ease scattered manuscripts and rough drafts in the office of that magistrate. Madame de Boufflers and others confirmed what he had said. By the absurdities which were incessantly rung in my ears, I was almost tempted to believe that everybody had lost his senses.

Clearly perceiving that there was some mystery, which no one thought proper to explain to me, I patiently awaited the event, depending upon my integrity and innocence, and thinking myself happy, let the persecution which awaited me be what it would, to be called to the honour of suffering in the cause of truth. Far from being afraid and concealing myself, I went every day to the château, and in the afternoon took my usual walk. On the 8th of June, the evening before the order was concluded on, I walked in company with two professors of the Oratory, Père Alamanni and Père Mandard. We carried to Les Champeaux

a little collation, which we ate with a keen appetite. We had forgotten to bring glasses, and supplied the want of them by stalks of rye, through which we sucked up the wine from the bottle, piquing ourselves upon the choice of large tubes to vie with each other in pumping up what we drank. I never was more cheerful in my life.

I have related in what manner I lost my sleep during my youth. I had since that time contracted a habit of reading every night in my bed, until I found my eyes begin to grow heavy. I then extinguished my wax taper, and endeavoured to slumber for a few moments, which were in general very short. The book I commonly read at night was the Bible, which in this manner I read five or six times from the beginning to the end. This evening, finding myself less disposed to sleep than ordinary, I continued my reading beyond the usual hour, and read the whole book which finishes at the Levite of Ephraim—the Book of Judges, if I mistake not, for since that time I have never once seen it. This history affected me exceedingly, and in a kind of dream my imagination still ran on it, when suddenly I was roused from my stupor by a noise and a light. Thérèse, carrying a candle, lighted Monsieur La Roche, who, perceiving me hastily raise myself up, said: 'Do not be alarmed; I come from Madame la Maréchale, who, in her letter, encloses you another from Monsieur le Prince de Conti.' In fact, in the letter of Madame de Luxembourg I found another, which an express from

the Prince had brought her, stating that, notwithstanding all his efforts, it was determined to proceed against me with the utmost rigour. 'The fermentation,' said he, 'is extreme; nothing can ward off the blow; the Court requires it, and the Parliament will absolutely proceed; at seven o'clock in the morning an order will be made to arrest him, and persons will immediately be sent to execute it. I have obtained a promise that he shall not be pursued if he make his escape; but if he persists in exposing himself to be taken, this will immediately happen.' La Roche conjured me on behalf of Madame de Luxembourg to rise and go to confer with her. It was two o'clock, and she had just retired to bed. 'She expects you,' added he, 'and will not go to sleep without speaking to you.' I dressed myself in haste and ran to her.

She appeared to be agitated; it was the first time. Her distress affected me. In this moment of surprise, and in the night, I myself was not free from emotion; but on seeing her I forgot my own situation, and thought of nothing but herself, and the melancholy part she would have to play should I suffer myself to be arrested; for, while feeling that I had sufficient courage strictly to adhere to truth, although I might be certain of its being prejudicial or even destructive to me, I was convinced that I had not presence of mind, address, nor perhaps firmness enough to avoid exposing her should I be closely pressed. This determined me to sacrifice my reputation to her tranquillity, and to do for her on this occasion that which nothing could have pre-

vailed upon me to do for myself. The moment I had come to this resolution I declared it, wishing not to diminish the magnitude of the sacrifice by giving her the least trouble to obtain it. I am sure she could not mistake my motive, although she said not a word which proved to me she was sensible of it. I was so much shocked at her indifference that for a moment I thought of retracting; but the Maréchal came in, and Madame de Boufflers arrived from Paris a few moments afterwards. They did what Madame de Luxembourg ought to have done. I suffered myself to be flattered; I was ashamed to retract; and all that remained to be decided was the place of my retreat and the time of my departure. Monsieur de Luxembourg proposed to me to remain with him incognito a few days, that we might deliberate at leisure, and take such measures as should seem most proper; to this I would not consent, no more than to go secretly to the Temple. I was determined to set off the same day rather than remain concealed in any place whatever.

Knowing that I had secret and powerful enemies in the kingdom, I thought, notwithstanding my attachment to France, that I ought to quit it, the better to insure my future tranquillity. My first intention was to retire to Geneva; but a moment of reflection was sufficient to dissuade me from committing that act of folly. I knew that the ministry of France, more powerful at Geneva than at Paris, would not leave me more at peace in one of these cities than in the other, were

a resolution taken to torment me. I was also convinced that *Le Discours sur l'Inégalité* had excited against me in the Council a hatred the more dangerous since it dared not make itself manifest. I had also learned that when *La Nouvelle Héloïse* appeared, the same Council had hastened to forbid the sale of that work, upon the solicitation of Doctor Tronchin; but, perceiving the example was not imitated, even in Paris, the members were ashamed of what they had done, and withdrew the prohibition. I had no doubt that, finding in the present case a more favourable opportunity, they would be very careful to take advantage of it. Notwithstanding exterior appearances, I knew that there reigned against me in the heart of every Genevese a secret jealousy, which only awaited an occasion to show itself. Nevertheless, love of country called me to my own, and, could I have flattered myself that I might there live in peace, I should not have hesitated; but, neither honour nor reason permitting me to seek refuge there as a fugitive, I resolved to approach it only, and to wait in Switzerland until something relative to me should be determined upon in Geneva. This state of uncertainty did not, as it will soon appear, continue long.

Madame de Boufflers highly disapproved this resolution, and renewed her efforts to induce me to go to England: all she could say was of no effect. I have never loved England nor the English, and the eloquence of Madame de Boufflers, far from conquering my repugnance, seemed to increase it without my knowing why.

Determined to set off the same day, I was from the morning inaccessible to everybody; and La Roche, whom I sent to fetch my papers, would not tell Thérèse whether I was gone or no. Since I had determined some day to write my own memoirs, I had collected a great number of letters and other papers, so that much going to and fro was necessary. A part of these papers, already selected, were laid aside, and I employed the morning in sorting the rest, that I might take with me such only as were useful and destroy what remained. Monsieur de Luxembourg was kind enough to assist me in this business, which we could not finish in the forenoon, and I had not time to burn a single paper. Monsieur le Maréchal offered to take upon himself to sort what I should leave behind me, and throw into the fire every sheet that he found useless, without trusting to any person whomsoever, and to send me those of which he should make choice. I accepted his offer, very glad to be delivered from that care, that I might pass the few hours I had to remain with persons so dear to me, from whom I was going to separate for ever. He took the key of the chamber in which I had left these papers; and, at my earnest solicitation, sent for my poor 'aunt,' who, not knowing what was become of me, or what was to become of herself, and in momentary expectation of the arrival of the officers of justice without knowing how to act or what to answer them, was wofully perplexed. La Roche accompanied her to the château in silence; she thought I was already

far away. On perceiving me, she made the place resound with her cries, and threw herself into my arms. O friendship, affinity of sentiment, habit, and intimacy! In this pleasing yet cruel moment were concentrated many days of happiness, tenderness, and peace passed together, augmenting the grief of a first separation after a union of seventeen years, during which we had scarcely lost sight of each other for a single day. The Maréchal, who saw this embrace, could not suppress his tears. He withdrew. Thérèse resolved nevermore to leave me. I made her understand the inconvenience of accompanying me at that moment, and the necessity of her remaining to take charge of my effects and collect my money. When an order is made to arrest a man, it is customary to seize his papers, and put a seal upon his effects, or to make an inventory of them and appoint a guardian, to whose care they are intrusted. It was necessary that she should remain to observe what passed, and get everything settled in the most advantageous manner possible. I promised her that she should shortly come to me; Monsieur le Maréchal confirmed my promise; but I did not choose to tell her whither I was going, that, in case she should be interrogated by the persons who came to take me into custody, she might with truth plead ignorance upon that head. In embracing her the moment before we separated, I felt within me a most extraordinary emotion, and I said to her with an agitation which, alas! was but too prophetic, 'My child, you must arm yourself with courage.



SEPARATION FROM THÉRÈSE

You have partaken of my prosperity; it now remains to you, since you have chosen it, to partake of my misery. Expect nothing in future but insult and calamity in my train. The destiny begun for me by this melancholy day will pursue me until my latest hour.'

I had now nothing to think of but my departure. The officers were to arrive at ten o'clock. It was four in the afternoon when I set off, and they had not yet come. It was determined that I should travel post. I had no carriage. The Maréchal made me a present of a cabriolet, and lent me horses and a postillion as far as the first stage, where, in consequence of the measures he had taken, I had no difficulty in procuring others.

As I had not dined at table, nor made my appearance in the château, the ladies came to bid me adieu in the *entresol*, where I had passed the day. Madame la Maréchale embraced me several times with a melancholy air, but I did not in these embraces feel the fervour of those that she had lavished upon me two or three years before. Madame de Boufflers also embraced me, and said to me many civil things. An embrace which surprised me more than all the rest had done was one from Madame de Mirepoix, for she also was there. Madame la Maréchale de Mirepoix is a person extremely cold, decent, and reserved, and did not seem quite exempt from the natural haughtiness of the House of Lorraine. She had never shown me much attention. Whether, flattered by an honour I had not expected, I endeavoured to

enhance its value, or that there really was in the embrace a little of that commiseration natural to generous hearts, I found in her manner and look a kind of energy which penetrated me. I have since that time frequently thought that, acquainted with my destiny, she could not refrain from a momentary concern for my fate.

Monsieur le Maréchal did not open his mouth. He was as pale as death. He would absolutely accompany me to the carriage, which waited at the horse-trough. We crossed the garden without uttering a single word. I had a key of the park, with which I opened the gate, and instead of putting it again into my pocket I tendered it to him without saying a word. He took it with a vivacity which surprised me, and which has since frequently intruded itself upon my thoughts. I have seldom in my whole life had a more bitter moment than that of this separation. Our embrace was long and silent: we both felt that this embrace was a last adieu.

Between La Barre and Montmorency I met, in a hired carriage, four men in black, who saluted me smilingly. According to what Thérèse has since told me of the officers of justice, the hour of their arrival and their manner of behaviour, I have no doubt that they were the persons I met, especially as the order to arrest me, instead of being made out at seven o'clock, as I had been told it would, had not been given till noon. I had to go through Paris. A person in a cabriolet is not

much concealed. I saw several persons in the streets who saluted me with an air of familiarity, but I did not know one of them. The same evening I changed my route to go to Villeroy. At Lyons the couriers should be conducted to the commandant. This might have been embarrassing to a man unwilling either to lie or change his name. I went with a letter from Madame de Luxembourg to beg Monsieur de Villeroy would cause me to be spared this disagreeable ceremony. Monsieur de Villeroy gave me a letter, of which I made no use, because I did not go through Lyons. This letter still remains sealed up amongst my papers. Monsieur le Duc pressed me to sleep at Villeroy, but I preferred returning to the high-road, which I did, and travelled two more stages the same evening.

My carriage was uncomfortable, and I was too much indisposed to go far in a day. My appearance, besides, was not sufficiently distinguished for me to be well served, and in France post-horses only feel the whip upon the postillion's shoulders. By paying the guides generously, I thought I should make up for my appearance and address. This was still worse. They took me for a mean fellow who was carrying orders, and for the first time in my life travelling post. From that moment I had nothing but worn-out hacks, and I became the sport of the postillions. I ended as I should have begun, by being patient, holding my tongue, and suffering myself to be driven as they thought proper.

I had sufficient matter of reflection to prevent me from being weary on the road, employing myself in reviewing all that had just happened; but this was neither my turn of mind nor the inclination of my heart. The facility with which I forget past evils, however recent they may be, is astonishing. The remembrance of them becomes feeble, and, sooner or later, effaced, in inverse proportion to the greater degree of fear with which the approach of them inspires me. My cruel imagination, incessantly tormented by the apprehension of evils still at a distance, diverts my attention, and prevents me from recollecting those which are past. Caution is needless after the evil has happened, and it is time lost to give it a thought. I, in some measure, put a period to my misfortunes before they happen; the more I have suffered at their approach, the greater is the facility with which I forget them; whilst, on the contrary, incessantly recollecting my past happiness, I recall and ruminate on it, if I may so speak, even to the point of enjoying it anew at will. It is to this happy disposition that I am indebted for an exemption from that rancorous humour which ferments in a vindictive mind by the continual remembrance of injuries received, and torments it with all the evil it wishes to do its enemy. Naturally choleric, I have felt all the force of anger, which in the first moments has sometimes been carried to fury; but a desire of vengeance never took root within me. I think too little of the offence

to give myself much trouble about the offender. I think of the injury I have received from him only on account of that which he may do me a second time; and were I certain he would never do me another, the first would be instantly forgotten. Pardon of offences is continually preached to us; it is doubtless a very fine virtue, but it concerns not me. I know not whether my heart would be capable of overcoming its hatred, for it never yet felt that passion, and I bestow too little thought on my enemies to have the merit of pardoning them. I will not say to what a degree, in order to torment me, they torment themselves. I am at their mercy, they have unbounded power, and use it. There is but one thing beyond them, and in which I set them at defiance — that is, in tormenting themselves about me, to force me to give myself the least trouble about them.

The day following my departure, I had so perfectly forgotten what had passed—the Parliament, Madame de Pompadour, Monsieur de Choiseul, Grimm, and D'Alembert, with their plots and conspiracies,—that, had it not been for the necessary precautions during the journey, I should have thought no more of them. The remembrance of one thing which supplied the place of all these was what I had read the evening before my departure. I recollected also Gesner's *Idylls*, which his translator Hubert had sent me a little time before. These two ideas occurred to me so strongly, and were connected in such a manner in my mind, that

I was determined to endeavour to unite them by treating, after the manner of Gesner, the subject of the Levite of Ephraim. His pastoral and simple style appeared to me but little fitted to so horrid a subject, and it was not to be presumed that my situation at that moment would furnish me with such ideas as would enliven it. However, I attempted the thing, solely to amuse myself in my cabriolet, and without the least hope of success. I had no sooner begun than I was astonished at the gaiety of my ideas, and the facility with which I could express them. In three days I composed the three first cantos of this little poem, which I finished at Motiers, and I am certain of not having done anything in my life in which there is a more interesting mildness of manner, a greater brilliancy of colouring, more simple delineation, greater exactness of proportion, or more antique simplicity in general, notwithstanding the horror of the subject, which in itself is abominable, so that, besides every other merit, I had still that of a difficulty conquered. If *Le Lévite d'Ephraïm* be not the best of my works, it will ever be the one I hold most dear. I have never read, nor shall I ever read it again, without feeling within the applause of a heart without acrimony, which, far from being embittered by misfortunes, is susceptible of consolation in the midst of them, and finds within itself a resource by which they are counterbalanced. Assemble the great philosophers, so superior in their books to adversity which they never suffered, place them in a situation similar to mine, and, in the first

moments of indignation consequent on injured honour, give them a like work to compose: it will be seen in what manner they will acquit themselves of the task.

When I set off from Montmorency to go into Switzerland, I had resolved to stop at Yverdun, at the house of my good old friend Monsieur Roguin, who had several years before retired to that place, and had invited me to go and see him. I had been told that Lyons was not the direct road, for which reason I avoided going through it. But, on the other hand, I was obliged to pass through Besançon, a fortified town, and consequently subject to the same inconvenience. I took it into my head to turn about and go through Salins, under the pretence of going to see Monsieur de Mairan, the nephew of Monsieur Dupin, who had an employment at the saltworks, and formerly had given me many invitations to his house. The expedient succeeded. Monsieur de Mairan was not in the way, and, happily, not being obliged to stop, I continued my journey without being spoken to by anybody.

The moment I was within the territory of Berne, I bade them to stop. I got out of my carriage, prostrated myself, kissed the ground, and exclaimed in a transport of joy: 'Heaven, the protector of virtue, be praised I touch a land of liberty!' Thus, blind and unsuspecting in my hopes, have I ever been passionately attached to that which was to make me unhappy. The astonished postillion thought me mad. I regained the carriage, and a few hours afterwards I had the pure and lively satisfaction

of feeling myself pressed within the arms of the worthy Roguin. Ah! let me breathe for a moment with this estimable host. It is necessary that I should gain strength and courage before I proceed further; I shall soon find need for both.

It is not without reason that I have been diffuse, in the foregoing recital, respecting all the circumstances I have been able to recollect. Although they may seem a little uninteresting, yet, when once the thread of the conspiracy is grasped, they may throw some light upon its progress; and, for example, without giving the first idea of the problem I am going to propose, they afford some aid in solving it.

Suppose that, for the execution of the conspiracy of which I was the object, my absence was absolutely necessary, everything tending to that effect could not have happened otherwise than it did; but if, without suffering myself to be startled by the nocturnal embassy of Madame de Luxembourg and troubled by her alarm, I had continued to hold out as I had begun, and, instead of remaining at the castle, returned to my bed and slept quietly until morning, should I have equally had an order of arrest made out against me? This is a great question, upon which the solution of many others depends; and for the examination of it, the hour of the comminatory decree and that of the real decree may be remarked to advantage—a rude but evident example of the importance of the least detail in the exposition of facts of which the secret causes are sought, that they may be discovered by induction.

BOOK XII

[1762]

HERE begins the work of darkness in which I have for the last eight years been enveloped, without—strive as I would—being able to penetrate the dreadful obscurity. In the abyss of evil into which I am plunged, I feel the blows reach me, and see the immediate instruments; but I cannot perceive the hand by which they are directed, or the means it employs. Shame and misfortune seem of themselves to fall upon me invisibly. When in the affliction of my heart I suffer a groan to escape me, I have the appearance of a man who complains without reason, and the authors of my ruin have acquired the inconceivable art of making the public, unknown to itself, or without its perceiving the effects of it, an accomplice in their conspiracy. Therefore, in my narrative of circumstances relative to myself, of the treatment I have received, and all that has happened to me, I shall not be able to indicate the directing hand nor assign the causes, while I state the effect. The primitive causes are all given in the preceding books; everything in which I am interested, and all the secret motives, are pointed out. But it is impossible for me to explain,

even by conjecture, how the different causes combine to bring about the strange events of my life. If any amongst my readers should be generous enough to wish to probe the mystery to the bottom and discover the truth, let them read carefully over a second time the three preceding books; afterwards, at each fact they shall find stated in the books which follow, let them gain such information as is within their reach, and go back from intrigue to intrigue, and from agent to agent, until they come to the first mover of all. I know where their researches will terminate; but in the meantime I lose myself in the crooked and obscure subterranean path through which their steps must be directed.

During my stay at Yverdun, I became acquainted with all the family of Monsieur Roguin, and amongst others with his niece, Madame Boy de La Tour and her daughters, whose father, as I think I have already observed, I had formerly known at Lyons. She was at Yverdun upon a visit to her uncle and his sisters; her eldest daughter, about fifteen years of age, delighted me by her fine understanding and excellent disposition. I conceived the most tender friendship for the mother and the daughter. The latter was destined by Monsieur Roguin to the colonel his nephew, a man already verging towards the decline of life, and who also showed me marks of great esteem and affection; but, although the heart of the uncle was set upon this marriage, which was much wished for by the nephew also, and I was

very desirous to promote the satisfaction of both, the great disproportion of age and the extreme repugnancy of the young lady made me join with the mother in opposing this union, which did not take place. The colonel has since married Mademoiselle Dillan, his relation, beautiful and amiable as my heart could wish, and who has made him the happiest of husbands and fathers. Nevertheless Monsieur Roguin has not yet forgotten my opposition to his wishes. My consolation is in the certainty of having discharged to him and his family the duty of the most pure friendship, which does not always consist in being agreeable, but in advising for the best.

I did not remain long in doubt about the reception which awaited me at Geneva, had I chosen to return to that city. My book was burned there, and on the 18th of June, nine days after an order to arrest me had been issued at Paris, another to the same effect was determined upon by the Republic. So many incredible absurdities were stated in this second decree, in which the ecclesiastical edict was formally violated, that I refused to believe the first accounts I heard of it, and when these were well confirmed, I trembled lest so manifest an infraction of every law, beginning with that of common-sense, should throw Geneva into utter confusion. I was, however, relieved from my fears; everything remained quiet. If there was any rumour amongst the populace, it was unfavourable to me, and I was publicly treated by all the gossips and pedants like a scholar

threatened with a flogging for not having said his catechism.

These two decrees were the signal for the cry of malediction raised against me with unexampled fury in every part of Europe. All the gazettes, journals, and pamphlets loudly rang the tocsin. The French especially, that mild, generous, and polished people, who pique themselves so much upon their attention and proper condescension to the unfortunate, instantly forgetting their favourite virtues, signalised themselves by the number and violence of the outrages wherewith each vied with the other in overwhelming me. I was impious, an atheist, a madman, a wild beast, a wolf. The continuator of the *Journal de Trévoux* was guilty of a piece of extravagance in attacking my pretended lycanthropy, which was no mean proof of his own. One would have thought that an author in Paris was afraid of incurring the animadversion of the police by publishing a work of any kind without cramming into it some insult to me. In seeking vainly the cause of this unanimous animosity, I was almost tempted to believe the world was gone mad. What! the editor of the *Perpetual Peace* spread discord; the author of the *Savoyard Vicar* impious; the writer of the *Nouvelle Héloïse* a wolf; the author of *Émile* a madman! Gracious God! what then should I have been had I published the book entitled *De l'Esprit*,[1] or any similar work? And yet in the storm raised against the author of that book, the public, far from joining the

[1] By Claude Adrien Helvétius (1715-1771).

cry of his persecutors, avenged him by their eulogies. Let his book and mine, the reception the two works met with, and the treatment of the two authors in the different countries of Europe, be compared; and for the difference let causes satisfactory to a man of sense be found, and I will ask no more.

I found the residence of Yverdun so agreeable that I resolved to yield to the earnest solicitations of Monsieur Roguin and his family, who were desirous of keeping me there. Monsieur de Moiry de Gingins, bailli of that city, encouraged me by his goodness to remain within his jurisdiction. The colonel pressed me so much to accept for my habitation a little pavilion he had in his house, between the court and the garden, that I complied with his request, and he immediately furnished it with everything necessary for my little household. The Banneret Roguin, one of the persons who showed me the most assiduous attention, did not leave me during the whole day. I was much flattered by his civilities, but they sometimes worried me. The day on which I was to take possession of my new habitation was already fixed, and I had written to Thérèse to come to me, when suddenly a storm was raised against me in Berne, which was attributed to religious fanatics, but I have never been able to learn the primary cause of it. The Senate, excited against me, without my knowing by whom, did not seem disposed to suffer me to remain undisturbed in my retreat. The moment Monsieur le Bailli was informed of the new fermentation,

he wrote in my favour to several members of the Government, reproaching them with their blind intolerance, and telling them it was shameful to refuse to a man of merit, under oppression, the asylum which so many banditti found in their States. Sensible people were of opinion that the warmth of his reproaches had rather embittered than softened the minds of the magistrates. However this may be, neither his influence nor his eloquence could ward off the blow. Having received an intimation of the order he was to signify to me, he gave me a previous communication of it; and, that I might not await its arrival, I resolved to set off the next day. The difficulty was to know whither to go, finding myself shut out from Geneva and France, and foreseeing that in this affair each State would be anxious to imitate its neighbour.

Madame Boy de La Tour proposed to me to go and reside in an uninhabited but completely furnished house, which belonged to her son, in the village of Motiers, in the Val de Travers, in the county of Neufchâtel. I had only a mountain to cross to arrive at it. The offer came the more opportunely, as in the States of the King of Prussia I should naturally be sheltered from persecution, at least religion could hardly serve as a pretext for it. But a secret difficulty, that I did not choose to divulge, had in it sufficient to make me hesitate. That innate love of justice to which my heart was constantly subject, added to my secret inclination to France, had inspired me with an aversion to the King

of Prussia, who, by his maxims and conduct, seemed to tread under foot all respect for natural law and every duty of humanity. Amongst the framed engravings with which I had decorated my donjon at Montmorency was a portrait of this prince, and under it a distich, which ended thus:—

'Il pense en philosophe, et se conduit en roi.'

This, which from any other pen would have been a pretty compliment, from mine had an equivocal meaning, and too clearly explained the verse by which it was preceded.[1] The distich had been seen by everybody who came to see me, and my visitors were numerous. The Chevalier de Lorenzi had even written it down to give it to D'Alembert, and I had no doubt but D'Alembert had taken care to make his court with it to the prince. I had also aggravated this first fault by a passage in *Émile*, where, under the name of Adrastus, king of the Daunians, it was clearly seen whom I had in view, and the remark had not escaped commentators, for Madame de Boufflers had several times mentioned the subject to me. I was therefore certain of being inscribed in red ink on the registers of the King of Prussia, and besides, supposing that he held the principles I had dared to attribute to him, he, for that reason, could not but be displeased with my

[1] This verse ran—

'La gloire, l'intérêt, voilâ son Dieu, sa loi.'

It did not precede the verse cited in the text. That was at the foot of the portrait; the other was written at the back.

writings and their author; for everybody knows that the evil-disposed and tyrants have never failed to conceive the most mortal hatred against me, solely on reading my works, without being acquainted with my person.

However, I had presumption enough to depend upon his mercy, and was far from thinking I ran much risk. I knew none but weak men were slaves to the baser passions, and that these had but little power over strong minds, such as I had always thought his to be. According to his art of reigning, I thought he could not but show himself magnanimous on this occasion, and that being so in fact was not above his character. I thought a mean and easy vengeance would not for a moment counterbalance his love of glory, and, putting myself in his place, his taking advantage of circumstances to overwhelm with the weight of his generosity a man who had dared to think ill of him did not appear to me impossible. I therefore went to settle at Motiers, with a confidence of which I imagined he would feel all the value, and said to myself: When Jean-Jacques rises to the elevation of Coriolanus, will Frederick sink below the General of the Volsci?

Colonel Roguin insisted on crossing the mountains with me, and installing me at Motiers. A sister-in-law to Madame Boy de La Tour, named Madame Girardier, to whom the house in which I was going to live was very convenient, did not see me arrive there with pleasure; however, she with a good grace

put me in possession of my lodging, and I boarded with her until Thérèse came, and my little establishment was formed.

Perceiving at my departure from Montmorency that I should in future be a fugitive upon the earth, I hesitated about permitting her to come to me and partake of the wandering life to which I saw myself condemned. I felt that owing to this catastrophe the nature of our relation to each other was about to change, and that what until then had on my part been favour and friendship would in future become so on hers. If her attachment were proof against my misfortunes, I knew that these must deeply grieve her, and that her grief would add to my pain. Should my disgrace weaken her affections, she would make me consider her constancy as a sacrifice, and, instead of feeling the pleasure I had in dividing with her my last morsel of bread, she would see nothing but her own merit in electing to follow me wherever I was driven by fate.

I must say everything. I have never concealed the vices either of my poor Mamma or myself; I cannot be more favourable to Thérèse, and, whatever pleasure I may have in doing honour to a person who is dear to me, I will not disguise the truth, although it may discover in her an error, if an involuntary change in the affections of the heart be one. I had long perceived hers to grow cooler towards me, and that she was no longer to me what she had been in our younger days; and of this I was the more sensible, as for her I was

what I had always been. I fell into the same inconvenience the effect of which I had felt with Mamma, and this effect was the same now that I was with Thérèse. Let us not seek for perfection, which nature never produces; it would be the same thing with any other woman. The manner in which I had disposed of my children, however reasonable it had appeared to me, had not always left my heart at ease. While writing my *Traité de l'Éducation* I felt that I had neglected duties with which it was not possible to dispense. Remorse at length became so strong that it almost forced from me a public confession of my fault at the beginning of my *Émile*, and the passage is so clear that it is astonishing how any person should, after reading it, have had the courage to reproach me.[1] My situation was, however, still the same, or something worse, by the animosity of my enemies, who sought to detect me in a fault. I feared a relapse, and, unwilling to run the risk, I preferred abstinence to exposing Thérèse to a similar mortification. I had besides remarked that a connection with women was prejudicial to my health; this double reason made me form resolutions which I had sometimes but badly kept, but for the last three or four years I had more constantly adhered to them. It was in this interval I had remarked Thérèse's coolness. She had the

[1] 'A father, when he begets and feeds children, thereby performs but a third part of his task. . . . He who cannot fulfil the duties of a father has no right to become such.'—*Émile*, Book I.

same attachment to me from duty, but no longer from love. Our intercourse naturally became less agreeable, and I imagined that, certain of the continuation of my care wherever she might be, she would choose to stay at Paris rather than to wander with me. Yet she had given such signs of grief at our parting, had required of me such positive promises that we should meet again, and, since my departure, had shown to Monsieur le Prince de Conti and Monsieur de Luxembourg so strong a desire of it, that, far from having the courage to speak to her of separation, I scarcely had enough to think of it myself; and, after having felt in my heart how impossible it was for me to do without her, all I thought of afterwards was to recall her to me as soon as possible. I wrote to her to this effect, and she came. It was scarcely two months since I had quitted her, but it was our first separation after so many years. We had both of us felt it most cruelly. What emotion in our first embrace! Oh, how delightful are the tears of tenderness and joy! How does my heart drink them up! Why have I not had reason to shed them more frequently?

On my arrival at Motiers I had written to Lord Keith, Marshal of Scotland and Governor of Neufchâtel, informing him of my retreat into the States of his Prussian Majesty, and requesting of him his protection. He answered me with his well-known generosity, and in the manner I had expected from him. He invited me to his house. I went with Monsieur

Martinet, Châtelain of Val de Travers, who was in great favour with his excellency. The venerable appearance of this illustrious and virtuous Scotchman powerfully affected my heart, and from that instant began between him and me the strong attachment which on my part still remains the same, and would be so on his had not the traitors who have deprived me of all the consolations of life taken advantage of my absence to deceive his old age and depreciate me in his esteem.

George Keith, Hereditary Marshal of Scotland, and brother to the famous General Keith, who lived gloriously and died on the bed of honour, had quitted his country at a very early age, and was proscribed on account of his attachment to the House of Stuart. With that house, however, he soon became disgusted by the unjust and tyrannical spirit he observed in it—always its ruling characteristic. He lived a long time in Spain, the climate of which pleased him exceedingly, and at length attached himself, as his brother had done, to the service of the King of Prussia, who knew the nature of men, and gave them the reception they merited. He was well rewarded for this reception in the services rendered him by Marshal Keith, and by what was infinitely more precious, the sincere friendship of his lordship. The great mind of this worthy man, haughty and republican, could stoop to no other yoke than that of friendship; but to this he was so obedient that, with very different maxims, he saw nothing but Frederick from the moment he became

attached to him. The King charged the Marshal with affairs of importance, sent him to Paris, to Spain, and at length, seeing he was already advanced in years and in need of repose, let him retire with the government of Neufchâtel, and the delightful employment of passing there the remainder of his life in rendering that little population happy.

The people of Neufchâtel, whose manners are frivolous, know not how to distinguish solid merit, and suppose wit to consist in long discourses. When they saw a sedate man, of simple manners, appear amongst them, they mistook his simplicity for haughtiness, his candour for rusticity, his laconism for stupidity, and rejected his benevolent regard, because, wishing to be useful, and not being a sycophant, he knew not how to flatter people he did not esteem. In the ridiculous affair of the minister Petitpierre, who was expelled by his colleagues for having been unwilling that they should be eternally damned, my lord, opposing the usurpations of the ministers, saw the whole country of which he took the part rise up against him, and when I arrived there the stupid murmur had not entirely subsided. He passed for a man influenced by the prejudices of others, and of all the imputations brought against him it was perhaps the least unjust. My first sentiment on seeing this venerable old man was that of tender commiseration on account of his extreme leanness of body, years having already left him almost fleshless; but, when I raised my eyes to his animated, open, noble countenance, I felt a

respect mingled with confidence which absorbed every other sentiment. He answered the very short compliment that I made him when I first came into his presence by speaking of something else, as if I had already been a week in his house. He did not even bid us sit down. The stupid châtelain remaining standing. For my part, I saw in the fine and piercing eye of his lordship something so conciliating that, feeling myself entirely at ease, I took my seat unceremoniously by his side upon the sofa. By the familiarity of his manner I immediately perceived that the liberty I took gave him pleasure, and that he said to himself, 'This is not a Neufchâtelois.'

Singular effect of the similarity of characters! At an age when the heart loses its natural warmth that of this good old man grew warm towards me to a degree which surprised everybody. He came to see me at Motiers, under the pretence of quail-shooting, and stayed there two days without touching a gun. We conceived such a friendship for each other that we knew not how to live separate. The Château of Colombier, where he passed the summer, was six leagues from Motiers. I went there at least once a fortnight, and made a stay of twenty-four hours, and then returned like a pilgrim with my heart full of affection for my host. The emotion I had formerly experienced in my journeys from the Hermitage to Eaubonne was certainly very different, but it was not more pleasing than that with which I approached Colombier. What tears of tenderness have I often shed when on the road to it, while

thinking of the paternal goodness, amiable virtues, and charming philosophy of this worthy old man! I called him father, and he called me son. These affectionate names give, in some measure, an idea of the attachment by which we were united, but by no means that of the want we felt of each other, nor of our continual desire to be together. He would absolutely give me an apartment at the Château of Colombier, and for a long time pressed me to take up my residence in that in which I lodged during my visits. I at length told him I felt more freedom in my own house, and that I had rather continue until the end of my life to come and see him. He approved of my candour, and never afterwards spoke to me on the subject. O my good lord! O my worthy father, how is my heart still moved when I think of you! Ah, barbarous wretches, how deeply did they wound me when they detached you from me! But no, great man, you are, and will ever be, the same for me, who am still the same. You have been deceived, but you are not changed.[1]

My Lord Marshal is not without faults; he is a man of wisdom, but still a man. With the greatest penetration, the nicest discrimination, and the most profound knowledge of men, he sometimes suffers himself to be deceived, and

[1] Marshal Keith, who was intimately acquainted with Hume, was sensibly hurt by Rousseau's quarrel with the historian, and expressed his sorrow on the occasion; but so little was he 'detached' from Rousseau that in May 1778 he bequeathed to him the watch he had always worn.

never recovers his error. His temper is very singular, and there is something odd and strange in his turn of mind. He seems to forget the people he sees every day, and thinks of them in a moment when they least expect it; his attention seems ill-timed; his presents are dictated by caprice and not by propriety; he gives or sends in an instant whatever comes into his head, be the value of it great or small. A young Genevese, desirous of entering into the service of Prussia, made a personal application to him. His lordship, instead of giving him a letter, gave him a little bag of peas, which he desired him to carry to the King. On receiving this singular recommendation his Majesty gave a commission to the bearer of it. These elevated geniuses have between themselves a language which the vulgar will never understand. These whimsicalities, something like the caprice of a fine woman, rendered him still more interesting to me. I was certain, and afterwards had proofs, that they had not the least influence over his sentiments, nor did they affect the cares prescribed by friendship on serious occasions; yet in his manner of obliging there is the same singularity as in his manners in general. Of this I will give one instance relative to a matter of no great importance. The journey from Motiers to Colombier being too long for me to perform in one day, I commonly divided it by setting off after dinner, and sleeping at Brot, which is half way. The landlord of the house where I stopped, named Sandoz, having to solicit at Berlin a favour of

extreme importance to him, begged I would request his excellency to ask it in his behalf. 'Most willingly,' said I, and took him with me. I left him in the antechamber, and mentioned the matter to his lordship, who returned me no answer. The whole forenoon passed: as I crossed the hall to go to dinner I saw poor Sandoz, who was fatigued to death with waiting. Thinking that my lord had forgotten him, I again spoke of the business before we sat down to table, but still received no answer. I thought this manner of making me feel I was importunate rather severe, and, pitying the poor man in waiting, held my tongue. On my return the next day I was much surprised at the thanks he returned me for the good dinner his excellency had given him in addition to receiving his paper. Three weeks afterwards his lordship sent him the rescript he had solicited, despatched by the minister and signed by the King, and this without having said a word either to myself or Sandoz concerning the business, with which I had supposed him unwilling to trouble himself.

I could wish incessantly to speak of George Keith; from him proceeds my recollection of the last happy moments I have enjoyed; all the rest of my life has been passed in affliction and grief of heart. The remembrance of this is so melancholy and confused that it was impossible for me to observe the least order in narrating events; henceforward I shall be obliged to set them down promiscuously, and as they present themselves to my mind.

I was soon relieved from my inquietude as to the certainty of my asylum by the answer from his Majesty to the Lord Marshal, in whom, as it will readily be believed, I had found an able advocate. The King not only approved of what he had done, but desired him —for I must relate everything—to give me twelve louis. The good old man, rather embarrassed by the commission, and not knowing well how to execute it, endeavoured to soften the insult by transforming the money into provisions, and writing to me that he had received orders to furnish me with wood and coal to begin my little establishment; he moreover added, and perhaps from himself, that his Majesty would willingly build me a small house, such a one as I should choose to have, provided I would fix upon the ground. I was extremely sensible of the last offer, which made me forget the pettiness of the other. Without accepting either, I considered Frederick as my benefactor and protector, and became so sincerely attached to him that from that moment I interested myself as much in his glory as until then I had thought his successes unjust. At the peace he concluded soon after I expressed my joy by an illumination in very good taste: it was a string of garlands with which I decorated the house I inhabited, and in which, it is true, I had the vindictive haughtiness to spend almost as much money as he had wished to give me. The peace ratified, I thought, as he was at the highest pinnacle of military and political fame, he would think of acquiring that of another

nature, by reanimating his States, encouraging in them commerce and agriculture, creating a new soil, covering it with a new people, maintaining peace amongst his neighbours, and becoming the arbitrator, after having been the terror, of Europe. He was in a situation to sheathe his sword without danger, certain that none would oblige him again to draw it. Perceiving that he did not disarm, I feared that he would profit but little by his advantages, and that he would be great only by halves. I dared to write to him upon the subject, and with a familiarity of a nature to please men of his character, conveying to him the sacred voice of truth, which but few kings are worthy to hear. The liberty I took was a secret between him and myself. I did not communicate it even to the Lord Marshal, to whom I sent my letter to the King sealed up. His lordship forwarded my despatch without asking what it contained. His Majesty returned me no answer; and the Marshal going soon after to Berlin, the King told him he had received from me a good scolding. By this I understood that my letter had been ill received, and that the frankness of my zeal had been mistaken for the rusticity of a pedant. In fact, this might well be so; perhaps I did not say what was necessary, nor in the manner proper to the occasion. All I can answer for is the sentiment which induced me to take up my pen.

Shortly after my establishment at Motiers-Travers, having every possible assurance that I should be suffered to remain there in peace, I

took the Armenian garb. This was not the first time I had thought of doing it: I had many times had the same intention, particularly at Montmorency, where the frequent use of probes, often obliging me to keep my chamber, made me more clearly perceive the advantages of a long robe. The convenience of an Armenian tailor, who frequently came to see one of his relations at Montmorency, almost tempted me to determine on taking this new dress, troubling myself but little about what the world would say of it. Yet, before adopting this new attire, I wished to have the opinion of Madame de Luxembourg, who strongly advised me to follow my inclination. I therefore procured a little Armenian wardrobe, but, on account of the storm raised against me, I was induced to postpone making use of it until I should enjoy tranquillity; and it was not until some months afterwards that, urged by new attacks of my disorder, I thought I could properly, and without the least risk, put on my new dress at Motiers, especially after having consulted the pastor of the place, who told me I might wear it even in the temple without scandal. I then adopted the vest, caffetan, furred bonnet, and girdle, and after having in this dress attended divine service, I saw no impropriety in going in it to visit the Marshal. His excellency, on seeing me clothed in this manner, made me no other compliment than that which consisted in saying 'Salamaleki,'[1] after which nothing more was said upon the subject, and I ceased to wear any other garments.

[1] *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, iv. 6.

Having quite abandoned literature, all I now thought of was leading a quiet life, and one as agreeable as I could make it. When alone I have never felt weariness of mind, not even in complete inaction; my imagination, filling up every void, is sufficient to keep up my attention. The inactive babbling of a private circle, where, seated opposite to each other, the company move nothing but the tongue, is the only thing I have ever been unable to support. When walking and rambling about there is some satisfaction in conversation; the feet and eyes do something; but to hear people with their arms across speak of the weather, of the biting of flies, or, what is still worse, compliment each other, is to me an insupportable torment. That I might not live like a savage, I took it into my head to learn to make laces. Like the women, I carried my cushion with me when I went to make visits, or sat down to work at my door and chatted with passers-by. This made me the better support the emptiness of babbling, and enabled me to pass my time with my female neighbours without weariness. Several of these were very amiable, and not devoid of wit. One in particular, Isabelle d'Ivernois, daughter of the Procureur-général of Neufchâtel, I found so estimable as to induce me to enter with her into terms of particular friendship, from which she derived some advantage by the useful advice I gave her, and the services she received from me on occasions of importance, so that now a worthy and virtuous mother of a family, she is perhaps indebted to me for her reason, her husband, her

life, and her happiness. On my part, I received from her gentle consolation, particularly during a melancholy winter, throughout which, when my sufferings were most cruel, she came to pass with Thérèse and me long evenings, which she made very short to us by her agreeable conversation, and our mutual openness of heart. She called me papa, and I called her daughter, and these names, which we still give to each other, will, I hope, continue to be as dear to her as they are to me. That my laces might be of some utility I gave them to my young female friends at their marriages, upon condition of their suckling their children. Isabelle's elder sister had one upon these terms, and well deserved it by her observance of them. Isabelle herself also received another, which, by intention, she as fully merited; but she has not been so happy as to be able to fulfil her wish. When I sent the laces to the two sisters I wrote each of them a letter. The first has been shown about in the world, the second has not the same celebrity: friendship proceeds with less noise.

Amongst the connections I made in my neighbourhood, of which I will not enter into a detail, I must mention that with Colonel Pury, who had a house upon the mountain where he came to pass the summer. I was not anxious to become acquainted with him, because I knew he was upon bad terms at court, and with the Lord Marshal, whom he did not visit. Yet, as he came to see me, and showed me much attention, I was under

the necessity of returning his visit. This was repeated, and we sometimes dined with each other. At his house I became acquainted with Monsieur du Peyrou, and afterwards was on such intimate terms with him that I cannot pass his name over in silence.

Monsieur du Peyrou was an American, son to a commandant of Surinam, whose successor, Monsieur Le Chambrier, of Neufchâtel, married his widow. Left a widow a second time, she came with her son to live in the country of her second husband. Du Peyrou, an only son, very rich, and tenderly beloved by his mother, had been carefully brought up, and his education was not lost upon him. He had acquired much general knowledge, a taste for the arts, and piqued himself upon his having cultivated the rational faculty. His Dutch air, cold and philosophic, his yellow complexion, and silent and close disposition, favoured this opinion. Although young, he was already deaf and gouty. This rendered his motions deliberate and very grave, and although he was fond of disputing, he in general spoke but little, because his hearing was bad. I was struck with his exterior, and said to myself, 'This is a thinker, a man of wisdom, such a one as anybody would be happy to have for a friend.' He frequently addressed himself to me without paying the least compliment, and this strengthened the favourable opinion I had already formed of him. He said but little to me of myself or my books, and still less of himself; he was not destitute of ideas, and what he said was fairly just. This justness and

equality attracted my regard. He had neither the elevation of mind nor the discrimination of my Lord Marshal, but he had his simplicity: this was still representing him in something. I did not become infatuated with him, but he acquired my attachment from esteem, and by degrees this esteem led to friendship. With him, I totally forgot the objection that I made to Baron Holbach—that he was too rich—and I think I was wrong. I have learned to doubt whether a man who enjoys a large fortune, whoever he may be, can have a sincere liking for my principles and their author.

For a long time I saw but little of Du Peyrou, because I did not go to Neufchâtel, and he came but once a year to the mountain pertaining to Colonel Pury. Why did I not go to Neufchâtel? This proceeded from a childishness upon which I must not be silent.

Although protected by the King of Prussia and the Lord Marshal, while I escaped persecution in my retreat, I did not escape the murmurs of the public, of municipal magistrates, and ministers. After the impulse given by France, it became fashionable to insult me in some way; these people would have been afraid to seem to disapprove of what my persecutors had done by not imitating them. The Classe of Neufchâtel—that is, the collective ministers of that city—gave the signal, by endeavouring to move the Council of State against me. This attempt not having succeeded, the ministers addressed themselves to the municipal magistrate, who immediately prohibited my book, treating me on

all occasions with but little civility, and saying that, had I wished to reside in the city, I should not have been suffered to do it. They filled their *Mercure* with absurdities and the most stupid hypocrisy, which, although it made every man of sense laugh, incensed the people against me. This, however, did not prevent them from setting forth that I ought to be extremely grateful for their permission to live at Motiers, where they had no authority; they would willingly have measured me the air by the pint, provided I had paid dearly for it. They would have it that I was obliged to them for the protection the King granted me, in spité of the efforts they incessantly made to deprive me of it. Finally, failing of success, after having done me all the injury they could, and defamed me to the utmost of their power, they made a merit of their impotence, by boasting of their goodness in suffering me to stay in their country. My only answer ought to have been to laugh in their faces, but I was foolish enough to be vexed at them, and had the weakness to be unwilling to go to Neufchâtel—a resolve to which I adhered for almost two years, as if it were not doing too much honour to such wretches to pay attention to their proceedings, which, good or bad, could not be imputed to them, because they never act but from a foreign impulse. Besides, minds without light or culture, whose sole objects of esteem are influence, power, and money, are far from imagining any respect is due to talents, and that it is dishonourable to injure and insult them.

A certain mayor of a village, who for sundry malversations had been deprived of his office, said to the lieutenant of Val-de-Travers, the husband of my Isabelle: 'I am told that this Rousseau has so much wit! bring him to me, that I may see if this be true.' The disapprobation of such a man ought certainly to have no effect upon those on whom it falls.

After the treatment I had received at Paris, Geneva, Berne, and even at Neufchâtel, I expected no greater favour from the pastor of this place. I had, however, been recommended to him by Madame Boy de La Tour, and he had given me a good reception; but in that country, where every new-comer is indiscriminately flattered, civilities signify but little. Yet, after my solemn reunion with the Reformed Church, and living in a Protestant country, I could not, without failing in my engagements, as well as in the duty of a citizen, neglect the public profession of the religion into which I had entered. I therefore attended divine service. On the other hand, in going to the holy table, I was afraid of exposing myself to a refusal, and it was by no means probable that, after the tumult excited at Geneva by the Council, and at Neufchâtel by the Classe, he would without difficulty administer to me the sacrament in his church. The time of communion approaching, I resolved to write to Monsieur de Montmollin, the minister, to prove to him my goodwill and my desire of communicating, and declaring myself heartily united to the Protestant Church. I also told him, in order to avoid quibbles upon

articles of faith, that I would not hearken to any particular explanation of dogmas. After thus putting myself in the right, I made myself easy, not doubting but that Monsieur de Montmollin would refuse to admit me without the preliminary discussion, which I wished to avoid, and that in this manner everything would be at an end without any fault of mine. I was deceived. When I least expected anything of the kind, Monsieur de Montmollin came to declare to me not only that he admitted me to the communion under the condition which I had proposed, but that he and his elders thought themselves much honoured by my being one of their flock. I never in my whole life felt greater surprise, or received from it more consolation. Living always alone and unconnected appeared to me a melancholy destiny, especially in adversity. In the midst of so many proscriptions and persecutions, I found it extremely pleasant to be able to say to myself: 'I am at least among my brethren'; and I went to the communion with an emotion of heart, and my eyes suffused with tears of tenderness, which perhaps were to God the most acceptable preparation that any one can take thither.

Some time afterwards his lordship sent me a letter from Madame de Boufflers, which he had received—at least I presume so—by means of D'Alembert, who was acquainted with the Marshal. In this letter, the first that lady had written to me since my departure from Montmorency, she rebuked me severely for having written to Monsieur de Montmollin, and

especially for having communicated. I the less understood what she meant by her reproof, since, after my journey to Geneva, I had constantly declared myself a Protestant, and had gone publicly to the Hôtel de Hollande without incurring the least censure from anybody. It appeared to me diverting enough that Madame de Boufflers should seek to direct my conscience in matters of religion. However, as I had no doubt that her intentions, little as I comprehended them, were wholly pure, I was not offended by this singular sally, and I answered her without anger, stating to her my reasons.

Meanwhile, calumnies in print were still industriously circulated, and their benign authors reproached the powers with treating me too mildly. For my part, I let them say and write what they pleased, without giving myself the least concern about the matter. I was told that there was a censure from the Sorbonne, but this I could not believe. What could the Sorbonne have to do in the matter? Did they wish to know to a certainty that I was not a Catholic? Everybody already knew it. Were they desirous of proving that I was not a good Calvinist? Of what consequence was this to them? It was taking upon themselves a singular care, and becoming the substitutes of our ministers. Before I saw this publication I thought it was distributed in the name of the Sorbonne by way of mockery, and when I had read it I was convinced that this was the case. But when at length there was not a doubt of its authenticity, all I could bring myself to believe was, that the

Sorbonne ought to be transferred to the Petites-Maisons.

[1763.] I was more affected by another publication, because it came from a man for whom I always had an esteem, and whose constancy I admired, though I pitied his blindness. I mean the mandatory letter issued against me by the Archbishop of Paris.

I thought myself bound to answer it. This I could do without derogating from my dignity; the case was something similar to that of the King of Poland. I have always detested brutal disputes, after the manner of Voltaire. I never combat but with dignity, and before I deign to defend myself I must be certain that he by whom I am attacked will not dishonour my retort. I had no doubt but that this letter was fabricated by the Jesuits, and, although they themselves were at that time in distress, I discovered in it their old principle of crushing the wretched. I was therefore at liberty to follow my own ancient maxim, by honouring the titulary author and refuting the work, which I think I did completely.

I found my residence at Motiers very agreeable, and nothing was wanting to determine me to end my days there but a certainty of the means of subsistence. Living is dear in that neighbourhood, and all my old projects had been overturned by the dissolution of my household arrangements, the establishment of others, the sale or squandering of my furniture, and the expenses I had necessarily incurred since my

departure from Montmorency. The little capital which remained to me daily diminished. Two or three years were sufficient to consume the remainder without my having the means of renewing it, except by again engaging in literary pursuits, a pernicious profession which I had already abandoned.

Persuaded that everything which concerned me would soon change, and that the public, recovered from its frenzy, would make my powerful persecutors blush, I only endeavoured to prolong my resources until this happy revolution should take place, after which I could more freely choose amongst those which might offer themselves. To this effect I took up my *Dictionnaire de Musique*, which ten years' labour had so far advanced as to leave nothing wanting to it but the last corrections and the making of a fair copy. My books, which I had lately received, enabled me to finish this work; my papers, sent me by the same conveyance, furnished me with the means of beginning my Memoirs, to which I was determined to give my whole attention. I began by transcribing the letters into a book, by which my memory might be guided in the order of facts and time. I had already selected those I intended to keep for this purpose, and for ten years the series was not interrupted. However, in preparing them for copying I found a gap at which I was surprised. This was for almost six months—from October 1756, to the March following. I recollected having put into my selection a number of letters from Diderot, De Deyleyre,

Madame d'Épinay, Madame de Chenonceaux, etc., which filled up the void and were missing. What was become of them? Had any persons laid their hands upon my papers whilst they remained for some months in the Hôtel de Luxembourg? This was not conceivable, and I had seen Monsieur de Luxembourg take the key of the chamber in which I had deposited them. Many letters from different ladies, and all those from Diderot, being without date, on which account I had been under the necessity of dating them from memory and by guess before they could be put in order, I thought at first that I might have committed errors, and again looked them over for the purpose of seeing whether I could not find those which ought to fill up the void. This experiment did not succeed. I perceived the vacancy to be real, and that the letters had certainly been carried off. By whom, and for what purpose? This was what I could not comprehend. These letters, written prior to my great quarrels, and at the time of my first enthusiasm in the composition of *Julie*, could not be interesting to any person. They contained nothing more than cavillings by Diderot, jeerings from Deyleyre, assurances of friendship from Madame de Chenonceaux, and even from Madame d'Épinay, with whom I was then upon the best of terms. To whom were these letters of consequence? To what use were they to be put? It was not until seven years afterwards that I suspected the object of the theft.

The deficiency being no longer doubtful, I

looked over my rough drafts to see whether or not it was the only one. I found some, which, on account of the badness of my memory, made me suppose others in the multitude of my papers. Those I remarked were the draft of *La Morale Sensitive* and the extract of *Les Aventures de Mylord Edouard.* The last, I confess, made me suspect Madame de Luxembourg. It was La Roche, her valet de chambre, who had despatched these papers to me, and I could think of nobody but herself to whom this fragment could be of consequence; but what concern could the other give her, any more than the rest of the missing letters, with which, even with evil intentions, nothing to my prejudice could be done, unless they were falsified? As for Monsieur le Maréchal, with whose real friendship for me, and invariable integrity, I was perfectly acquainted, I never could suspect him for a moment; I could not even continue to suspect Madame la Maréchale. The most reasonable supposition, after long vexing my mind in endeavouring to discover the author of the theft, was that which imputed it to D'Alembert, who having wormed himself into the company of Madame de Luxembourg, might have found means to turn over these papers, and take from amongst them such manuscripts and letters as he might have thought proper, either for the purpose of endeavouring to stir up troubles and dissensions, or to appropriate those he should find useful to his own private purposes. I imagined that, deceived by the title of *La Morale Sensitive*, he might have supposed it to

be the plan of a real treatise upon materialism, with which he would have armed himself against me in a manner easy to be imagined. Certain that he would soon be undeceived by reading the sketch, and determined to quit all literary pursuits, these larcenies gave me but little concern. They were besides not the first the same hand had committed[1] upon me without my having complained. In a very little time I thought no more of the trick that had been played me than if nothing had happened, and began to collect the materials that remained in my hands, to be used in composing my *Confessions.*

I had long thought that the company of the ministers, or at least the citizens and burgesses, of Geneva would remonstrate against the infraction of the edict in the decree made against me. Everything remained quiet, at least to all exterior appearance; for discontent was general, and ready, on the first opportunity, openly to manifest itself. My friends, or persons calling themselves such, wrote letter after letter, exhorting me to come and put myself at their head, assuring me of public reparation on the part of the Council. The fear of the disturbance and troubles which might be caused by my presence prevented me from acquiescing in their desires,

[1] I had found in his *Éléments de Musique* many things taken from what I had written for the *Encyclopédie*, and which were given to him several years before the publication of his *Éléments*. I know not what he may have had to do with a book entitled *Dictionnaire des Beaux Arts*, but I found in it articles transcribed word for word from mine, and this long before the same articles were printed in the *Encyclopédie.*—R.

and, faithful to the oath I had formerly made, never to take the least part in any civil dissension in my native land, I chose rather to let the offence remain, and banish myself for ever from my country, than return to it by means which were violent and dangerous. It is true, I expected that the burgesses would make legal and peaceful remonstrances against an infraction in which their interests were deeply concerned; but no such steps were taken. Their leaders sought less the real redress of grievances than an opportunity to render themselves necessary. They caballed, but were silent, and suffered me to be bespattered by the gossips and hypocrites set on to render me odious in the eyes of the populace, and to attribute the Council's blundering action to a zeal in favour of religion.

After having vainly expected, during a whole year, that some one would remonstrate against an illegal proceeding, I at length took my own course, and, seeing myself abandoned by my fellow-citizens, determined to renounce my ungrateful country in which I had never lived, from which I had not received either inheritance or services, and by which, in return for the honour I had endeavoured to do it, I saw myself so unworthily treated by unanimous consent, since they who should have spoken had remained silent. I therefore wrote to the first syndic for that year—Monsieur Favre, if I remember rightly—a letter in which I solemnly surrendered my freedom of the city, carefully observing in it, however, that decency and moderation

from which I have never departed in those proud actions which, in my misfortunes, the cruelty of my enemies have frequently forced from me.

This step opened the eyes of the citizens, who, feeling that they had neglected their own interests by abandoning my defence, took my part when it was too late. They had other wrongs which they joined to mine, and made these the subject of several well-reasoned representations, which they strengthened and extended, in proportion as the harsh refusals of the Council, supported by the ministry of France, made them more clearly perceive the project formed to subjugate them. These altercations produced several pamphlets which were indecisive, until that appeared entitled *Lettres Écrites de la Campagne*, a work written in favour of the Council, with infinite art, and by which the remonstrating party, reduced to silence, was crushed for a time. This production, a lasting monument of the rare talents of its author, came from the Procureur-général Tronchin, a man of wit and an enlightened understanding, well versed in the laws and government of the Republic. *Siluit terra.*

[1764.] The remonstrators, recovered from their first overthrow, undertook to give an answer, and in time produced one which brought them off tolerably well. But they all looked to me, as the only person capable of entering the lists with a like adversary with hope of success. I confess I was of their opinion; and,

excited by my former fellow-citizens, who thought it was my duty to aid them with my pen, as I had been the cause of their embarrassment, I undertook to refute the *Lettres Écrites de la Campagne*, and parodied the title of them by that of *Lettres Écrites de la Montagne*, which I gave to mine. I completed this enterprise so secretly that, at a meeting I had at Thonon with the chiefs of the malcontents to talk of their affairs, and where they showed me a sketch of their answer, I said not a word of mine, which was quite ready, fearing obstacles might arise relative to the printing, should the magistrates or my enemies hear the least whisper of what I had done. This work was, however, known in France before the publication; but they chose rather to let it appear than to suffer me to guess at the means by which my secret had been discovered. Concerning this I will state what I know, which is but trifling; what I have conjectured shall remain with myself.

I received at Motiers almost as many visits as at the Hermitage and Montmorency; but these, for the most part, were a different kind. They who had formerly come to see me were people who, having taste, talents, and principles something similar to mine, alleged them as the causes of their visits, and introduced subjects on which I could converse. At Motiers the case was different, especially with the visitors who came from France. They were officers or other persons who had no taste for literature, nor had many of them read my works, although, according to their own accounts, they had travelled

thirty, forty, sixty, and even a hundred leagues to come and see me, and admire the illustrious man, the celebrated, the very celebrated, the great man, etc. For from that time I received the most base and bare-faced flattery, from which the esteem of those with whom I associated had formerly sheltered me. As but few of my new visitors deigned to tell me who or what they were, and as they had neither read nor cast their eye over my works, nor had their researches and mine been directed to the same objects, I knew not upon what topic to speak to them. I waited for what they had to say, because it was for them to know and tell me the purpose of their visit. It will naturally be imagined that this did not produce conversations very interesting to me, although they, perhaps, were so to my visitors, according to the information they might wish to acquire: for, as I was without suspicion, I answered without reserve to every question they thought proper to ask me, and they commonly went away as well informed as myself of the particulars of my situation.

I was, for example, visited in this manner by Monsieur de Feins, equerry to the Queen and captain of cavalry in the Queen's regiment, who had the patience to pass several days at Motiers, and even to follow me on foot to La Ferrière, leading his horse by the bridle, without having with me any point of union, except our acquaintance with Mademoiselle Fel, and that we both played at bilboquet. Before and after Monsieur de Feins' visit I received another much more extraordinary. Two men arrived on foot, each

leading a mule loaded with his little baggage, lodged at the inn, took upon themselves the care of their mules, and asked to see me. By the equipage of these muleteers they were taken for smugglers, and the news that smugglers were come to see me was instantly spread. Their manner of addressing me sufficiently showed they were persons of another description; but without being smugglers they might be adventurers, and this doubt kept me for some time on my guard. They soon removed my apprehensions. One was Monsieur de Montauban, who had the title of Comte de la Tour du Pin, gentleman of Dauphiny; the other Monsieur Dastier, of Carpentras, an old officer, who had his cross of St. Louis in his pocket, because he could not display it. These gentlemen were of pleasing disposition and very intelligent; their conversation was agreeable and interesting; their manner of travelling, so much to my own taste, and but little like that of French gentlemen, in some measure gained them my attachment, which intercourse with them served to improve. Our acquaintance did not end with the visit; it is still kept up, and they have since been several times to see me, but not on foot—that was very well for the first time; but the more I have seen of these gentlemen, the less similarity have I found between their tastes and mine. I have not discovered their maxims to be such as I have ever observed, that my writings are familiar to them, or that there is any real sympathy between them and myself. What therefore did they want with me? Why came

they to see me with such an equipage? Why remain for several days? Why repeat their visit so often? Why so desirous of having me for their host? I did not at the time propose to myself these questions; but they have sometimes occurred to me since.

Won by their advances, my heart abandoned itself without reserve, especially to Monsieur Dastier, with whose open countenance I was more particularly pleased. I even corresponded with him, and when I determined to print the *Lettres de la Montagne*, I thought of addressing myself to him, to deceive those by whom my packet was waited for upon the road to Holland. He had spoken to me a good deal, and perhaps purposely, upon the liberty of the press at Avignon; he offered me his services should I have anything to print there. I took advantage of the offer, and sent him successively by the post my first sheets. After having kept these for some time, he sent them back to me because, said he, no bookseller dared to undertake them; and I was obliged to have recourse to Rey, taking care to send my papers one after the other, and not to part with those which succeeded until I was advised of the reception of those already sent. Before the work was published, I found it had been seen in the offices of the ministers, and D'Escherny, of Neufchâtel, spoke to me of a book entitled *De l'Homme de la Montagne*, which D'Holbach had told him was written by me. I assured him, and it was true, that I never had written a book which bore that title. When the letters appeared he became

furious, and accused me of falsehood, although I had simply told him the truth. By this means I was certain my manuscript had been read. As I could not doubt the fidelity of Rey, I had to give another direction to my conjectures, and that which seemed most rational was that my packets had been opened at the post-office.

Another acquaintance I made much about the same time, but which was begun by letters, was that with Monsieur Laliaud, of Nîmes, who wrote to me from Paris, begging I would send him a silhouette profile of myself; he said he was in want of it for my bust in marble, which Le Moine was making for him to be placed in his library. If this was a pretence invented to deceive, it fully succeeded. I imagined that a man who wished to have my bust in marble in his library had his head full of my works, consequently of my principles, and that he loved me because his mind was in unison with mine. It was natural that this idea should seduce me. I have since seen Monsieur Laliaud. I found him very ready to render me many trifling services, and to concern himself in my little affairs; but I have my doubts of his having, among the few books he ever read, taken up any one of those I have written. I do not know that he has a library, or that such a thing is of any use to him; and for the bust, he has only a bad figure in plaster, by Le Moine, from which he has caused to be engraved a hideous portrait that bears my name, as if it bore some resemblance to me.

The only Frenchman who seemed to come to see me on account of my sentiments and his taste for my works was a young officer of the regiment of Limousin, named Monsieur Séguier de Saint-Brisson. He made a figure in Paris, where he still perhaps distinguishes himself by his pleasing talents and wit. He came once to Montmorency in the winter which preceded my catastrophe. I was pleased with his vivacity. He afterwards wrote to me at Motiers; and whether he wished to flatter me, or that his head was turned by *Émile*, he informed me he was about to quit the service in order to live independently, and was learning the trade of a house-carpenter. He had an elder brother, a captain in the same regiment, the favourite of the mother, who, a devotee to excess, and directed by I know not what Abbé Tartufe, did not treat the younger son well, accusing him of irreligion, and, what was still worse, of the unpardonable crime of being connected with me. These were the grievances on account of which he was determined to break with his mother, and adopt the manner of life of which I have just spoken, all to play the part of the young Émile.

Alarmed at this petulance, I immediately wrote to him, endeavouring to make him change his resolution, and my exhortations were as strong as I could make them. They had their effect. He returned to his duty to his mother, and withdrew the resignation he had given to his colonel, who had been prudent enough to make no use of it, that the young

man might have time to reflect upon what he had done. Saint-Brisson, cured of these follies, was guilty of another less alarming, but, to me, hardly less disagreeable than the rest — he became an author. He successively published two or three pamphlets, which announced a man not devoid of talents, but I have not to reproach myself with having encouraged him by my praises to continue to write.

Some time afterwards he came to see me, and we made together a pilgrimage to the Île de Saint-Pierre. During this journey I found him different from what he had been at Montmorency. He was in his manner something affected, which at first did not much disgust me, although I have since thought of it to his disadvantage. He once visited me at the Hôtel de Saint-Simon, as I passed through Paris on my way to England. I learned there what he had not told me, that he lived in the world of fashion, and often saw Madame de Luxembourg. Whilst I was at Trye, I never heard from him, nor did he so much as make inquiry after me, by means of his relation Mademoiselle Séguier, my neighbour — a lady who never seemed favourably disposed towards me. In a word, the infatuation of Monsieur de Saint-Brisson ended suddenly, like the connection of Monsieur de Feins: but this man owed me nothing, and the former was under obligations to me, unless the follies I prevented him from committing were nothing more than affectation, which might very possibly be the case.

I had visits from Geneva also. The Delucs, father and son, successively chose me for their attendant in sickness. The father was taken ill on the road, the son was already sick when he left Geneva; they both came to recover at my house. Ministers, relations, hypocrites, and persons of every description came from Geneva and Switzerland, not like those from France, to laugh at and admire me, but to rebuke and catechise me. The only person amongst them who gave me pleasure was Moultou, who passed with me three or four days, and whom I wished to retain much longer; the most persevering of all, the most obstinate, and who conquered me by importunity, was a Monsieur d'Ivernois, a merchant of Geneva, a French refugee, and related to the Procureur-général of Neufchâtel. This Monsieur d'Ivernois came from Geneva to Motiers twice a year on purpose to see me, remained with me several days together from morning to night, accompanied me in my walks, brought me a thousand little presents, insinuated himself against my will into my confidence, and intermeddled in all my affairs, notwithstanding there was not between him and myself the least similarity of ideas, inclination, sentiment, or knowledge. I do not believe he ever read a book of any kind throughout, or that he knows upon what subjects mine are written. When I began to herborise, he followed me in my botanical rambles, without taste for that amusement, or having anything to say to me, or I to him. He had the patience to pass with me

three days in a tavern at Goumoins, whence, by wearying him, and making him feel how much he wearied me, I was in hopes of driving him. I could not, however, shake his incredible perseverance, nor by any means discover the motive of it.

Amongst these connections, which were neither made nor continued without constraint, I must not omit the only one that was agreeable to me, and in which my heart was really interested: that which I contracted with a young Hungarian who came to live at Neufchâtel, and from that place to Motiers, a few months after I had taken up my residence there. He was called by the people of the country the Baron de Sauttern, by which name he had been recommended from Zurich. He was tall, well made, had an agreeable countenance, and mild and social qualities. He told every one, and gave me also to understand, that he came to Neufchâtel for no other purpose than that of forming his youth to virtue, by his intercourse with me. His physiognomy, manner, and behaviour seemed well suited to his conversation; and I should have thought I failed in one of the greatest duties had I turned my back upon a young man in whom I perceived nothing but what was amiable, and who sought my acquaintance from so respectable a motive. My heart knows not how to show confidence by halves. He soon acquired my friendship and all my trust, and we were presently inseparable. He accompanied me in all my walks, and became fond of them. I took him to my Lord Marshal,

who received him with the utmost kindness. As he was yet unable to express himself in French, he spoke and wrote to me in Latin. I answered in French, and this mingling of the two languages did not make our conversations either less smooth or lively in all respects. He spoke of his family, of his affairs, of his adventures, and of the Court of Vienna, with the domestic details of which he seemed well acquainted. In fine, during two years which we passed in the greatest intimacy, I found in him a consistent mildness of character, manners not only polite but elegant, great neatness of person, an extreme decency in his conversation —in a word, all the marks of a well-bred man, which rendered him, in my eyes, too estimable not to make him dear to me.

At the time we were upon the most intimate and friendly terms, D'Ivernois wrote to me from Geneva, putting me upon my guard against the young Hungarian who had taken up his residence in my neighbourhood, telling me he had been assured that he was a spy whom the ministry of France had appointed to observe me. This information was of a nature to alarm me the more, as everybody about me advised me to keep upon my guard, saying that I was watched, and that it was sought to entice me into French territory in order to ruin me.

To shut the mouths, once for all, of these foolish advisers, I proposed to Sauttern, without giving him the least intimation of the information I had received, a journey on foot to Pontarlier, to which he consented. As soon as

we had arrived at Pontarlier, I put the letter from D'Ivernois into his hands, and, after giving him an ardent embrace, said: 'Sauttern has no need of a proof of my confidence in him; but it is necessary I should prove to the public that I know in whom to place it.' This embrace was accompanied with a pleasure which persecutors can neither feel themselves, nor take away from the oppressed.

I will never believe Sauttern was a spy, nor that he betrayed me; but I was deceived by him. When I opened to him my heart without reserve, he was so unfeeling as to keep his own constantly closed, and abused me by lies. He invented I know not what kind of story, to prove to me that his presence was necessary in his own country. I exhorted him to return to it as soon as possible. He set off, and when I thought he was in Hungary, I learned that he was at Strasbourg. This was not the first time he had been there. He had caused some disorder in a household; and the husband, knowing I received him in my house, wrote to me. I had used every effort to bring the young woman back to the paths of virtue, and Sauttern to his duty. When I thought that they were perfectly detached from each other, they renewed their acquaintance, and the husband even had the complaisance again to receive the young man at his house. From that moment I had nothing more to say. I found that the pretended Baron had imposed upon me by a great number of lies. His name was not Sauttern, but Sauttersheim. With respect to the title of Baron, given him in

Switzerland, I could not reproach him with the impropriety, because he had never taken it; but I have not a doubt of his being a gentleman, and my Lord Marshal, who knew mankind, and had been in Hungary, always considered and treated him as such.

He had no sooner gone than the girl at the inn where he boarded, at Motiers, declared herself with child by him. She was such a foul slut, and Sauttern, generally esteemed in the country for his conduct and purity of morals, piqued himself so much upon cleanliness, that everybody was shocked at this impudent pretension. The most pleasing women of the country, who had vainly displayed to him their charms, were furious; I myself was almost choked with indignation. I used every effort to get the tongue of this impudent woman stopped, offering to pay all expenses, and to give security for Sauttersheim. I wrote to him in the fullest persuasion, not only that this pregnancy could not relate to him, but that it was feigned, and the whole a machination of his enemies and mine. I wished him to return and confound the strumpet, and those who set her on. The pusillanimity of his answer surprised me. He wrote to the pastor of the parish to which the creature belonged, and endeavoured to stifle the matter. Perceiving this, I concerned myself no more about it; but I was astonished that a man who could stoop so low should have been sufficiently master of himself to deceive me by his reserve in the closest familiarity.

From Strasbourg, Sauttersheim went to seek

his fortune in Paris, and found there nothing but misery. He wrote to me, acknowledging his error. My compassion was excited by the recollection of our former friendship, and I sent him a sum of money. The year following, as I passed through Paris, I saw him much in the same situation, but he was the intimate friend of Monsieur de Laliaud, and I could not learn by what means he had formed this acquaintance, or whether it was recent or of long standing. Two years afterwards Sauttersheim returned to Strasbourg, whence he wrote to me, and where he died. This, in a few words, is the history of our connection, and what I know of his adventures; but, while I mourn the fate of this unhappy young man, I still, and ever shall, believe that he sprang from a good family, and that the impropriety of his conduct was the effect of the situations into which he was thrown.

Such were the connections and acquaintance I acquired at Motiers. How many of these would have been necessary to compensate the cruel losses I suffered at the same time!

The first of these was that of Monsieur de Luxembourg, who, after having long been tormented by the physicians, at length became their victim, by being treated for the gout, which they would not acknowledge him to have, as for a disorder they could cure.

According to what La Roche, the confidential servant of Madame la Maréchale, wrote to me relative to what had happened, it is by this cruel and memorable example that the miseries of greatness are to be deplored.

The loss of this good nobleman affected me the more as he was the only real friend I had in France, and the sweetness of his character was such as to make me quite forget his rank, and attach myself to him as my equal. Our connection was not broken off on account of my retreat; he continued to write to me as usual. I nevertheless thought that I perceived that absence, or my misfortune, had cooled his affection for me. It is difficult for a courtier to preserve the same attachment to a person whom he knows to be in disgrace with those in power. I moreover suspected that the great ascendency Madame de Luxembourg had over his mind had been unfavourable to me, and that she had taken advantage of our separation to injure me in his esteem. For her part, notwithstanding a few affected marks of regard, which became less frequent as time went on, she took daily less trouble to conceal the change in her friendship. She wrote to me four or five times while I was in Switzerland, after which she never wrote to me again, and nothing but my preconceived ideas, confidence, and blindness could have prevented my discovering in her something more than a coolness towards me.

Guy, the bookseller, partner with Duchesne, who, after I had departed, frequently went to the Hôtel de Luxembourg, wrote to me that my name was in the will of Monsieur le Maréchal. There was nothing in this either incredible or extraordinary, on which account I had no doubt of the truth of the information. I deliberated within myself as to the way in

which I should regard this legacy. Everything well considered, I determined to accept it, whatever it might be, and to do that honour to the memory of an honest man who, in a rank in which friendship is seldom found, had had a real friendship for me. I had not this duty to fulfil. I heard no more of this legacy, whether it were true or false; and in truth I should have felt some pain in offending against one of the great maxims of my system of morality, in profiting by anything at the death of a person whom I had once held dear. During the last illness of our friend Mussard, Lenieps proposed to me to take advantage of the grateful sense he expressed for our attentions to insinuate to him dispositions in our favour. 'Ah! my dear Lenieps,' said I, 'let us not pollute by interested ideas the sad but sacred duties we discharge towards our dying friend. I hope my name will never be found in the testament of any person, at least not in that of a friend.' It was about this time that my Lord Marshal spoke to me of his, of what he intended to do in it for me, and that I made him the answer of which I have spoken in the First Part.

My second loss, still more afflicting and irreparable, was that of the best of women and of mothers, who, already weighed down with years, and overburdened with infirmities and misery, quitted this vale of tears for the abode of the blessed, where the pleasing remembrance of the good we have done here below is our eternal reward. Go, gentle and beneficent shade, to those of Fénelon, Bernex, Catinat, and

others who, in a more humble state, have, like them, opened their hearts to true charity; go and taste of the fruit of your own benevolence, and prepare for your child the place he hopes to fill by your side, happy in your misfortunes that Heaven, in putting a period to them, has spared you the cruel spectacle of his! Fearing lest I should fill her heart with sorrow by the recital of my first disasters, I had not written to her since my arrival in Switzerland, but I wrote to Monsieur de Conzié to inquire after her situation, and it was from him I learned she had ceased to alleviate the sufferings of the afflicted, and that her own were at an end. I myself shall not suffer long; but if I thought I should not see her again in the life to come, my feeble imagination would less delight in the idea of the perfect happiness which I there hope to enjoy.

My third and last loss, for since that time I have not had a friend to lose, was that of my Lord Marshal. He did not die, but, tired of serving the ungrateful, he left Neufchâtel, and I have never seen him since. He still lives, and will, I hope, survive me: he is alive, and, thanks to him, all my attachments on earth are not destroyed. There is one man still worthy of my friendship; for the real value of this consists more in what we feel than in that which we inspire; but I have lost the pleasure I enjoyed in his, and can only rank him in the number of those whom I yet love, but with whom I am no longer connected. He went to England to receive the pardon of the King, and acquire the possession of his property which formerly had

been confiscated. We did not separate without an intention of again being united, the idea of which seemed to give him as much pleasure as I received from it. He determined to reside at his château of Keith Hall, near Aberdeen, and I was to join him there. But this project was too flattering to give me any hope of its success. He did not remain in Scotland. The affectionate solicitations of the King of Prussia induced him to return to Berlin, and the reason of my not going to him there will presently appear.

Before his departure, foreseeing the storm which my enemies began to raise against me, he of his own accord sent me letters of naturalisation, which seemed to be a certain means of preventing me from being driven from the country. The community of Couvet, in the Val-de-Travers, followed the example of the Governor, and gave me letters of communion, gratis, as they were the first. Thus, in every respect, become a citizen, I was sheltered from legal expulsion, even by the prince; but it has never been by legitimate means that the man who, of all others, has ever shown the greatest respect for the laws has been persecuted.

I do not think I ought to enumerate amongst the number of my losses at this time that of the Abbé de Mably. Having lived some time at the house of his brother, I had been acquainted with the Abbé, but not very intimately, and I have reason to believe that the nature of his sentiments with respect to me changed after I had acquired a greater celebrity than he

enjoyed. But the first time I discovered his ill-will was immediately after the publication of the *Lettres de la Montagne*. A letter attributed to him, addressed to Madame Saladin, was handed about in Geneva, in which he spoke of this work as the seditious clamours of a furious demagogue. The esteem I had for the Abbé de Mably, and my great opinion of his understanding, did not permit me to believe for a moment this extravagant letter was written by him. I acted in this business with my usual candour. I sent him a copy of the letter, informing him that he was said to be the author of it. He returned me no answer. This silence astonished me, but what was my surprise when by a communication from Madame de Chenonceaux I learned that the Abbé was really the author of the letter, and found himself greatly embarrassed by mine? For, even supposing that what he stated was true, how could he justify so public an attack, wantonly made, without obligation or necessity, for the sole purpose of overwhelming, in the midst of his greatest misfortunes, a man to whom he had shown himself a well-wisher, and who had not done anything that could excite his enmity? In a short time afterwards appeared the *Dialogues de Phocion*, in which I perceived nothing but a compilation, without shame or restraint, from my writings. In reading this book I perceived the author had made up his mind with regard to me, and that in future I must number him among my most bitter enemies. I do not believe he has ever pardoned me for *Le Contrat*

Social, far superior to his abilities, or *La Paix Perpétuelle*, and I am of opinion that the desire he expressed that I should make an extract from the Abbé de Saint-Pierre proceeded from a supposition that I should not acquit myself of it so well.

The further I advance in my narrative the less order I feel myself capable of observing. The agitation of the rest of my life has deranged in my ideas the succession of events. These are too numerous, confused, and disagreeable to be recited in due order. The only strong impression they have left upon my mind is that of the horrid mystery by which the cause of them is concealed, and of the deplorable state to which they have reduced me. My narrative must in future be irregular, and according to the events which may recur to my recollection. I remember that, about the time to which I refer, full of the idea of my *Confessions*, I very imprudently spoke of them to everybody, never imagining it could be the wish or interest, or within the power, of any person whatsoever to throw an obstacle in the way of this undertaking; and had I suspected it, even this would not have rendered me more discreet, as from the nature of my disposition it is totally impossible for me to conceal either my thoughts or feelings. The knowledge of this enterprise was, as far as I can judge, the true cause of the storm that was raised to drive me from Switzerland, and deliver me into the hands of those by whom I might be prevented from executing it.

I had another project in contemplation which was not looked upon with a more favourable eye by those who were afraid of the first; this was a general edition of my works. I thought this edition of them necessary to ascertain what books, amongst those bearing my name, were really written by me, and to furnish the public with the means of distinguishing them from the writings falsely attributed to me by my enemies, to bring upon me dishonour and contempt. This was, besides, a simple and an honourable means of insuring to myself a livelihood, and the only one that remained to me. As I had renounced the profession of an author, my memoirs not being of a nature to appear during my lifetime, and as I no longer gained a sou in any other manner, and constantly lived at a certain expense, I saw the end of my resources in that of the produce of the last things I had written. This reason had induced me to hasten the finishing of my *Dictionnaire de Musique*, which still was incomplete. I had received for it a hundred louis, and a life annuity of a hundred écus; but a hundred louis could not last long in the hands of a man who annually expended upwards of sixty, and a hundred écus a year was but a trifling sum to one upon whom idle and beggarly visitors continually alighted like a swarm of flies.

A company of merchants from Neufchâtel came forward to undertake my general edition, and a printer or bookseller named Reguillat, from Lyons, thrust himself, I know not by what means, amongst them to direct it. The agree-

ment was made upon reasonable terms, and sufficient to accomplish my object. I had, in print and manuscript, matter for quarto six volumes. I moreover agreed to supervise the edition. The merchants were, on their part, to pay me a thousand écus down, and to assign me an annuity of sixteen hundred French livres for life.

[1765.] The agreement was concluded, but not signed, when the *Lettres écrites de la Montagne* appeared. The terrible explosion caused by this infernal work, and its abominable author, terrified the company, and the undertaking was at an end. I would compare the effect of this last production to that of *La Lettre sur la Musique Française*, had not that letter, while it brought upon me hatred and exposed me to danger, acquired me nevertheless respect and esteem. But, after the appearance of the last work, it was matter of astonishment at Geneva and Versailles that such a monster as I should be suffered to exist. The Petit Conseil, excited by the French Resident and directed by the Procureur-Général, made a declaration against my work, by which, in the most atrocious terms, it was declared unworthy of being burned by the hands of the hangman, adding, with an address which bordered on the burlesque, that there was no possibility of answering, or even mentioning it, without dishonour. I would here transcribe if I could this curious piece, but unfortunately I have it not by me, and cannot recall to mind a word of it. I ardently wish

that some one of my readers, animated by the zeal of truth and equity, would read over the *Lettres écrites de la Montagne.* Such will, I dare hope, feel conscious of the stoical moderation which reigns throughout that work, after all the cruel outrages with which the author was loaded. But, unable to answer the abuse, because no part of it could be called by that name, nor to the reasons, because these were unanswerable, my enemies pretended to appear too angry to reply; and it is true that, if they took the invincible arguments it contains for abuse, they must have felt themselves roughly treated.

The remonstrating party, far from complaining of this odious declaration, followed the track that it marked out, and, instead of making a trophy of the *Lettres de la Montagne*, which they veiled to make them serve as a shield, were pusillanimous enough not to do justice or honour to that work, written to defend them, and at their own solicitation. They did not either cite or mention it, though they tacitly drew from thence all their arguments, and though the exactitude with which they followed the advice with which it concludes has been the sole cause of their safety and triumph. They had imposed on me this duty: I had fulfilled it, and unto the end had served their cause and the country. I begged of them to abandon me, and, in their quarrels, to think of nobody but themselves. They took me at my word, and I concerned myself no more about their affairs, further than constantly to exhort them to peace, not doubting,

should they continue to be obstinate, of their being crushed by France. This, however, did not happen; I know the reason why it did not, but this is not the place to set it forth.

The effect produced at Neufchâtel by the *Lettres de la Montagne* was at first very mild. I sent a copy of them to Monsieur de Montmollin, who received it favourably, and read it without making any objection. He was ill as well as myself; as soon as he recovered he came in a friendly manner to me, and conversed on general subjects. A rumour was, however, beginning; the book was burned I know not where.[1] From Geneva, Berne, and perhaps from Versailles, the effervescence quickly passed to Neufchâtel, and especially to the Val-de-Travers, where, even before the Classe had taken any apparent steps, an attempt had been secretly made to stir up the people. I ought, I dare assert, to have been beloved by the people of that country, as of all others in which I have lived, giving alms in abundance, not leaving about me an indigent person without assistance, never refusing to do any service in my power, and, which was consistent with justice, making myself perhaps too familiar with everybody, and avoiding, as far as it was possible, all distinction which might excite jealousy. This, however, did not prevent the populace, secretly stirred up against me by I know not whom, from being by degrees irritated against me, even to fury,

[1] It was burned at Paris, together with Voltaire's *Dictionnaire Philosophique*, which was included in the same decree, dated March 19, 1765.

nor from publicly insulting me, not only in the country and upon the road, but in the streets of the town. Those to whom I had rendered the greatest services became most embittered against me, and even people who still continued to receive my benefactions, not daring to appear, excited others, and seemed to wish thus to be revenged on me for their humiliation in putting themselves under obligations to me. Montmollin seemed to pay no attention to what was passing, and did not yet come forward; but, as the time of communion approached, he came to advise me not to present myself on the occasion, assuring me, however, that he was not my enemy, and that he would leave me undisturbed. I found this compliment whimsical enough; it brought to my recollection the letter from Madame de Boufflers, and I could not conceive to whom it could be a matter of such importance whether I communicated or not. Considering this condescension on my part as an act of cowardice, and, moreover, being unwilling to give to the people a new pretence under which they might charge me with impiety, I refused the request of the minister, and he went away dissatisfied, giving me to understand that I should repent of my resolve.

He could not of his own authority forbid me the communion; that of the Consistory, by which I had been admitted to it, was necessary, and as long as there was no objection from the Consistory I might present myself confidently without the fear of being refused. Montmollin procured from the Classe a commission to

summon me to the Consistory, there to give an account of my belief, and to excommunicate me should I refuse to comply. This excommunication could not be pronounced without the aid of the Consistory also, and a majority of the votes. But the peasants who, under the appellation of elders, composed this assembly, presided over and—as may be supposed—governed by their minister, might naturally be expected to adopt his opinion, especially in matters of theology, which they still less understood than he did. I was therefore cited, and I resolved to appear.

What a happy circumstance and triumph would this have been to me could I have spoken, and had I, if I may say so, had my pen in my mouth! With what superiority, with what facility even, should I have overthrown this poor minister in the midst of his six peasants! The thirst after power having made the Protestant clergy forget all the principles of the Reformation, all I had to do to recall these to their recollection and reduce them to silence was to comment upon my first *Lettres de la Montagne*, respecting which they had the folly to censure me. My text was ready, and I had only to enlarge on it, and my adversary was confounded. I should not have been weak enough to remain on the defensive; it was easy to me to become an assailant without his even perceiving it, or being able to shelter himself from my attack. The contemptible priests of the Classe, equally careless and ignorant, had of themselves placed me in the most favourable

situation I could desire to crush them at pleasure. But what of this? It was necessary that I should speak—speak without hesitation—and find ideas, turns of expression, and words at the right moment, preserving a presence of mind, and keeping myself collected, without once suffering even a momentary confusion. For what could I hope, feeling, as I did, my want of aptitude to express myself with ease? I had been reduced to the most mortifying silence at Geneva, before an assembly which was favourable to me, and predetermined to approve of everything I should say. Here, on the contrary, I had to do with a caviller who, substituting cunning for knowledge, would spread for me a hundred snares before I could perceive one of them, and was fully resolved to catch me in an error, let the consequence be what it would. The more I examined the situation in which I stood, the greater danger I perceived myself exposed to, and, feeling the impossibility of success, I thought of another expedient. I meditated a discourse which I intended to pronounce before the Consistory, rejecting their authority, and exempting myself from the need of answering. The thing was easy. I wrote the discourse and began to learn it by heart, with an inconceivable ardour. Thérèse laughed at hearing me mutter and incessantly repeat the same phrases, while endeavouring to cram them into my head. I hoped at length that I could remember what I had written. I knew that the Châtelain, as an officer attached to the service of the Prince, would be present at the Consistory, and that,

notwithstanding the manœuvres and bottles of Montmollin, most of the elders were well disposed towards me. I had moreover in my favour reason, truth, and justice, with the protection of the King, the authority of the Council of State, and the good wishes of every real patriot, to whom the establishment of this inquisition was threatening. In fine, everything contributed to encourage me.

On the eve of the day appointed I had my discourse by rote, and recited it without missing a word. I had it in my head all night; in the morning I had forgotten it. I hesitated at every word, thought myself before the illustrious assembly, became confused, stammered, and lost my presence of mind. In fine, when the time to make my appearance was almost at hand my courage totally failed me. I remained at home and wrote to the Consistory, hastily stating my reasons, and pleaded my disorder, which really, in the state in which I then was, would scarcely have permitted me to stay out the whole sitting.

The minister, embarrassed by my letter, adjourned the business to a future session. In the interval he, of himself and by his creatures, made a thousand efforts to seduce those elders who, following the dictates of their own consciences rather than those they received from him, did not vote according to his wishes or those of the Classe. Whatever power arguments drawn from his cellar might have over people of this kind, he could not gain one of them beyond the two or three who were already devoted to his will, and who were called his *âmes damnées*.

The officer of the Prince and Colonel de Pury, who in this affair acted with great zeal, kept the rest to their duty, and when Montmollin wished to proceed to excommunication, his Consistory, by a majority of voices, flatly refused to authorise him to do it. Thus reduced to the last expedient, that of stirring up the people against me, he, his colleagues, and other persons set about it openly, and were so successful that, notwithstanding the emphatic and frequent rescripts of the King and the orders of the Council of State, I was at length obliged to quit the country, that I might not expose the officer of the Prince to be himself assassinated while he protected me.

My recollection of the whole of this affair is so confused that it is impossible for me to reduce to order or connect the circumstances that recur to me: I can only relate them in a fragmentary way, as they present themselves to my mind. I remember a kind of negotiation that had been entered into with the Classe, in which Montmollin was the mediator. He feigned to believe that it was feared I should by my writings disturb the peace of the country, in which case my liberty of writing would be attacked. He had given me to understand that if I consented to lay down my pen what was past would be overlooked. I had already entered into this engagement with myself, and did not hesitate in doing it with the Classe, but conditionally, and solely in matters of religion. He found means to have a duplicate of this agreement, upon some change necessary to be made in it; the

condition having been rejected by the Classe, I demanded back the writing, which was returned to me; but he kept the duplicate, pretending it was lost. After this the people, openly excited by the ministers, laughed at the rescripts of the King and the orders of the Council of State, and shook off all restraint. I was declaimed against from the pulpit, called Antichrist, and pursued in the country like a mad wolf. My Armenian dress discovered me to the populace; of this I felt the cruel inconvenience, but to quit it in such circumstances appeared to me an act of cowardice. I could not prevail upon myself to do it, and I quietly walked through the country with my cafetan and furred bonnet in the midst of the hootings of the dregs of the people, and sometimes through a shower of stones. Several times, as I passed before houses, I heard the residents call out, 'Bring me my gun, that I may fire at him.' As I did not on this account hasten my pace my calmness increased their fury, but they never went farther than threats, at least as respects fire-arms.

During this fermentation I received from two circumstances the most sensible pleasure. The first was my having it in my power to prove my gratitude by means of my Lord Marshal. The honest folk amongst the inhabitants of Neufchâtel, full of indignation at the treatment I received and the manœuvres of which I was the victim, held the ministers in execration, clearly perceiving that they obeyed a foreign impulse, and were the satellites of people who, in making them act, kept themselves concealed;



ROUSSEAU THREATENED

they moreover feared lest my example would have dangerous consequences, and be made a precedent for the establishing of a real inquisition. The magistrates, and especially Monsieur Meuron, who had succeeded Monsieur d'Ivernois in the office of Procureur-Général, made every effort to defend me. Colonel de Pury, although a private individual, did more, and succeeded better. It was he who found means to make Montmollin submit in his Consistory, by keeping the elders to their duty. He had credit, and employed it to his utmost to stop the sedition, but he had nothing more than the authority of the laws and the aid of justice and reason to oppose to that of money and wine: the combat was unequal, and in this point Montmollin was triumphant. However, thankful for his zeal and services, I wished to have it in my power to make him a return of good offices, and in some measure discharge my obligations to him. I knew he was very desirous of being named a Counsellor of State, but, having displeased the Court by his conduct in the affair of the minister Petitpierre, he was in disgrace with the Prince and Governor. I ventured, however, to write to the Lord Marshal in his favour; I went so far as even to mention the employment of which he was desirous, and my application was so well received that, contrary to general expectation, it was instantly conferred upon him by the King. In this manner, fate, which has constantly placed me at one and the same time too high and too low, continued to toss me from one extreme to another, and, whilst

the populace pelted me with mud, I was able to create a Counsellor of State.

The other very pleasing circumstance was a visit that I received from Madame de Verdelin, with her daughter, with whom she had been at the baths of Bourbonne, whence they came as far as Motiers and stayed with me two or three days. By her attention and services she had at length conquered my long repugnancy; and my heart, won by her endearing manner, made her a return of all the friendship of which she had long given me proofs. This journey made me extremely sensible of her kindness, for my situation at the time rendered the consolations of friendship highly necessary to support me under my sufferings. I was afraid lest she would be too much affected by the insults that I received from the populace, and could have wished to conceal them from her, that her feelings might not be hurt; but this was impossible; and, although her presence was some check upon the insolent populace in our walks, she saw sufficient to enable her to judge of what passed at other times. It was, indeed, during her short residence at Motiers that I was first attacked in my own house. One morning her chamber-maid found my window blocked up with stones, which had been thrown at it during the night. A very heavy bench, placed in the street by the side of the entrance and strongly fastened down, was taken up and reared against the door in such a manner as—had it not been perceived from the window—to have knocked down the first person who should

have opened the door to go out. Madame de Verdelin was acquainted with everything that passed, for, besides what she herself was witness to, her confidential servant went into many houses in the village, spoke to everybody, and was seen in conversation with Montmollin himself. She did not, however, seem to pay the least attention to that which happened to me, nor ever mentioned Montmollin nor any other person, and answered in few words to what I sometimes said to her respecting him. Seeming to be fully persuaded that a residence in England would be more suitable to me than elsewhere, she frequently spoke of Mr. Hume, who was then in Paris, of his friendship for me, and the desire he had of being of service to me in his own country. It is time I should say something of Mr. Hume.

He had acquired a great reputation in France, especially amongst the Encyclopedists, by his essays on commerce and politics, and in the last place by his history of the House of Stuart, the only one of his writings of which I had read a part, in the translation of the Abbé Prévost. For want of being acquainted with his other works I was persuaded, according to what I heard of him, that Mr. Hume joined a very republican mind to the English paradoxes in favour of luxury. Holding this opinion, I considered his whole apology of Charles I. as a prodigy of impartiality, and I had as great an idea of his virtue as of his genius. The desire of being acquainted with this distinguished man, and of obtaining his friendship, had greatly

strengthened the inclination I felt to go to England, induced by the solicitations of Madame de Boufflers, the intimate friend of Mr. Hume. After my arrival in Switzerland I received from him, by means of this lady, a letter extremely flattering, in which, to the highest encomiums on my genius, he subjoined a pressing invitation to go to England, and the offer of all his interest, and that of his friends, to make my residence there agreeable. I found in the country to which I had retired my Lord Marshal, the countryman and friend of Hume, who confirmed my good opinion of him, and from whom I learned a literary anecdote, which had made a great impression on his lordship, and had the same effect on me. Wallace, who had written against Hume upon the subject of the population of the ancients, was absent whilst his work was in the press. Hume took upon himself to examine the proofs, and to superintend the publication. This manner of acting was according to my own way of thinking. In the same way I had sold at six sous a piece copies of a song written against myself. I was therefore strongly prejudiced in favour of Hume, when Madame de Verdelin came and spoke warmly of the friendship he professed for me, and his anxiety to do me the honours of England—such was her expression. She pressed me a good deal to take advantage of this zeal and to write to Mr. Hume. As I had not naturally any liking for England, and did not intend to go there until the last extremity, I refused to write or make any

promise; but I left her at liberty to do whatever she should think necessary to keep Mr. Hume favourably disposed towards me. When she went from Motiers she left me in the persuasion, by everything she had said to me of that illustrious man, that he was my friend, and she herself still more his.

After her departure Montmollin carried on his manœuvres with more vigour, and the populace threw off all restraint; yet I still continued to walk quietly amidst the hootings of the vulgar; and a taste for botany, which I had begun to contract with Doctor d'Ivernois, making my rambles more amusing, I went through the country herborising, without being affected by the clamours of this vile herd, whose fury was augmented by my calmness. What affected me most was seeing the families of my friends,[1] or of persons who gave themselves that title, openly join the league of my persecutors; such as the D'Ivernois, without excepting the father and brother of my Isabelle, Boy de La Tour, a relation of the friend in whose house I

[1] This fatality had begun with my residence at Yverdun. The Banneret Roguin dying a year or two after my departure from that city, old Papa Roguin had the candour to inform me with grief, as he said, that in the papers of his relation proofs had been found of his having been concerned in the conspiracy to expel me from Yverdun and the State of Berne. This clearly proved the conspiracy not to be, as some persons would have it thought, an affair of religious hypocrisy, since the Banneret, far from being a devotee, carried materialism and incredulity to intolerance and fanaticism. Besides, nobody at Yverdun had shown me more constant attention, nor more prodigally bestowed upon me praises and flattery, than this Banneret Roguin. He faithfully followed the favourite plan of my persecutors.—R.

lodged; and Madame Girardier, her sister-in-law. This Pierre Boy was such a brute, so stupid, and behaved so uncouthly, that, to prevent my mind from being disturbed, I took the liberty to ridicule him; and, after the manner of the *Petit Prophète*, I wrote a pamphlet of a few pages, entitled *La Vision de Pierre de la Montagne, dit le Voyant*, in which I found means to be diverting enough on the miracles which then served as the great pretext for my persecution. Du Peyrou had this scrap printed at Geneva, but its success in the country was but moderate; the Neufchâtelois, with all their wit, taste but weakly Attic salt or pleasantry when these are a little refined.

When the tempest of decrees and persecutions was at its height, the Genevese had distinguished themselves by setting up a hue-and-cry with all their might; and my friend Vernes, amongst others, with a truly theologic generosity, chose that precise moment to publish against me letters, in which he pretended to prove that I was not a Christian. These letters, written with an air of self-sufficiency, were not the better for it, although it was positively said that the naturalist Bonnet had given them some correction; for this man, although a materialist, has an intolerant orthodoxy the moment I am in question. I felt no temptation to answer this work, but having an opportunity of saying a few words upon it in my *Lettres de la Montagne*, I inserted therein a short note sufficiently expressive of disdain to render Vernes furious. He filled Geneva with his furious exclamations,

and D'Ivernois wrote me word that he had quite lost his senses. Some time afterwards appeared an anonymous sheet, which, instead of ink, seemed to be written with the water of Phlegethon. In this letter I was accused of having exposed my children in the streets, of taking about with me a soldiers' trull, of being worn out with debaucheries, rotten with disease, and other pretty things of a like nature. It was not difficult for me to discover the author. My first idea on reading this libel was to reduce to its real value everything the world calls fame and reputation amongst men; seeing thus a man who was never in a brothel in his life, and whose greatest defect was his being timid and shy as a virgin, treated as a frequenter of places of that description, and in finding myself charged with the infection of a shameful malady, I, who not only never had the least taint of such disorder, but, according to the faculty, was so constituted as to make it almost impossible for me to contract it. Everything well considered, I thought I could not better refute this libel than by having it printed in the city in which I had longest resided, and with this intention I sent it to Duchesne to print it as it was with an advertisement, in which I named Monsieur Vernes, and a few short notes by way of explanation. Not satisfied with printing it only, I sent copies to several persons, and amongst others one copy to Monsieur le Prince Louis de Wirtemberg, who had made me polite advances, and with whom I was in correspondence. This Prince, Du

Peyrou, and others, seemed to have their doubts about the author of the libel, and blamed me for having named Vernes upon so slight a foundation. Their remarks produced in me some scruples, and I wrote to Duchesne to suppress the paper. Guy wrote that he had suppressed it. This may or may not be the case; I have found him to be a liar on so many occasions that there would be nothing extraordinary in his being so on this, and, from the time of which I speak, I was so enveloped in profound darkness that it was impossible for me to come at any kind of truth.

Monsieur Vernes bore the imputation with a moderation more than astonishing in a man who was supposed not to have deserved it, and after the fury with which he was seized on former occasions. He wrote me two or three letters in very guarded terms, with a view, as it appeared to me, to endeavour by my answers to discover how far my information extended, and whether I had any proofs against him. I wrote him two short answers, severe in the sense, but politely expressed, and with which he was not displeased. To his third letter, perceiving that he wished to form with me a kind of correspondence, I returned no answer, and he got D'Ivernois to speak to me. Madame Cramer wrote to Du Peyrou, telling him she was certain that the libel was not by Vernes. All this, however, did not make me change my opinion; but as it was possible I might be deceived, and as it is certain that if I were I owed Vernes an explicit reparation, I sent him word by D'Ivernois that

I would make him such a one as he should think proper, provided he would name to me the real author of the libel, or at least prove that he himself was not so. I went farther: feeling that, after all, were he not culpable, I had no right to call upon him for proofs of any kind, I stated, in a memoir of considerable length, the reasons whence I had inferred my conclusion, and determined to submit them to the judgment of an arbitrator, against whom Vernes could not except. But few people would guess the arbitrator of whom I made choice—the Council of Geneva. I declared at the end of the memoir that if, after having examined it and made such inquiries as should seem necessary, the Council pronounced Monsieur Vernes not to be the author of the libel, from that moment I should be fully persuaded he was not, and would immediately go and throw myself at his feet, and ask his pardon until I had obtained it. I can say with the greatest truth that my ardent zeal for equity, the uprightness and generosity of my heart, and my confidence in the love of justice innate in every mind, never appeared more fully and perceptibly than in this judicious and interesting memoir, in which I took, without hesitating, my most implacable enemies for arbitrators between a calumniator and myself. I read to Du Peyrou what I had written. He advised me to suppress it, and I did so. He counselled me to wait for the proofs promised by Vernes; I waited for them, and am waiting still. He thought it best that I should in the meantime be silent, and hold my tongue; I

became silent, and shall be so for the rest of my life, censured as I am for having brought against Vernes a heavy imputation, false and unsupported by proof, although I am still fully persuaded—nay, as convinced as I am of my existence—that he is the author of the libel. My memoir is in the hands of Monsieur du Peyrou. Should it ever be published, my reasons will be found in it, and the heart of Jean-Jacques, with which my contemporaries were so unwilling to be acquainted, will, I hope, be known.

I have now to proceed to my catastrophe at Motiers, and to my departure from the Val-de-Travers after a residence of two years and a half, and eight months' suffering with unshaken constancy of the most unworthy treatment. It is impossible for me clearly to recollect the circumstances of this disagreeable period, but a detail of them will be found in a publication to that effect by Du Peyrou, of which I shall hereafter have occasion to speak.

After the departure of Madame de Verdelin the fermentation increased, and, notwithstanding the reiterated rescripts of the King, the frequent orders of the Council of State, and the attention given to the matter by the Châtelain and magistrates of the place, the people, seriously considering me as Antichrist, and perceiving all their clamours to be of no effect, seemed at length determined to proceed to violence: stones were already thrown after me on the roads; I was, however, in general at too great a distance to receive any harm from them. At

last, on the night of the fair of Motiers, which is in the beginning of September, I was attacked in my house in such a manner as to endanger the lives of the inhabitants.

At midnight I heard a great noise in the gallery which ran along the back part of the house. A shower of pebbles thrown against the window and the door which opened to the gallery fell into it with so much noise and violence that my dog, which usually slept there and had begun to bark, ceased through fright, and ran into a corner, gnawing and scratching the planks in endeavouring to make his escape. I immediately rose, and was preparing to go from my chamber into the kitchen, when a stone thrown by a vigorous arm crossed the latter after having broken the window, forced open the door of my chamber, and fell at the foot of my bed, so that had I been a moment sooner I should have had the stone against my stomach. I judged that the noise had been made to bring me to the door, and the stone thrown to receive me as I went out. I ran into the kitchen, where I found Thérèse, who also had risen and was tremblingly making her way to me as fast as she could. We placed ourselves against the wall out of the direction of the window, to avoid the stones and deliberate upon what was best to be done, for going out to call assistance was the certain means of getting ourselves knocked on the head. Fortunately the maid-servant of an old man who lodged under me was waked by the noise, and got up and ran to call Monsieur le Châtelain, whose house was

next to mine. He jumped from his bed, hastily put on his robe de chambre, and instantly came to me with the guard, which, on account of the fair, went the round that night, and was just at hand. The Châtelain was so alarmed at the sight of the disorder and damage that he turned pale, and on seeing the stones in the gallery exclaimed, 'Good God! here is a quarry!' On examining belowstairs the door of a little court was found to have been forced, and there was an appearance of an attempt having been made to get into the house by the gallery. On inquiring the reason why the guard had neither prevented nor perceived the disturbance, it came out that the guards of Motiers had insisted upon doing duty that night, although it was the turn of those of another village. The next day the Châtelain sent his report to the Council of State, which two days afterwards sent an order to inquire into the affair, to promise a reward and secrecy to those who should impeach such as were guilty, and in the meantime to place at the expense of the King guards about my house, and that of the Châtelain, which joined to it. The day after the disturbance Colonel de Pury, the Procureur-Général Meuron, the Châtelain Martinet, the Receiver Guyenet, the Treasurer d'Ivernois and his father—in a word, every person of consequence in the country came to see me, and united their solicitations to persuade me to yield to the storm and leave, at least for a time, a place in which I could no longer live in safety nor with honour. I perceived that even the Châtelain was frightened

at the fury of the people, and apprehending it might extend to himself, would be glad to see me depart as soon as possible, that he might no longer have the trouble of protecting me there, and be able to quit the parish, which he did after my departure. I therefore yielded to their solicitations, and, indeed, without much reluctance, for the spectacle of the people's hatred so afflicted my heart that I was no longer able to support it.[1]

I had a choice of places to retire to. After Madame de Verdelin returned to Paris she had in several letters mentioned a Mr. Walpole, whom she called 'milord,' who, having a strong desire to serve me, proposed to me an asylum at one of his country-houses, of the situation of which she gave me the most agreeable description, entering, relative to lodging and subsistence, into a detail which proved she and my Lord Walpole had held particular consultations upon the project. My Lord Marshal had always advised me to go to England or Scotland, and had offered me an asylum on his estates. But he offered me another at Potsdam, near to his person, and which tempted me more than all the rest. He had just communicated to me

[1] This 'lapidation,' of which Rousseau furnishes such minute details that one can scarcely suppose them to be imaginary, has nevertheless been called in question, and those who dispute its reality have also some claim to belief. Monsieur Servan tells us that he was informed by a man in whom he could trust, and who had visited Rousseau on the following day, that the apertures made in the glass were smaller than the pebbles found on the floor; and he perceived in the incident a scheme devised by the *gouvernante* to force her master to quit a country that she disliked.

what the King had said to him respecting myself, which was a kind of invitation to go thither, and the Duchess of Saxe-Gotha depended so much upon my taking the journey that she wrote to me desiring that I would go to see her on my way, and stay some time before I proceeded farther; but I was so attached to Switzerland that I could not resolve to quit it so long as it was possible for me to live there, and I seized this opportunity to execute a project of which I had for several months conceived the idea, and of which I have deferred speaking that I might not interrupt my narrative.

This project consisted in going to reside in the Île de Saint-Pierre, an estate belonging to the Hospital of Berne, in the middle of the lake of Bienne. In the pedestrian pilgrimage I had made in the preceding year with Du Peyrou we had visited this isle, with which I was so much delighted that I had since that time incessantly thought of the means of making it my place of residence. The greatest obstacle to my wishes arose from the property of the island being vested in the people of Berne, who three years before had ignominiously driven me from amongst them; and, besides the mortification of returning to live with people who had given me so unfavourable a reception, I had reason to fear that they would leave me no more at peace in the island than they had done at Yverdun. I had consulted my Lord Marshal upon the subject, who, thinking as I did that the people of Berne would be glad to see me banished to this island, and to keep me there as an hostage

for the works I might be tempted to write, had sounded their dispositions by means of Monsieur Sturler, his old neighbour at Colombier. Monsieur Sturler addressed himself to the chiefs of the State, and according to their answer assured my Lord Marshal that the Bernese, sorry for their past behaviour, wished nothing better than to see me settled in the Île de Saint-Pierre, and to leave me there at peace. As an additional precaution, before I determined to reside there, I requested Colonel Chaillet to make new inquiries. He confirmed what I had already heard, and, the receiver of the island having obtained from his superiors permission to lodge me in it, I thought I might without danger go to his house, with the tacit consent of the Sovereign and the proprietors, for I could not expect that the people of Berne would openly acknowledge the injustice they had done me, and thus act contrary to the most inviolable maxim of all Sovereigns.

The Île de Saint-Pierre, called at Neufchâtel the Île de La Motte, in the middle of the Lake of Bienne, is half a league in circumference, but in this little space all the chief productions necessary to subsistence are found. The island has fields, meadows, orchards, woods, and vineyards; and all these, favoured by variegated and mountainous situations, form a distribution the more agreeable, as the different parts, not being discovered all at once, are seen successively to advantage, and make the island appear greater than it really is. A very elevated terrace forms the western part of it, and commands Gleresse

and Bonneville. This terrace is planted with trees which form a long alley, interrupted in the middle by a great saloon, in which, during the vintage, the people from the neighbouring shores assemble on Sundays to dance and enjoy themselves. There is but one house in the whole island, but that is very spacious and convenient, inhabited by the receiver, and situated in a hollow by which it is sheltered from the winds.

Five or six hundred paces to the south is another island, considerably less than the former, wild and uncultivated, which appears to have been detached from the greater isle by storms; its gravelly soil produces nothing but willows and persicaria, but there is in it a high hill well covered with greensward and very pleasant. The form of the lake is an almost regular oval. The banks, less rich than those of the Lake of Geneva and of Neufchâtel, form a beautiful setting for the picture, especially towards the western part, which is well peopled, and edged at the foot of a chain of mountains with vineyards something like those of Côte-Rôtie, but which do not produce such excellent wine. One passes, in going from south to north, the bailliage de Saint-Jean, Bonneville, Bienne, and Nidau at the extremity of the lake, the whole interspersed with very agreeable villages.

Such was the asylum I had prepared for myself, and to which I was determined to retire after quitting the Val-de-Travers.[1] This

[1] It may perhaps be desirable to remark that I left there a particular enemy in one Monsieur du Terraux, Mayor of Les Verrières,

choice was so agreeable to my peaceful intention and my solitary and indolent disposition that I consider it as one of the pleasing reveries of which I became most passionately fond. It seemed that I should in that island be more separated from men, more sheltered from their outrages, and sooner forgotten by mankind—in a word, more abandoned to the delightful pleasures of inaction and a contemplative life. I could have wished to be confined in it in such a manner as to have no intercourse with mortals, and I certainly took every measure I could imagine to relieve me from the necessity of troubling my head about them.

The great question was that of subsistence: owing to the dearness of provisions and the difficulty of carriage this is expensive in the island; the inhabitants are besides at the mercy of the receiver. This difficulty was removed by an arrangement which Du Peyrou made with me in becoming a substitute for the company which had undertaken and abandoned my general edition. I gave him all the materials necessary, and made the proper arrangement and distribution. To the engagement between us I added that of giving him the memoirs of my life, and made him the general depository of all my papers under the express condition of making no use of them until after my death, having it

not much esteemed in the country, but who has a brother, said to be an honest man, in the office of Monsieur de Saint-Florentin. The Mayor had been to see him some time before my adventure. Little remarks of this kind, though of no consequence in themselves, may lead to the discovery of many underhand dealings.—R.

at heart quietly to end my days without doing anything which should bring me back to the recollection of the public. The life annuity he undertook to pay me in return was sufficient for my subsistence. My Lord Marshal, having recovered all his property, had offered me twelve hundred francs a year, one-half of which only I would accept. He wished to send me the principal, but this I refused on account of the difficulty of placing it. He then sent the amount to Du Peyrou, in whose hands it remained, and who pays me the annuity according to the terms agreed upon with his lordship. Adding therefore the result of my agreement with Du Peyrou to the annuity of the Marshal, two-thirds of which were to revert to Thérèse after my death, and the annuity of three hundred francs from Duchesne, I was assured of a fair subsistence for myself, and after me for Thérèse, to whom I left seven hundred francs a year, from the annuities paid me by Rey and my Lord Marshal. I had therefore no longer to fear a want of bread on her part or my own. But it was ordained that honour should oblige me to reject all the resources which fortune and my labours placed within my reach, and that I should die as poor as I had lived. It will be seen whether, without reducing myself to the last degree of infamy, I could abide by those engagements which have always been carefully rendered ignominious, by depriving me of every other resource in order to force me to consent to my own dishonour. How could any one doubt of the choice I

should make in such an alternative? Others have judged of my heart by their own.

My mind, at ease relative to subsistence, was without care upon every other subject. Although I left in the world the field open to my enemies, there remained in the noble enthusiasm by which my writings were dictated, and in the constant uniformity of my principles, an evidence of the uprightness of my heart, which answered to that deducible from my conduct in favour of my natural disposition. I had no need of any other defence against my calumniators. They might under my name describe another man, but they could only deceive such as were willing to be imposed upon. I could have given them my whole life to animadvert upon, with a certainty, notwithstanding all my faults and weaknesses, and my want of aptitude to support the lightest yoke, of their finding me in every situation a just and good man, without bitterness, hatred, or jealousy, ready to acknowledge my faults, and still more prompt to forget those of others, seeking all my happiness in love, friendship, and affection, and in everything carrying my sincerity to imprudence, even to the most incredible disinterestedness.

I therefore in some measure took leave of the age in which I lived, and of my contemporaries, and bade adieu to the world, with an intention to confine myself for the rest of my days to this island; such was my resolution, and it was there I hoped to execute the great project of the indolent life to which I had until then ineffectually consecrated the little activity with

which heaven had endowed me. The island was to become to me that of Papimanie,[1] that happy country where the inhabitants sleep—

'On y fait plus, on n'y fait nulle chose.'

This *more* was everything for me, for I never much regretted sleep; indolence is sufficient to my happiness, and provided I do nothing I had rather dream waking than asleep. Being past the age of romantic projects, and having been more stunned than flattered by the trumpet of fame, my only hope was that of living at ease and eternally at leisure. This is the life of the blessed in the world to come, and for the rest of mine here below I made it my supreme happiness.

They who reproach me with so many contradictions will not fail here to add another to the number. I have observed that the indolence of fashionable circles made them insupportable to me, and I am now seeking solitude for the sole purpose of abandoning myself to indolence. This, however, is my disposition; if there be in it a contradiction, it proceeds from nature and not from me; but there is so little that it is precisely on that account that I am always consistent. The indolence of company is burdensome because it is forced; that of solitude is charming because it is free, and depends upon the will. In company I suffer cruelly by inaction, because this is a necessity. I must there remain nailed to my chair, or stand upright like a picket without stirring hand or

[1] La Fontaine, *Le Diable de Papefiguière*.

foot, not daring to run, jump, sing, exclaim, or gesticulate when I please, not allowed even to dream, suffering at once all the fatigue of inaction and all the torment of constraint; obliged to pay attention to every foolish thing uttered, and to all the idle compliments paid, and constantly to keep my mind upon the rack that I may not fail to introduce in my turn my jest or my lie. And this is called idleness! It is the labour of a galley-slave.

The indolence I love is not that of a lazy fellow who sits with his arms folded in total inaction, and thinks no more than he acts: it is at one and the same time that of a child who is incessantly in motion doing nothing, and that of a dotard who wanders from his subject while his limbs are at rest. I love to amuse myself with trifles, in beginning a hundred things and never finishing one of them, in going and coming as I take either into my head, in changing my project at every instant, in following a fly through all its windings, in wishing to overturn a rock to see what is under it, in undertaking with ardour the work of ten years and abandoning it without regret at the end of ten minutes; finally, in musing from morning until night without order or coherence, and in following in everything the caprice of the moment.

Botany, such as I have always considered it, and of which after my own manner I began to become passionately fond, was precisely an idle study proper to fill up the void of my leisure without leaving room for the delirium of imagination or the weariness of total inaction.

Carelessly wandering in the woods and the country, mechanically gathering here a flower and there a branch, brouzing almost by chance, observing a thousand and a thousand times the same things, and always with the same interest, because I always forgot them, were to me the means of passing an eternity without a weary moment. However elegant, admirable, and variegated the structure of plants may be, it does not strike an ignorant eye sufficiently to fix the attention. The constant analogy, with at the same time the prodigious variety, which reigns in their conformation gives pleasure to those only who have already some idea of the vegetable system. Others, at the sight of these treasures of nature, feel nothing more than a stupid and monotonous wonder. They see nothing in detail because they know not for what they look, nor do they perceive the whole, having no idea of the chain of connection and combinations which overwhelms with its marvels the mind of the observer. I was arrived at that happy point of knowledge—and my want of memory was such as constantly to keep me there—that I knew little enough to make the whole new to me, and sufficient to make me sensible of all. The different soils into which the island, although small, was divided offered a sufficient variety of plants for the study and amusement of my whole life. I was determined not to leave a blade of grass without analysing it, and I began already to take measures for making, with an immense collection of curious observations, the *Flora Petrinsularis.*

I sent for Thérèse, who brought with her my books and effects. We boarded with the receiver of the island. His wife had sisters at Nidau who by turns came to see her, and were company for Thérèse. I here made the experiment of the agreeable life which I could have wished to continue, and the pleasure I found in it only served to make me feel to a greater degree the bitterness of that by which it was shortly to be succeeded.

I have ever been passionately fond of water, and the sight of it throws me into a delightful reverie, although frequently without a determinate object. Immediately after I rose from my bed I never failed, if the weather was fine, to run to the terrace to breathe the fresh and salubrious air of the morning, and gaze upon the horizon of this beautiful lake, bounded by banks and mountains delightful to the view. I know no homage more worthy of the Divinity than the silent admiration excited by the contemplation of his works, and which is not externally expressed. I can easily comprehend the reason why the inhabitants of cities, who see nothing but walls, streets, and crimes, have but little faith, but not whence it happens that people in the country, and especially such as live in solitude, can be without it. How comes it to pass that these do not a hundred times a day elevate their souls in ecstasy to the Author of the wonders which strike their senses? For my part, it is especially at rising, wearied by a want of sleep, that long habit inclines me to this elevation, which imposes not the fatigue of

thinking. But to this effect my eyes must be struck with the ravishing spectacle of nature. In my chamber I pray less frequently, and less fervently, but at the view of a fine landscape I feel myself moved, yet by what I am unable to tell. I have somewhere read of a wise bishop who, in a visit to his diocese, found an old woman whose only prayer consisted in the single interjection Oh! 'Good mother,' said he to her, 'continue always to pray thus. Your prayer is better than ours.' This better prayer is mine also.

After breakfast I hastened, with a frown on my brow, to write a few pitiful letters, longing ardently for the moment after which I should have no more to write. I busied myself for a few minutes about my books and papers, to unpack and arrange them, rather than to read what they contained, and this arrangement, which to me became the work of Penelope, gave me the pleasure of musing for a while. I then grew weary, and quitted my books to spend the three or four hours which remained to me of the morning in the study of botany, and especially of the system of Linnæus, of which I became so passionately fond that, after having felt how useless my attachment to it was, I yet could not entirely shake it off. This great observer is, in my opinion, the only one who, with Ludwig, has hitherto considered botany in the spirit of a naturalist and a philosopher; but he has too much studied it in herbaria and gardens, and not sufficiently in Nature herself. For my part, whose garden was always the whole island, the moment I wanted to make or

verify an observation I ran into the woods or meadows with my book under my arm, and there laid myself upon the ground near the plant in question, to examine it at my ease as it stood. This method was of great service to me in gaining a knowledge of vegetables in their natural state, before they had been cultivated and changed in their nature by the hands of men. Fagon, first physician to Louis XIV., and who named and perfectly knew all the plants in the Jardin-Royal, is said to have been so ignorant in the country as not to know how to distinguish the same plants. I am precisely the contrary: I know something of the work of nature, but nothing of that of the gardener.

I gave up every afternoon wholly to my indolent and careless disposition, and to following without regularity the impulse of the moment. When the weather was calm I frequently went, immediately after I rose from dinner, and alone got into a little boat, which the receiver had taught me to row with one oar. I rowed out into the middle of the lake. The moment I withdrew from the bank I felt a secret joy which almost made me leap, and of which it is impossible for me to tell or even comprehend the cause, if it were not a secret congratulation on my being out of the reach of the wicked. I afterwards rowed about the lake, sometimes approaching the opposite bank but never touching at it. I often let my boat float at the mercy of the wind and water, abandoning myself to reveries without object, and which were not the less agreeable for their stupidity. I sometimes fondly ex-

claimed, 'O Nature! O my mother! I am here under thy guardianship alone; here is no deceitful and cunning mortal to interfere between me and thee.' In this manner I withdrew half a league from land. I could have wished the lake had been the ocean. However, to please my poor dog, who was not so fond as I was of such a long stay on the water, I commonly followed one constant course; this was, going to land at the smaller island, where I walked an hour or two, or laid myself down on the grass on the summit of the hill, there to satiate myself with the pleasure of admiring the lake and its environs, to examine and dissect all the herbs within my reach, and, like another Robinson, build myself an imaginary dwelling in the little island. I became very much attached to this eminence. When I brought Thérèse, with the wife of the receiver and her sisters, to walk there, how proud was I to be their pilot and guide! We made a ceremony of taking rabbits thither to people it—another source of pleasure to Jean-Jacques. These animals rendered the little island still more interesting to me. I afterwards went to it more frequently, and with greater pleasure, to observe the signs of progress among the new inhabitants.

To these amusements I added one which recalled to my recollection the delightful life I had led at Les Charmettes, and to which the season particularly invited me. This was assisting in the rustic labours of gathering in vegetables and fruits, in which Thérèse and I made it a pleasure to partake, with the wife of

the receiver and his family. I remember that a Bernese, one Monsieur Kirchbergher, coming to see me, found me perched upon a great tree with a sack fastened to my waist, and already so full of apples that I could not stir from the spot. I was not sorry to be caught in this and similar situations. I hoped the people of Berne, witnesses to the employment of my leisure, would no longer think of disturbing my tranquillity, but leave me in peace in my solicitude. I should have preferred being confined there by their desire rather than by my own. This would have rendered the continuance of my repose more certain.

This is another declaration upon which I am previously assured of the incredulity of many of my readers who will obstinately judge of me by themselves, although they cannot but have seen, in the course of my life, a thousand internal inclinations which bore no resemblance to any of theirs. But what is still more extraordinary is that, while they refuse me every sentiment, good or indifferent, which they have not, they are constantly ready to attribute to me such evil ones as cannot even enter the heart of man. In this case they find it easy to set me in opposition to nature, and to make of me such a monster as cannot in reality exist. Nothing absurd appears to them incredible, the moment it has a tendency to vilify me, and nothing in the least extraordinary seems to them possible, if it tends to do me honour.

But, notwithstanding what they may think or say, I will still continue faithfully to state

what Jean-Jacques Rousseau was, did, and thought, without explaining or justifying the singularity of his sentiments and ideas, or endeavouring to discover whether others have thought as he did. I became so delighted with the Île de Saint-Pierre, and my residence there was so agreeable to me, that, by concentrating all my desires within it, I formed the wish that I might stay there to the end of my life. The visits I had to return in the neighbourhood, the journeys I should be under the necessity of making to Neufchâtel, Bienne, Yverdun, and Nidau, already fatigued my imagination. A day passed out of the island seemed to me a loss of so much happiness, and to go beyond the bounds of the lake was to go out of my element. Past experience had besides rendered me apprehensive. The very satisfaction that I received from anything was sufficient to make me fear the loss of it, and the ardent desire I felt to end my days in that island was inseparable from the fear of being obliged to leave it. I had a habit of going in the evening to sit upon the sandy shore, especially when the lake was agitated. I felt a singular pleasure in seeing the waves break at my feet. I formed of them in my imagination the image of the tumult of the world contrasted with the peace of my habitation, and this pleasing idea sometimes softened me even to tears. The repose I enjoyed with ecstasy was disturbed only by the inquietude arising from fear of its loss, but this inquietude was accompanied with some bitterness. I felt my situation so precarious that I dared not

count upon its continuance. 'Ah! how willingly,' said I to myself, 'would I renounce the liberty of quitting this place, for which I have no desire, for the assurance of always remaining in it! Instead of being permitted to stay here by favour, why am I not detained by force? They who suffer me to remain may in a moment drive me away; and can I hope my persecutors, seeing me happy, will leave me here to continue to be so? Ah! permission to live in the island is but a trifling favour: I could wish to be condemned to it, and constrained to remain here, that I may not be obliged to go elsewhere.' I cast an envious eye upon the happy Micheli Ducret, who, quiet in the Château d'Arberg, had only to determine to be happy to be so. In fine, through abandoning myself to these reflections, and the alarming apprehensions of new storms always ready to break over my head, I desired with an incredible ardour that, instead of suffering me to reside in the island, the Bernese would give it me for a perpetual prison; and I can affirm that, had it depended upon me to get myself condemned to this, I would most joyfully have done it, preferring a thousand times the necessity of passing my life there to the danger of being expelled thence.

This fear did not long remain a vain one. When I least expected what was to happen, I received a letter from Monsieur le Bailli de Nidau, within whose jurisdiction the Île de Saint-Pierre was. By this letter he announced to me from their Excellencies an order to quit

the island and their States. I thought myself in a dream. Nothing could be less natural, reasonable, or foreseen than such an order, for I had considered my apprehensions as the result of inquietude in a man whose imagination was disturbed by his misfortunes, and not to proceed from a prevision which could have the least foundation. The measures I had taken to insure myself the tacit consent of the Sovereign;[1] the tranquillity with which I had been left to make my establishment; the visits of several people from Berne, and that of the Bailli himself, who had shown me much friendship and attention; the rigour of the season, in which it was barbarous to expel a man who was sickly and infirm—all these circumstances made me and many people believe that there was some mistake in the order, and that ill-disposed people had purposely chosen the time of the vintage and the vacation of the Senate suddenly to strike this blow.

Had I yielded to the first impulse of my indignation I should immediately have departed. But whither was I to go? What was to become of me at the beginning of the winter, without object, preparation, guide, or carriage? If I were not to leave my papers and effects at the mercy of the first comer, time was necessary to make proper arrangements, and it was not stated in the order whether this would be granted me. The continuity of misfortunes began to weigh down my courage. For the first time in my life I felt my natural haughti-

[1] That is, the Sovereign Power.

ness stoop to the yoke of necessity, and, notwithstanding the murmurs of my heart, I was obliged to humble myself by asking for a delay. I applied to Monsieur de Graffenried, who had sent me the order, for an explanation of it. His letter, conceived in the strongest terms of disapprobation of the step that had been taken, assured me that it was with the greatest regret that he communicated to me the nature of it, and the expressions of grief and esteem it contained seemed so many gentle invitations to open to him my heart. I did so. I had no doubt but my letter would make my persecutors conscious of their barbarity, and that, if so cruel an order were not revoked, at least a reasonable delay, perhaps the whole winter, to make the necessary preparations for my retreat, and to choose my place of abode, would be granted me.

Whilst I waited for an answer I set myself to reflect upon my situation, and deliberated upon the steps I had to take. I perceived so many difficulties on all sides, the vexation I had suffered had so strongly affected me, and my health was then in such a bad state, that I was quite overcome, and the effect of my discouragement was to deprive me of the little resource which remained in my mind by which I might make the best of my melancholy situation. In whatever asylum I should take refuge, it appeared impossible to avoid either of the two means made use of to expel me: one of which was to stir up the populace against me by hidden manœuvres, and the other to drive me away by open force, without giving a reason for so doing.

I could not, therefore, depend upon any safe retreat, unless I went in search of it farther than my strength and the season seemed likely to permit. These circumstances again bringing to my recollection the ideas which had lately occurred to me, I dared to ask my persecutors in plain terms to condemn me to perpetual imprisonment rather than oblige me incessantly to wander upon the earth, by successively expelling me from the asylums of which I should make choice. Two days after my first letter to Monsieur de Graffenried I wrote him a second, desiring he would state what I had proposed to their Excellencies. The answer from Berne to both was an order, conceived in the most formal and severe terms, to go out of the island, and leave every territory, mediate and immediate, of the Republic, within the space of twenty-four hours, and never to re-enter, under the most grievous penalties.

This was a terrible moment. I have since that time felt greater anguish, but never have I been more embarrassed. What afflicted me most was being forced to abandon the project which had made me desirous to pass the winter in the island. It is now the time to relate the fatal event which completed my disasters, and involved in my ruin an unfortunate people whose rising virtues already promised to equal in the future those of Rome and Sparta. I had spoken of the Corsicans in *Le Contrat Social* as a new people, the only nation in Europe not too degenerated for legislation, and had expressed the great hope there was for such a people, if

they were fortunate enough to have a wise legislator. My work was read by some of the Corsicans, who were sensible of the honourable manner in which I had spoken of them; and the necessity under which they found themselves of endeavouring to establish their republic made their chiefs think of asking me for my ideas upon this important task. Monsieur Buttafuoco, who belonged to one of the first families in the country, and captain in France in the Royal-Italien Corps, wrote to me to that effect, and sent me several papers for which I had asked to make myself acquainted with the history of the nation and the state of the country. Monsieur Paoli also wrote to me several times; and, although I felt such an undertaking to be superior to my abilities, I thought I could not refuse to give my assistance in so great and noble a work so soon as I should have acquired all the necessary information. It was to this effect that I answered both these gentlemen, and the correspondence lasted till my departure.

Precisely at the same time I heard that France was sending troops to Corsica, and that she had entered into a treaty with the Genoese. This treaty and sending of troops gave me uneasiness, and without imagining that I had any further relation with the business, I thought it impossible, and the attempt ridiculous, to labour at an undertaking which required such an undisturbed tranquillity as the political institution of a people in the moment when perhaps they were upon the point of being subjugated. I did not conceal my fears from Monsieur Buttafuoco,

who satisfied me by the assurance that, were there in the treaty things contrary to the liberty of his country, a good citizen like himself would not remain as he did in the service of France. In fact, his zeal for the legislation of the Corsicans, and his close connections with Monsieur Paoli, could not leave a doubt on my mind respecting him; and when I heard that he made frequent journeys to Versailles and Fontainebleau, and had conversations with Monsieur de Choiseul, all I concluded from the whole was, that with respect to the real intentions of France he had assurances which he gave me to understand, but concerning which he did not choose openly to explain himself by letter.

This removed a part of my apprehensions. Yet, as I could not comprehend the meaning of the transportation of troops from France, nor reasonably suppose that they were sent to Corsica to protect the liberty of the inhabitants, which they of themselves were well able to defend against the Genoese, I could neither make myself perfectly easy nor seriously undertake the plan of the proposed legislation, until I had solid proofs that the whole was not a game in which I was to be made a subject of ridicule. I much wished for an interview with Monsieur Buttafuoco, as that was certainly the best means of coming at the explanation I wished. Of this he gave me hopes, and I waited for it with the greatest impatience. I know not whether he was really sincere in the matter, but, even had this been the case, my misfortunes would have prevented me from profiting by it.

The more I considered the proposed undertaking, and the farther I advanced in the examination of the papers I had in my hands, the greater I found the necessity of studying in the country the people for whom institutions were to be made, the soil they inhabited, and all the relative circumstances by which it was necessary to appropriate to them those institutions. I daily perceived more clearly the impossibility of acquiring at a distance all the information necessary to guide me. This I wrote to Monsieur Buttafuoco, and he felt it as I did. Although I did not decidedly form the resolution of going to Corsica, I considered a good deal of the way to make that voyage. I spoke to Monsieur Dastier, who, having formerly served in the island under Monsieur de Maillebois, was necessarily acquainted with it. He used every effort to dissuade me from this intention, and I confess that the frightful description he gave me of the Corsicans and their country considerably abated the desire I had of going to live amongst them.

But when the persecutions of Motiers made me think of quitting Switzerland this desire was strengthened by the hope of at length finding amongst these islanders the repose refused me in every other place. One thing only alarmed me, which was my unfitness for the active life to which I was going to be condemned, and the aversion I had always had to it. My disposition, proper for meditating at leisure and in solitude, was not so for speaking and acting and treating of affairs with men. Nature, which had endowed me with the first talent, had refused me

the last. Yet I felt that, even without directly taking active part in public affairs, I should, as soon as I was in Corsica, be under the necessity of yielding to the desires of the people, and of frequently conferring with the chiefs. The object even of the voyage required that, instead of seeking retirement, I should in the heart of the country endeavour to gain the information of which I stood in need. It was certain that I should no longer be master of my own time, and that in spite of myself, precipitated into the vortex in which I was not born to move, I should there lead a life contrary to my inclination, and never appear but to disadvantage, I foresaw that, ill supporting by my presence the opinion my books might have given the Corsicans of my capacity, I should lose my reputation amongst them, and, as much to their prejudice as my own, be deprived of the confidence they had in me, without which, however, I could not successfully fulfil the task they expected from me. I was certain that, by thus going out of my sphere, I should become useless to them, and render myself unhappy.

Tormented, beaten by storms from every quarter, and for several years past fatigued by journeys and persecution, I strongly felt a want of the repose of which my barbarous enemies wantonly deprived me. I sighed more than ever after that delicious indolence, that soft tranquillity of body and mind, which I had so much desired, and to which, now that I had recovered from the chimeras of love and friendship, my heart limited its supreme felicity. I

viewed with terror the labours I was about to undertake, and the tumultuous life into which I was to enter; and, if the grandeur, beauty, and utility of the object animated my courage, the impossibility of conquering so many difficulties entirely deprived me of it. Twenty years of profound meditation in solitude would have been less painful to me than an active life of six months in the midst of men and public affairs, with a certainty of not succeeding in my undertaking.

I thought of an expedient which seemed proper to obviate every difficulty. Pursued by the underhand dealings of my secret persecutors to every place in which I took refuge, and seeing no other except Corsica where I could in my old days hope for the repose I had until then been everywhere deprived of, I resolved to go there, with the directions of Buttafuoco, as soon as this was possible, but to live there in tranquillity, renouncing, at least openly, everything relative to legislation, and—in some measure to make my hosts a return for their hospitality—to confine myself to writing in the country the history of the Corsicans, with a reserve in my own mind of the intention of secretly acquiring the necessary information to enable me to be more useful to them, should I see a probability of success. In this manner, by not entering into any engagement, I hoped to be enabled to meditate in secret and more at my ease a plan which might be useful to their purpose, and this without much breaking in upon my dearly-beloved solitude, or submitting to a kind of life

which I had ever found insupportable, and to which I could not conform.

But this journey was not in my situation a thing so easy to perform. According to what Monsieur Dastier had told me of Corsica, I could not expect to find there the most simple conveniences of life, except such as I should take with me; linen, clothes, plate, kitchen furniture, paper and books—all had to be conveyed thither. To get there myself with my *gouvernante* I had the Alps to cross, and in a journey of two hundred leagues to drag after me all my baggage. I had also to pass through the States of several Sovereigns, and, according to the example set to all Europe, I had, after what had befallen me, naturally to expect to find obstacles in every quarter, and that each Government would think it did itself honour by overwhelming me with some new insult, and violating in my person all the rights of nations and of humanity. It was necessary, in considering the immense expense, fatigue, and risk of such a probably adventurous journey, to weigh every difficulty beforehand. The idea of being alone and, at my age, without resource, far removed from all my acquaintance, and at the mercy of this barbarous and ferocious people, such as Monsieur Dastier had described them to me, was sufficient to make me think over such a resolution before putting it into execution. I ardently wished for the interview for which Buttafuoco had given me reason to hope, and I waited the result of it to guide me in my determination.

Whilst I thus hesitated came on the persecutions of Motiers, which obliged me to retire. I was not prepared for a long journey, especially to Corsica. I expected to hear from Buttafuoco. I took refuge in the Île de Saint-Pierre, whence I was driven at the beginning of winter, as I have already stated. The Alps covered with snow then rendered my emigration impracticable, especially with the promptitude required from me. It is true the extravagance of such an order rendered its execution almost impossible, for, in the midst of that concentred solitude, surrounded by water, and having but twenty-four hours after receiving the order to prepare for my departure, and find a boat and carriages to get out of the island and the territory, had I had wings I should scarcely have been able to pay obedience to it. This I wrote to Monsieur le Bailli de Nidau in answer to his letter, and hastened to take my departure from that country of iniquity. Thus was I obliged to abandon my favourite project, for which reason, not having in my oppressed condition been able to prevail upon my persecutors to dispose of me otherwise, I determined, in consequence of the invitation of my Lord Marshal, upon a journey to Berlin, leaving Thérèse to pass the winter in the Île de Saint-Pierre with my books and effects, and depositing my papers in the hands of Du Peyrou. I used so much diligence that the next morning I left the island, and arrived at Bienne before noon. Here I had well-nigh ended my journey, owing to an incident the account of which must not be omitted.

As soon as the news of my having received an order to quit my asylum was circulated I had quite a flood of visitors from the neighbourhood, and especially Bernese, who came with the most detestable falsity to flatter and soothe me, protesting that my persecutors had seized the moment of the vacation of the Senate to obtain and serve me with the order, which, said they, had excited the indignation of the Two Hundred. Among this group of comforters some came from the city of Bienne, a little free State within that of Berne, and amongst others a young man of the name of Wildremet, whose family was of the first rank, and had the greatest credit in that little city. Wildremet strongly solicited me in the name of his fellow-citizens to choose my retreat amongst them, assuring me that they were anxiously desirous of it, and that they would think it an honour and a duty to make me forget the persecutions I had suffered; that with them I had nothing to fear from the influence of the Bernese; that Bienne was a free city, governed by its own laws; and that the citizens were unanimously resolved not to hearken to any solicitations which should be unfavourable to me.

Wildremet, seeing that I was unshaken, brought to his aid several other persons, as well from Bienne and the environs as from Berne itself, and, amongst others, the same Kirchbergher of whom I have spoken, who had sought me out after my retreat to Switzerland, and by his talents and principles had interested me in his favour. But I received much less expected

and more weighty solicitations from Monsieur Barthès, secretary to the embassy from France, who came with Wildremet to see me, exhorted me to accept his invitation, and surprised me by the lively and tender concern he seemed to feel for my situation. I had no knowledge whatever of Monsieur Barthès; however I perceived in what he said the warmth and zeal of friendship, and that he had it at heart to persuade me to fix my residence at Bienne. He made the most pompous eulogium of the city and its inhabitants, with whom he showed himself so intimately connected as to call them several times in my presence his patrons and fathers.

This behaviour on the part of Barthès bewildered me in my conjectures. I had always suspected Monsieur de Choiseul to be the secret author of all the persecutions that I suffered in Switzerland. The conduct of the French Resident at Geneva, and that of the Ambassador at Soleure, but too well confirmed these suspicions. I perceived the secret influence of France in everything that happened to me at Berne, Geneva, and Neufchâtel, and I did not think that I had any powerful enemy in France except the Duc de Choiseul.[1] What, therefore, could I think of the visit of Barthès, and the tender interest he appeared to take in my welfare? My misfortunes had not yet destroyed the confidence natural to my heart, and I had still to learn from experience how to discern

[1] It is noteworthy that Rousseau ascribes the persecutions of which he complains to the Duc de Choiseul alone, without mention of Voltaire, whose name, indeed, does not once occur in this twelfth book.

snares under caresses. I sought with surprise the reason of this benevolence on the part of Barthès. I was not weak enough to believe that he had acted on his own account. There was in his manner something ostentatious, an affectation even which declared a concealed intention; and I was far from having ever found in any of these little subaltern agents that generous intrepidity which, when I was in a similar employment, had often caused a fermentation in my heart.

I had formerly known something of the Chevalier de Beauteville, at the residence of Monsieur de Luxembourg. He had shown me some marks of esteem; since his appointment to the embassy he had given me proofs of his not having entirely forgotten me, accompanied with an invitation to go and see him at Soleure. Though I did not accept this invitation I was extremely sensible of his civility, not having been accustomed to be treated with such kindness by people in office. I presumed that Monsieur de Beauteville, obliged to follow his instructions in whatever related to the affairs of Geneva, yet pitying me under my misfortunes, had by his private influence obtained for me the asylum of Bienne, that I might live there in peace under his auspices. I was properly sensible of his attention, but without wishing to profit by it, and, quite determined upon the journey to Berlin, I sighed after the moment in which I was to see my Lord Marshal, persuaded that I should in future find real repose and lasting happiness nowhere but near his person.

On my departure from the island, Kirchbergher accompanied me to Bienne. I there found Wildremet and other Biennese, who, by the water-side, awaited my landing. We all dined together at the inn, and on my arrival there my first care was to provide a chaise, being determined to set off the next morning. Whilst we were at dinner these gentlemen repeated their solicitations to prevail upon me to stay with them, and this with such warmth and obliging protestations that, notwithstanding all my resolutions, my heart, which has never been able to resist cordial attentions, yielded to theirs. The moment they perceived that I was shaken they redoubled their efforts with so much effect that I was at length overcome, and consented to remain at Bienne, at least until the coming spring.

Wildremet immediately set about providing me with a lodging, and boasted, as of a fortunate discovery, of a dirty little chamber in the back of the house, on the third story, overlooking a court-yard, where I was regaled with the display of the stinking skins belonging to a dresser of chamois leather. My host was a little fellow of mean appearance, and a good deal of a rascal, who, as I learned next day, was a debauchee, a gamester, and in ill credit in the neighbourhood. He had neither wife, children, nor servants, and, shut up in my solitary chamber, I was, in the midst of one of the most agreeable countries in Europe, lodged in a manner likely to make me die of melancholy in the course of a few days. What affected me most was that, notwithstand-

ing what I had heard of the anxious wish of the inhabitants to receive me amongst them, I had not perceived as I passed through the streets anything polite towards me in their manners or obliging in their looks. I was, however, fully determined to remain there; but I learned, saw, and felt the very next day that there was in the city a terrible fermentation, of which I was the cause. Several persons hastened obligingly to inform me that on the next day I was to receive an order, conceived in the most severe terms, immediately to quit the State—that is, the city. I had nobody in whom I could confide. They who had detained me were dispersed. Wildremet had disappeared; I heard no more of Barthès, and it did not appear that his recommendation had brought me into great favour with those whom he had styled his patrons and fathers. One Monsieur de Vau-Travers, a Bernese, who had an agreeable house not far from the city, offered it me for my asylum, hoping, as he said, that I might there avoid being stoned. The advantage this offer held out was not sufficiently flattering to tempt me to prolong my abode with these hospitable people.

Meanwhile, having lost three days by this delay, I had greatly exceeded the twenty-four hours the Bernese had given me to quit their States, and, knowing their severity, I was not without apprehensions as to the manner in which they would suffer me to cross them, when Monsieur le Bailli de Nidau came opportunely and relieved me from my embarrassment. As he had highly disapproved of the violent

proceedings of their Excellencies, he thought, in his generosity, that he owed me some public proof of his having taken no part in them, and had courage enough to leave his bailliage to come and pay me a visit at Bienne. He came on the evening before my departure, and, far from coming incognito, he affected ceremony, coming *in fiocchi* in his coach with his secretary, and brought me a passport in his own name, that I might cross the State of Berne at my ease and without fear of molestation. I was more flattered by the visit than by the passport, and should have been as sensible of the merit of it had it had for object any other person. Nothing makes a greater impression upon my heart than a well-timed act of courage in favour of the weak unjustly oppressed.

At length, after having with difficulty procured a chaise, I next morning left this homicidal country, before the arrival of the deputation with which I was to be honoured, and even before I could see Thérèse, to whom I had written to come to me when I had thought I should remain at Bienne, and whom I had scarcely time to countermand by a short letter informing her of my new disaster. In the third part of my Memoirs, if ever I be able to write them, will be seen in what manner, thinking to set off for Berlin, I really took my departure for England, and the means by which the two ladies who wished to dispose of me, after having by their intrigues driven me from Switzerland, where I was not sufficiently in their power, at last delivered me into the hands of their friend.

I added what follows on reading this manuscript to Monsieur and Madame la Comtesse d'Egmont, Monsieur le Prince Pignatelli, Madame la Marquise de Mesme, and Monsieur le Marquis de Juigné.

I have told the truth: if any person has heard of things contrary to those I have just stated, were they a thousand times proved, he has heard calumny and falsehood, and, if he refuses thoroughly to examine and see what light I can cast on them whilst I am alive, he is not a friend either to justice or truth. For my part, I openly and fearlessly declare that whoever, even without having read my works, shall examine with his own eyes my disposition, character, manners, inclinations, pleasures, and habits, and pronounce me a dishonest man, is himself one who deserves a gibbet.

Thus I concluded my reading, and every person was silent. Madame d'Egmont was the only person who seemed affected: she trembled visibly, but soon recovered herself, and was silent like the rest of the company. Such were the fruits of this reading and of my declaration.[1]

[1] The above incident occurred in 1770, when the author, on several occasions, read the manuscript of his *Confessions* at gatherings of chosen auditors. These readings were discontinued upon a request for prohibition addressed to the police by Madame d'Épinay, who declared that 'her peace of mind was affected' by the partial publicity thus given to the work. Some years before his death Rousseau wrote a duplicate copy of his life-history, in which he made a few corrections and additions of small importance.

INDEX

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